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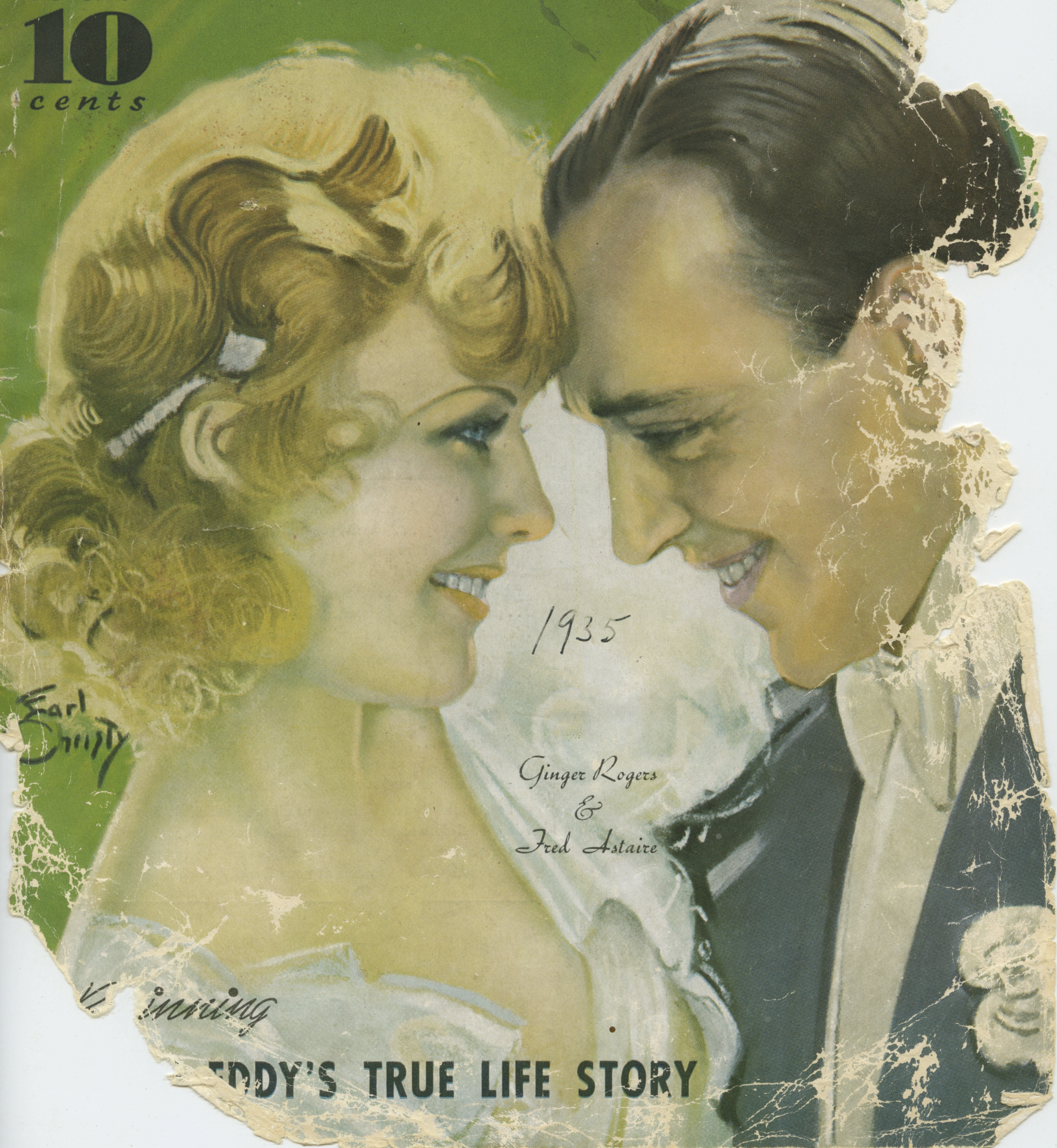

1935

Ginger Rogers
&
Fred Astaire

inning

EDDY'S TRUE LIFE STORY

AWAKEN LOVE...
Be utterly
Irresistible
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Irresistible FACE POWDER
Irresistible
Irresistible TALC
Irresistible BRILLIANTINE
Irresistible LIP LURE VIVID
COLD Irresistible CREAM
Irresistible COLOGNE

Awaken love with the lure men can't resist . . . exotic, tempting IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. It stirs senses . . . thrills . . . sets hearts on fire. Use Irresistible Perfume and know the mad joy of being utterly irresistible. Men will crowd around you . . . paying you compliments . . . begging for dates. Your friends will envy your strange new power to win love.

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Be completely fascinating, use all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, Laboratory tested and approved. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

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"OUTRAGEOUS!" *Says* **MODERN SOCIETY**

"SPLENDID!" *Says* **THE MODERN DENTIST**

IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* **TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

CAN'T you just hear the shocked whispers flash around a dinner table at her conduct? . . . "How terrible" . . . "How perfectly awful" . . . And they'd be right—from a social angle.

But your dentist would come to her defense—promptly and emphatically.

"That's an immensely valuable lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums," would be *his* reaction . . . "Vigorous chewing, rougher foods, and more primitive eating generally, would stop a host of complaints about gum disorders—and about 'pink tooth brush.'"

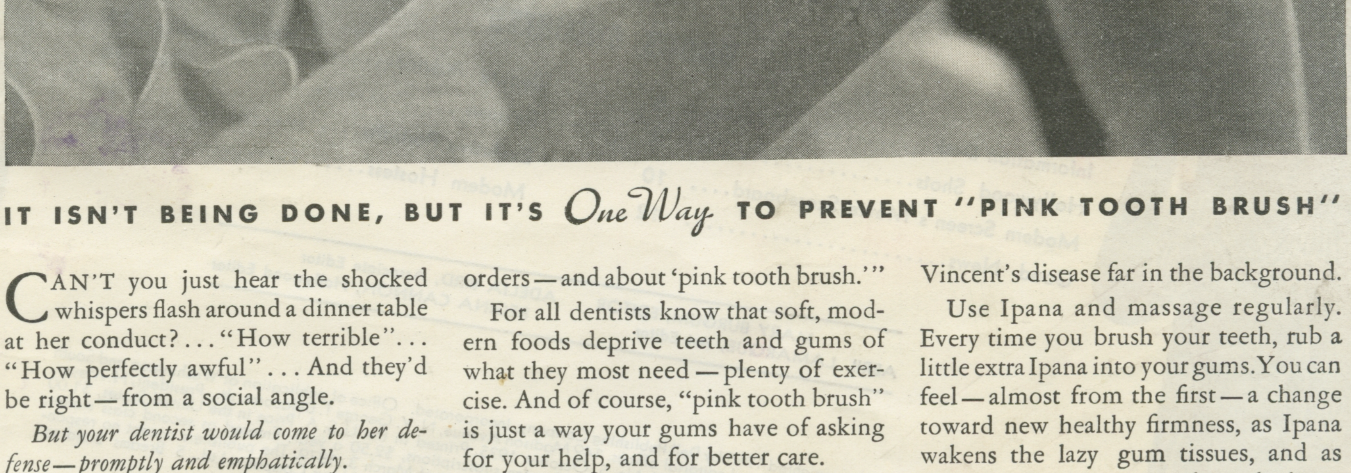
For all dentists know that soft, modern foods deprive teeth and gums of what they most need—plenty of exercise. And of course, "pink tooth brush" is just a way your gums have of asking for your help, and for better care.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH!"

Keep your teeth white—not dingy. Keep your gums firm and hard—not sensitive and tender. Keep that tinge of "pink" off your tooth brush. And keep gum disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease far in the background.

Use Ipana and massage regularly. Every time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. You can feel—almost from the first—a change toward new healthy firmness, as Ipana wakens the lazy gum tissues, and as new circulation courses through them.

Try Ipana on your teeth and gums for a month. The improvement in *both* will give you the true explanation of Ipana's 15-year success in promoting complete oral health.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IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

MODERN SCREEN

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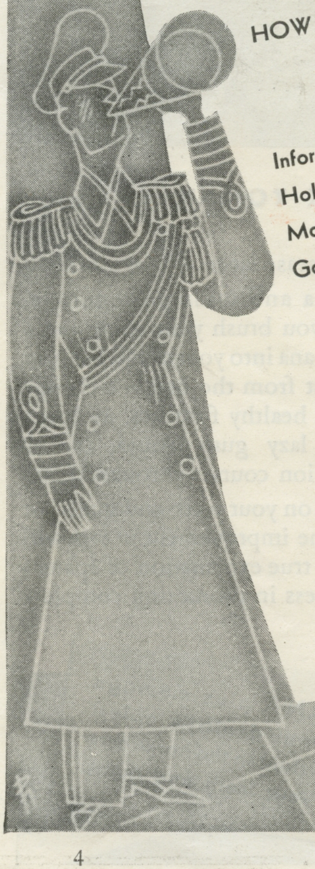

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Published monthly and copyrighted 1935 by Dell Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; H. Meyer, Vice-President; M. Delacorte, Secretary. Vol. 11, No. 5, October 1935. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.00 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscriptions, $1.75 a year. Foreign subscriptions, $2.50 a year. Entered as second class matter, September 18, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Sole Foreign Agents: The International News Company, Ltd., 5 Breams Building, London, E. C. 4, England.

Greta GARBO
Fredric MARCH

Anna Karenina

"ALL THAT I KNOW... I KNOW BY LOVE ALONE"

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called... to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

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BARTHOLOMEW
(You remember him as "David Copperfield")
with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
MAY ROBSON · BASIL RATHBONE
CLARENCE BROWN'S
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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture... Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

"BILIOUSNESS AND HEADACHES MADE MY LIFE MISERABLE"

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3
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—"Then I traded 3 minutes for Relief"

I experimented with all kinds of laxatives. Then I discovered FEEN-A-MINT. I traded three minutes for relief. Whenever I feel constipated, I chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes.* Next day I feel like a different person. Of course if you aren't willing to spend three minutes—jarring "all-at-once" cathartics will have to do. But what a difference FEEN-A-MINT makes—no cramps, nothing to cause a habit. Try the three-minute way yourself . . . 15c and 25c a box.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

*Longer if you care to

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THE CHEWING GUM
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MARY O'BRIEN, Upper Darby, Pa.—No, June Knight has not retired. You will see her soon in "Broadway Melody of 1936"—and believe me, she and Robert Taylor certainly make an attractive couple in this opus. As for Max Baer's "Kids on the Cuffs"—that just got lost in the shuffle. He may appear in "The Vanished Steamer" later on, however.

VIOLET HERRINGTON, Corning, N. Y.; A. BRUGGMAN, Rosebud, Tex.; ELLA CHILDERS, Jay, N. C.; MELBA DEVEREAUX, Grand Island, Nebr.; FAYE QUEEN, Morganton, N. C.; EVA WEITZ, Kau, Wisc.; VIRGINIA HOLBROOK, Detroit, Mich.; CHRISTINE HARTMAN, Youngstown, Ohio; KATHLEEN CURRY, Hattiesburg, Miss.; DOROTHEA PURUIS, White Springs, Fla.; DOROTHY WINECOFF, Salisbury, N. C.; MILDRED WEATHERLY, Sumter, S. C.; ANNA JERGULL, Mt. Tom, Mass. LUCILLE MAHAR, Hot Springs, Ark.; VALORIE JARVIS, Brownsville, Tex.; HELEN KAY, Pittston, Pa.; MILDRED ASKLEY, Rockford, Ill.; SADIE CALHOUN, Monroe, La.—Now we have a Western star of great popularity. None other than John Wayne. John was born in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26, 1907, the son of Clyde Leonard Morrisey and Mary Brown. His real name is Marion Michael Morrisey. He was educated at the George Washington Grammar School of Keokuk, Iowa, and later at the Lancaster Grammar School in Lancaster, Calif. Following his graduation from the latter, John entered Glendale High School and from there entered the University of Southern California, where he played on the football team. In his junior year he decided to leave college to get into the motion picture business. His first job was prop boy and it was through this that he obtained his first crack at acting. Wayne has one brother, Robert Emmet, and is married to Josephine Saenz. They have one child. John is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 198 pounds, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. His latest picture is "Paradise Canyon" with Marion Burns, and his next will be "Westward, Ho" with Sheila Mannors. He'll sing a ditty in this one. Write him at Republic Productions, Inc., 9336 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal. **NOTE: Next month the Desk will run a biography of Bob Steele, so think up your questions in a hurry.**

JEANNE H., Washington, Ind.—Gail Patrick took the part of Florence McCrickett and Frances Grant that of Peggy Burns in "Doubting Thomas." Frank Albertson was in love first with Gail, then Frances, in this picture. Does that help any?

BETTIE CULLEN, Alliance, Ohio; JEANETTE ANDERSON, Superior, Wis.; CHARLOTTE STAETZNER, Sacramento, Cal.; RUTH BERRY, Victoria, Tex.; BETTY KEIN, West Orange, N. J.; RUTH FRANK, Milwaukee, Wis.; MISS A. CONNER, Belleville, N. J.; VIRGINIA SYND, Elizabeth, Ill.; JOAN JOHNSON, West Orange, N. J.; MARION McTASIN, New York, N. Y.; LELA GABLER, W. Lafayette, Ind.; ELEANOR ELDREDGE, Chatham, Mass.; MARY VARNER, Omaha, Neb.; HELENA STASH; MARY SMITH—Lots has been written about Joan Crawford, nee Lucille LeSueur Cassin, but one rarely finds a resumée of her life. So here goes. Born in San Antonio, Tex., on March 23, 1908, Joan's family moved to Kansas City when she was quite young, and resided there for 16 years. She received her education at a private school in that city. Billie Cassin, as she was then called, was brought up in the wings of a theatre, as it were, since her father was a theatre owner. She was determined to go on the stage, against her family's wishes, and left home to make her debut in a Chicago revue. Upon the completion of a successful engagement in the Midwest, Joan came to New York where she appeared in several plays. She was seen by Harry Rapf, and brought to Hollywood under contract. Her first picture was in 1925 as an extra in "Pretty Ladies." She was still Lucille LeSueur then, but because her name was so difficult to pronounce her fans gave her the name of Joan Crawford in a magazine contest. From that time on her rise was steady and she is now one of the top ranking stars of Hollywood. Joan is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has reddish-brown hair, and brilliant blue eyes. Her favorite color combination is blue and white, she adores sport clothes and loves to wear lounging pajamas. She is a marvelous dancer and has a lovely soprano voice. Joan is divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and is rumored married, or at any rate engaged, to Franchot Tone. Her favorite sports are tennis, swimming and riding. Joan's next picture will be "Glitter" (tentative title) with Brian Aherne, followed by "Elegance" with Clifton Webb. Both of them should be up to the usual Crawford standard. Write her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

HAZEL WOOD, Newport News, Va.—Yes, Gene Raymond really did his own singing in "Sadie McKee" and "Hooray for Love." His next picture will probably be "Believe It, Beloved." Florence Eldridge, Fredric March's wife, took the part of Fantine, mother of Little Cosette, in "Les Miserables."

DOROTHY AURRICHIO, New York, N. Y.; JEAN SHEARER, Carroll, Iowa; LILLIAN CALLAHAN, Kearny, N. J.; SHIRLEY HOWLAND, Sea Bright, N. J.; MAE DEL SIGNORE, Rehoboth, Mass.; CATHLYN STRAIT, Troy, N. Y.; G. ZARBATARY, Montreal, Canada; HELEN PHILLIPS, Charlotte, N. C.; OSCAR SILOM, Jr., Key West, Fla.; EVELYN SMITH, Mattapan, Mass.; MARY GOODWIN, Oil City, Pa.; MELVIN MICHAELS, MARIE JANE ZECCA, Bronx, N. Y.; NICOLETTA DE VIRO, FELICIA SALERNO, BILLIE DENARO, Brooklyn, N. Y.; M., Boston, Mass.; LOUISE HUSTIN, Washington, D. C.; ELEANOR FELAND, Pharr, Tex.; ELSIE LAMB, VIRGINIA HANCK, Chicago, Ill.; MARTHA LEPAGE—There's no getting around it. A biography of Bing Crosby is not complete without that of his better half attached to it. So first we'll have Bing and then Dixie Lee. Harry Lillis Crosby (that's really Bing) was born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2, 1904, but at a very early age his family moved to Spokane where he received his early schooling. Bing has two sisters and four brothers. The nickname, Bing, was obtained on account of he could shout a rapid string of them louder than any kid in the city when he was playing "cowboys and Indians." He dabbled in grease paint during his high school years and even played "Julius Caesar" in a school production. His family, however, wanted him to

(*Cont'd on page 11*)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 11. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

"PAGE MISS GLORY"

...and you'll find magical Marion Davies in her first picture for Warner Bros. —her finest for anybody!

Look who's Marion's new screen sweetheart... Yessir, it's Dick Powell! And when he sings to Marion he does things to her—and you!

SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lilt in her voice... that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of "G-Men,' and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

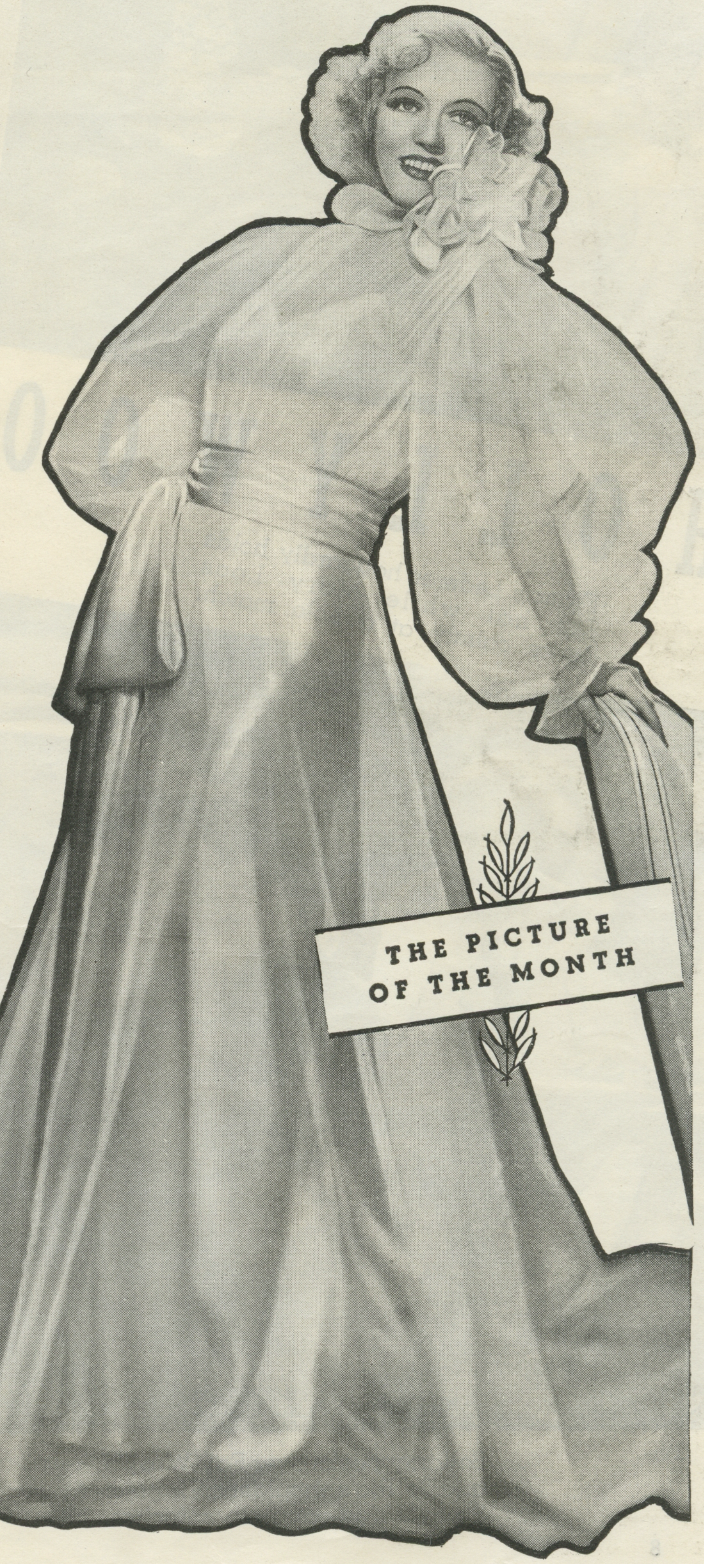
It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

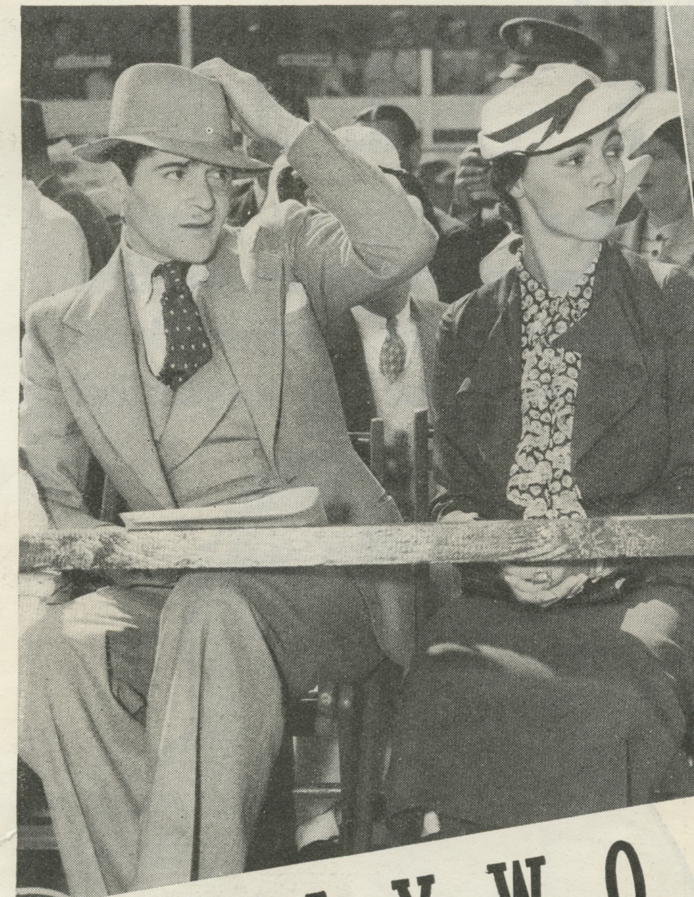
It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!

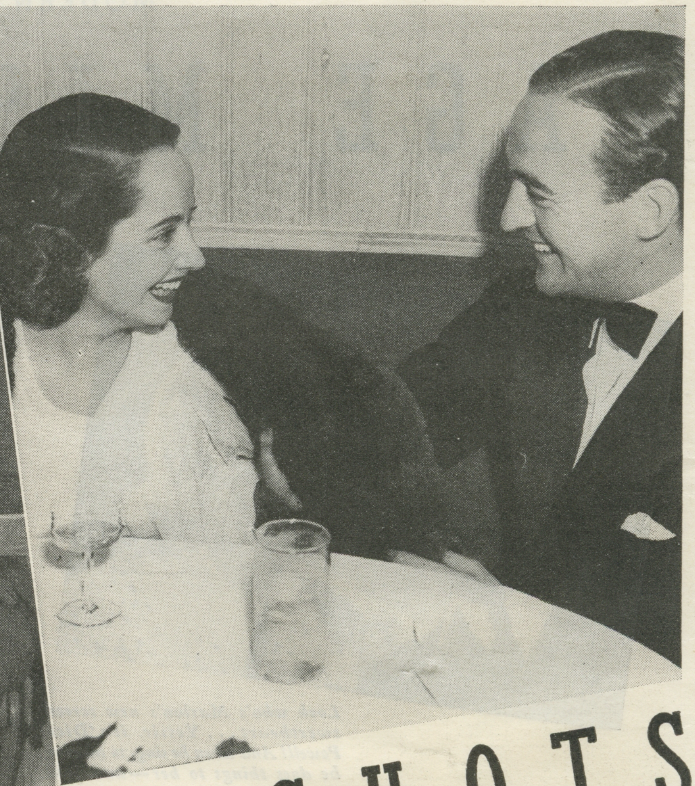
Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated stars really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners:—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, and a dozen others.


THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

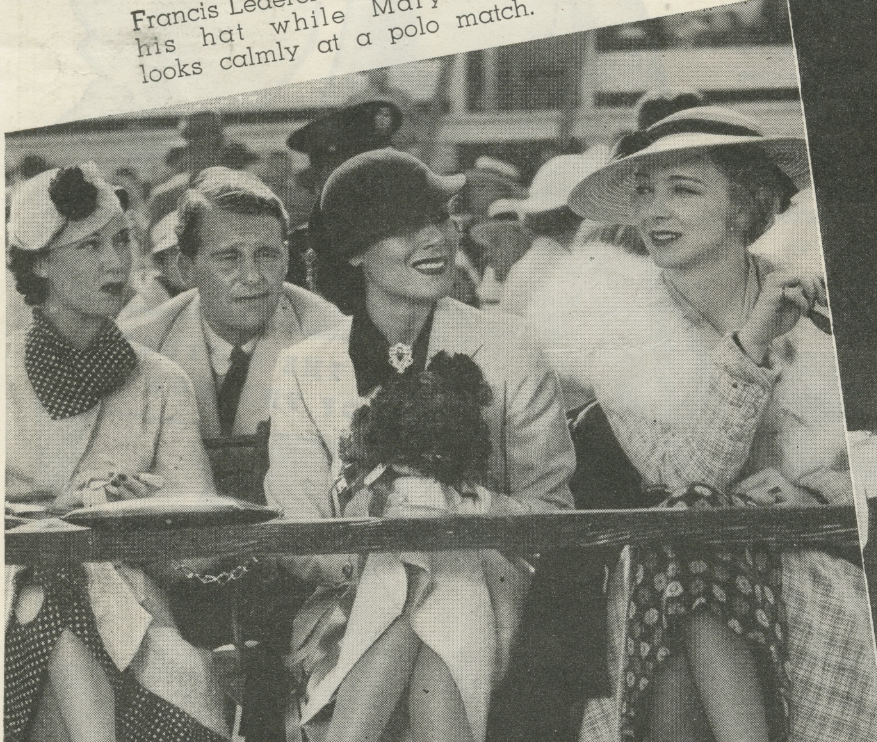
HOLLYWOOD SHOTS



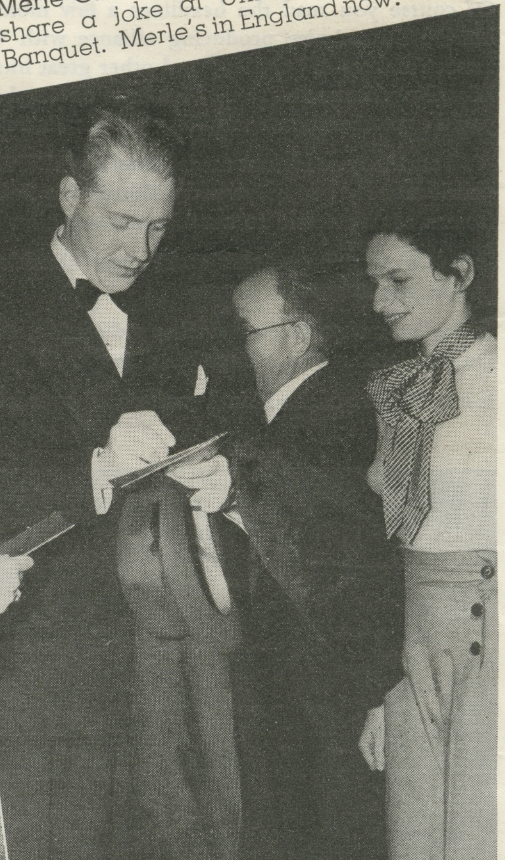
Francis Lederer haggardly holds his hat while Mary Loos looks calmly at a polo match.



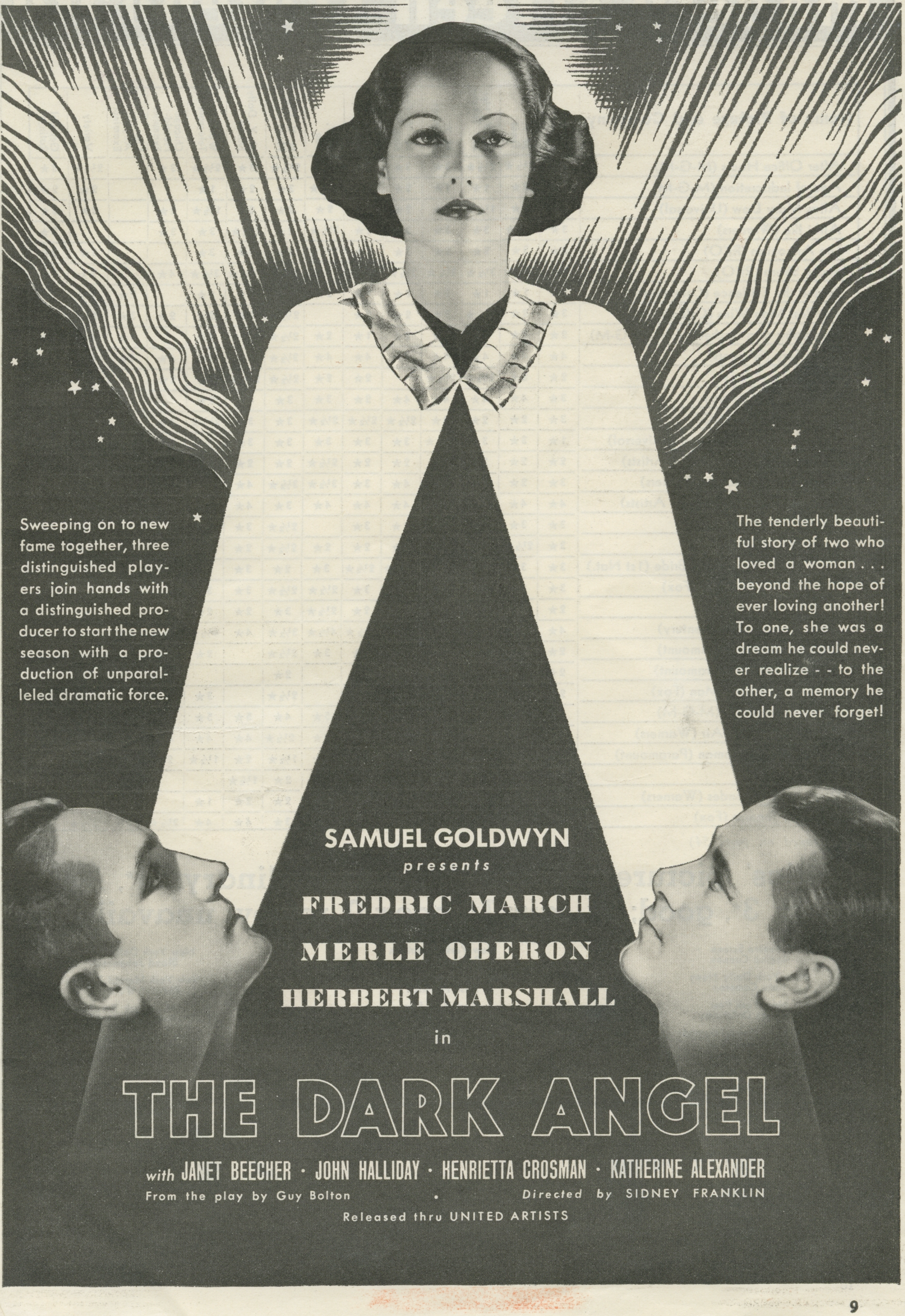
Merle Oberon and David Nevins share a joke at United Artists' Banquet. Merle's in England now.



Bellamy peeks over Fay Wray's and Del Rio's shoulders, Virginia Bruce grins—at polo matches.



A new idol gets into the autograph swing! Nelson Eddy at "Anna Karenina."



Sweeping on to new fame together, three distinguished players join hands with a distinguished producer to start the new season with a production of unparalleled dramatic force.

The tenderly beautiful story of two who loved a woman . . . beyond the hope of ever loving another! To one, she was a dream he could never realize - - to the other, a memory he could never forget!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
presents

FREDRIC MARCH
MERLE OBERON
HERBERT MARSHALL

in

THE DARK ANGEL

with JANET BEECHER · JOHN HALLIDAY · HENRIETTA CROSMAN · KATHERINE ALEXANDER

From the play by Guy Bolton • *Directed* by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

modern screen scoreboard

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
After Office Hours (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★	2★	1★	1★	2★	1½★	2½★	3★	2★	1★			2★	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	2★		2★	2★
Alibi Ike (Warners)	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3½★	2★	2½★	3★	3★			3★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	4★		3★	3★
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★		2★	1★	2★
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★		2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Biography of a Bachelor Girl (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★		3★	3★	2★
Black Fury (Warners)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Black Sheep (Fox)	2★	2★	2½★	2½★		2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Bordertown (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★		4★	4★	3★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Universal)	1★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists)	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Broadway Gondolier (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	3½★	4★	3★			3★	3★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Carnival (Columbia)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	3★	2★
The Case of the Curious Bride (1st Nat.)	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★		3★	3★	3★
The Clairvoyant (G-B)	2★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★			1½★	2★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4★	4★	4½★	4½★	3½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4★	4½★	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★		4★	3★
College Scandal (Paramount)	2★			2½★				2★			2½★	3★	3★	2★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	1★	2½★		2½★		2½★		3★			1½★	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
The Devil Is a Woman (Paramount)	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	3★	2★
Dinky (M-G-M)	2★			2★				2★	1½★				2★	2★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	1★			1★	2★
Doubting Thomas (Fox)	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3½★	3★	3½★	3★

(Continued on page 54)

Critics' picture ratings—5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor; 0, review unavailable

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon

New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty

New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

New York American
Regina Crewe

New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Sun
Eileen Creelman

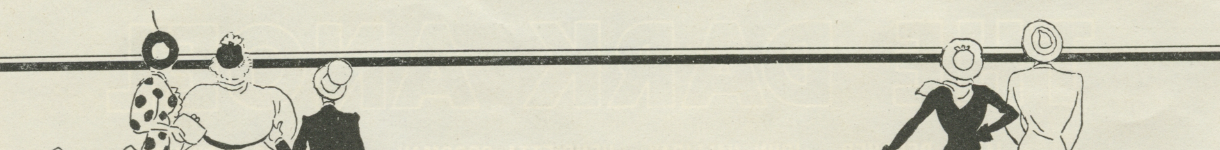
Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johaneson

New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.

New York Times
Andre Sennwald

Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons



Information Desk

(*Continued from page 6*)

become a lawyer so they shipped him off to Gonzaga College. He played a little football, but was principally interested in the glee club, in which he was quite successful. He and Al Rinker, another student, organized a seven-piece orchestra which became very popular—so much so in fact, that they decided to give up law and enter the entertainment field. Rinker's sister, a radio singer, got them an engagement in Los Angeles, after which they toured the Pacific coast until Paul Whiteman adopted them and with Harry Barris formed that group known as the Rhythm Boys. They toured with Whiteman until 1930, when they were in California making the picture "The King of Jazz." They were engaged to sing at the Cocoanut Grove; Bing made records which became best sellers; then signed a radio contract—and after all that, signed a screen contract. Bing is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light blue eyes and light brown hair. His next picture will be "Two for Tonight" with Joan Bennett. Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood.

Now we come to Dixie Lee (her real name is Wilma Wyatt), who became Mrs. Bing Crosby in 1930. Born in Harriman, Tenn., twenty-three years ago (November 4, 1911), she was educated in New Orleans and Chicago. It was in Chicago that Dixie first decided on a theatrical career. After winning a singing contest at the Hotel Sherman there in 1928, she accepted an engagement to sing at the Lincoln Tavern, and in October of the same year was sent to Pittsburgh to join the road company of "Good News," in which she made a distinct hit. She was then summoned to New York to play a featured role in the New York production of the same show, and was considered the best "Southern Blues" singer on the stage. She was selected from 50 applicants for a role in "Fox Movietone Follies of 1929" and was signed to a three-year contract. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has blonde hair and sparkling brown eyes. She is modest and retiring, almost shy, loves pretty clothes and enjoys swimming, horseback riding and dancing. Her favorite colors are blue and orchid. After her marriage to friend Crosby, she gave up her screen career, and later presented Gary Evan Crosby to her husband on June 27, 1933, and the twins, Phillip Lang and Dennis Michael on July 13, 1934. Her first picture after the birth of the twins was "Love in Bloom" followed by "Redheads on Parade" which you will see shortly. She is under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

HELEN LOUISE BROWN, Woodland, N. C.—Robert Taylor will be Irene Dunne's leading man in "Magnificent Obsession." Robert Allen is 29, is not married, has been in Hollywood about a year and will be in "Bodyguard" with Florence Rice, next. Jean Harlow's first picture, "Moran of the Marines" was released in 1928. Yes, Ginger Rogers' first picture was "Young Man of Manhattan" released in 1930. I don't believe she ever played in westerns. For the most part, the stars are as good looking off the screen as they are on. Of course, their features are the same but the hair is apt to be different and freckles have a way of changing their appearance.

JANE CARROLL, Hartford, Conn.; MARY PLASKY, STANLEY BOGDAN, Camden, N. J.; NORMA FEINTHAL, MARGARET MULROONEY, Y. LEVINE, G.D., New York, N. Y.; EDITH VERDE, Amsterdam, N. Y.; BARBARA SHANNON, Norwood, Mass.; JEAN CALLEWAERT, Detroit, Mich.; ALICE WALSH, Long Beach, Cal.; NAOMI DISMUKES, Dallas, Texas—She was born Gretchen Young in Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 6, 1913, but became Loretta Young when she embarked upon a motion picture career. She has two sisters also in the movies, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane, a brother, Jack, who is now an attorney, but was the first of the family to enter the cinema business, and a younger sister, Georgiana. Loretta is descended from American-English-French parents and was educated at Romona Convent in Los Angeles. Her screen career started when she was a tot of four. A baby was needed for Fanny Ward's picture and Loretta was chosen. Her real chance came later, though, when a director called the home and asked for Polly Ann, who was away at the time. Brother Jack suggested that Loretta might do, as she looked so much like her sister. She made such a good impression that she was immediately awarded a role in Colleen Moore's "Naughty But Nice," and has been in the movies ever since. Outside of dramatic work she is most interested in dancing and art. She plays the piano well and loves good music of all sorts. Blue and white are her favorite colors, and salads and desserts her favorite foods. She likes lilies of the valley and gardenia perfume. Swimming, horse back riding, bicycling and ping pong are her favorite sports, and she likes to watch football games, horse races or polo matches. Loretta's hobby is shopping for pretty clothes, and she likes popular novels, attends the movies frequently and has a pet canary. In 1929 she married Grant Withers, but divorced him a year later. Has not married since. Loretta is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 107 pounds and has light brown hair set off by huge grey-blue eyes. Write her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Don't fail to see her in "The Crusades." She is simply ravishing as Berengaria in this opus.

INFORMATION DESK,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of

....

in your department.

Name..

City....................State.............

"Where have you been all my life?"

{Intimate conversation of a lady with herself}

"I'VE been doing nasty things to my palate with bitter concoctions. I've been abusing my poor, patient system with harsh, violent purges. The whole idea of taking a laxative became a nightmare. Why didn't I discover you before . . . friend Ex-Lax. You taste like my favorite chocolate candy. You're mild and you're gentle . . . you treat me right. Yet with all your mildness you're no shirker . . . you're as thorough as can be. The children won't take anything else . . . my husband has switched from his old brand of violence to you. You're a member of the family now . . ."

Multiply the lady's thoughts by millions . . . and you have an idea of public opinion on Ex-Lax. For more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were used last year in America alone. 10c and 25c boxes in any drug store. Be sure to get the genuine!

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When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

GOOD NEWS

Fay Wray and Fredric March enjoying the United Artists Banquet at the Troc'. Fay has just hied herself back to London, where she is so popular, to do a film.

The Clark Gables snapped after an evening—a delightful one if those broad grins mean anything—at one of Hollywood's late spots.

REGINA CANNON KEEPS YOU INFORMED ON THE STARS' ACTIVITIES—SOCIAL AND CINEMATIC

Luise Rainer seems to be the current Hollywood heroine. So great a personal hit did she make at the preview of "Escapade," her first picture, that a member of the departing audience whispered to her friend that Luise was so splendid an actress that she hoped she would not become spoiled. As if in answer to this remark, the crowd separated to permit a fleeing Miss R. to bound up a flight of steps in the theatre's lobby with a cameraman leaping after her. "I will not be photographed," she cried. "I will not be intruded upon this way!" Too bad, too bad!

■ ■ ■

It was Myrna Loy's walking out on "Escapade" that gave Luise Rainer her big opportunity. Of course, the little German gal had to make good or the chance would have gone for naught. Now, at this writing, everyone is speculating as to Miss Loy's fate. Some say that she is definitely leaving Metro and will move her make-up box to Paramount. Others claim Rosalind Russell will be groomed for Myrna's roles. Our guess is that Miss R. is too distinct a personality to fill anybody's shoes.

■ ■ ■

When Marlene Dietrich moved into Countess di Frasso's Beverly Hills home, her daughter, Maria, fell heir to an Afghan hound that Gary Cooper once presented to the Countess. The dog looks a little threadbare, patches of its hair having departed, but perhaps that is just another reason why Maria loves him. Incidentally, la Dietrich is going places with Rouben Mamoulian again. He, if you remember, is the director whose parents are

GOOD NEWS

Claudette Colbert and Lieutenant Com. Whitford watch Comedians vs. Leading Men Charity Baseball Game at Wrigley Field. Darn good game.

Like the previews of the good old days, "Anna Karenina" attracted Hollywood's elite. Here are Connie Bennett, Cliff Webb and Marlene Dietrich.

said to have announced his engagement to Garbo, for which little speech the Swedish lady dropped R. M. like the proverbial hot cake.

■ ■ ■

Speaking of hounds, Gloria Stuart is in despair over one. It seems Gloria was the proud possessor of a little Scottie and a big airdale. The Scottie had been jealous of the other dog for months and had just gotten to tolerate him when the Sheekman's brand new baby arrived. It was all evidently too much for the pup to cope with. He took one look at his new, unexpected rival and departed for places unknown. Ads in the classified columns have not helped Gloria locate him. You see, too much was—too much!

■ ■ ■

And now the lovely Phyllis Brooks is set with RKO and she is *that* pleased—and rightly so! Phyllis came to town as Phyllis Seiler and the Powers That Be at Universal where, it seems, they like to change people's names, declared she should be Mary Brooks. The gal said she'd stand for the Brooks part of the bargain, but she'd like to retain her own first name. "Y'see," she explained vaguely, "I have a rich, old aunt named Phyllis and some day——" Well, the name-changer, who could be made to listen to reason if it clinked in coin, said, "All right, all right!" And now all Miss B. has to do is find a rich, old aunt!

■ ■ ■

Looks like Lee Tracy and Estelle Taylor really mean business—of the big, matrimonial variety. Estelle came to Hollywood merely to look over her property. She met Mr. T., they became that way, and now 'tis said the minister is being paged. This will be Lee's first matrimonial venture. Meanwhile his "ex" girl friend, the petite Isabel Jewell, is whiling away the shining hours with Nelson Eddy, who is so-o-o devoted. And so, everybody's happy!

■ ■ ■

Alice Brady, she of the great charm and talent, threw a very elegant cocktail party recently. The affair was full of hors d'oeuvres, playwrights, fine wine and actors—not, of course, named in order of their importance. Anita Louise appeared sans Tom Brown who, they say, is still pining for his blonde. In fact, each day he sends a beautiful gardenia to the object of his affections, but so far the gesture hasn't melted her hard, little heart. But to get back to Mrs. Brady's soirée, we spotted Louise Henry, reported engaged to Conrad Nagel, Virginia Bruce, John Colton, Alan Crosland, Bert Lytell and scores of other famous. Yes, an enjoyable time was had by all; in fact, we believe even the hostess liked it!

■ ■ ■

Of course, George Raft *meant* to be generous, but, fun's fun and there's a limit to everything. One recent evening George, on leaving the Trocadero where he had dined and danced with Virginia Pine, slipped the pretty hat-check girl as he thought a one spot. On second glance, it proved to be a twenty and both Mr. R. and the lucky lady nearly fainted at seeing it. Well, maybe that will square matters for the handsome blonde male star who has never tipped the young woman a dime in all the months he's patronized the famous café.

■ ■ ■

Lady Luck seems to hover around Claudette Colbert, if we can believe the photo-snappers of your favorite players. For months the boys have tried to "snap" Claudette with her constant escort, Dr. Joel Pressman, and have had no luck. Then, at Joan Bennett's farewell party for hubby, Gene Markey, who it developed wasn't going anywhere, the cameramen thought they had Miss C. and Dr. P. on the spot. As they emerged from the dance floor, cameras were whipped into action when one excited operator tripped and fell, temporarily disabling two others. One man was left, but lo when he snapped, nothing

(*Continued on page 56*)

BEAUTY ADVICE

BE EXCITING! BE DIFFERENT! BE INTRIGUING! HERE'S THE SECRET

Marion Davies as the drab little chambermaid in "Page Miss Glory." Not very glamorous . . . but wait.

BY MARY BIDDLE

ALL THE world loves a lover . . . and all the world loves a Cinderella story. The modernized story of the little Cinderella who becomes the Princess is the theme of many a Hollywood scenario where the working girl who might be one of us becomes the glamorous lady we've dreamed of being. "Page Miss Glory" turns another page in the same book of Cinderella stories and Marion Davies portrays the drab little chambermaid who is transformed into the radiant "Miss Glory."

Such stories are not "just fiction." They have happened, and can happen in real life. But how do you suddenly go about acquiring charm . . . glamor . . . a new personality? Well, make-up, a new coiffure, clothes . . . these things can accomplish marvels in the way of transformation. But it's a feeling of confidence, a sense of power within oneself, which in the final analysis achieves the transformation.

Take Hollywood, for instance. Year after year new girls come to Hollywood, anxious to "break into the movies." Unsophisticated, most of them, gawky, untried, and sometimes none too pretty. A year or so later they amaze us by blossoming into exciting, glamorous women. MODERN SCREEN has run stories from time to time showing pictures of the stars "before and after," the way they looked when they first came to Hollywood, and the way they look now. It always gives me a thrill to see the glamorous transformations that have been achieved.

The magical thing that most of those raw Hollywood recruits get is confidence. A director sees the vital spark of . . . shall we call it glamor? . . . in a new girl, an extra girl in the crowd, for example, and as he grooms her for a role he gives her confidence by telling her that she has glamor, by believing in her. When she begins to realize that he believes in her she feels her power. She is no longer timid and afraid, and the spark of glamor becomes a flame which lights up her personality from within.

The fly-away coiffure which Perc Westmore is giving Marion transforms her.

YOU DON'T have to be beautiful to have glamor and to be a personality. Nor do you have to be young. But one thing is certain . . . you have to have confidence in yourself. Glamor goes when confidence goes.

All right now, in order to have confidence, you have to have something to be confident about. You don't have any Hollywood director to instill in you a feeling of confidence; you have only yourself to depend on. I know what you're up against. Your letters are really what led me to write this kind of an article. Selecting comments at random from your letters I run across things like this: "I'm hopeless, I guess I've just got an incurable inferiority complex," "People say I'm pretty but it doesn't seem to get me anywhere;" "I'm so tired of being the same old me, I want to be different;" "Maybe you think it's silly for me to want to be attractive." Of course it isn't silly for any girl to want to be attractive. It's one of the few really normal impulses we have left in this rather crazy world of ours. Of course you want to be different. Even screen stars get tired of "being typed" and playing the same role all the time. And as for an inferiority complex, it can be an incentive as much as a handicap.

Two famous actresses, Joan Crawford and Katherine Cornell, both considered themselves "ugly ducklings" when they started out. Why, Joan Crawford almost ran away from one of her big chances because she thought there were so many girls prettier than she at the casting office that she wouldn't have a chance. Joan has fought against an inferiority complex most of her life and now she's

Marion in all her glory—radiating glamor and personality from every pore.

at the "top" simply because she made that complex drive her on rather than drag her down. She licked it by proving herself to herself. Now, the trouble with most of you is that you don't have enough confidence in your own ability to do things. And that's what you must acquire.

A very famous Hollywood director gave me this advice once. The best way to gain confidence and poise, according to his sincere belief, is to learn to do some one thing exceptionally well. Learn to dance, learn to swim, learn to play tennis, learn to do anything well, and you'll profit by it in the poise you gain. You'll have better command over yourself. Lots of you are self-conscious about your hands and feet. You don't quite know how to handle them gracefully.

If you learn to dance or excel in some sport to the extent that you become physically sure of handling yourself, then you won't be self-conscious when you're with other people, or when you enter or leave a room. You won't be hampered by a lack of confidence in your ability to meet a social situation gracefully.

JUST as you may have aptitudes for certain sports, you may have aptitudes for certain types of clothes, or a certain type of coiffure. Above all, then, be individual. Why has Gloria Swanson's name always been a synonym in Hollywood for "glamor?" Because she has always been so supremely individual, so entirely herself. She wears exotic clothes that would make Janet Gaynor or Jean Parker look ridiculous. But then she would look just as out of harmony with herself if she affected the demure type dress of Janet Gaynor. If you would have glamor, don't be imitative. Don't try to be a second Garbo or Crawford, or Colbert, or a second anybody. There was a time when every other girl and her sister affected a shoulder-length bob in order to "look like Garbo." Most of them looked like freaks. Regular features are essential if the shoulder-length bob is to prove successful, and generally the arrangement needs a few curls clustering at the nape of the neck in order to insure some softening influence.

Be individual. If your hair is thick and lovely, don't have it cut and thinned and plastered down in a flat silhouette. Let its color and texture and abundance mean something in your life. The charming thing about Marion Davies' hair is that it always looks just a wee bit fly-away, as though it were so gloriously alive it just couldn't be bound down with fixed waves and hairpins.

(*Continued on page 90*)

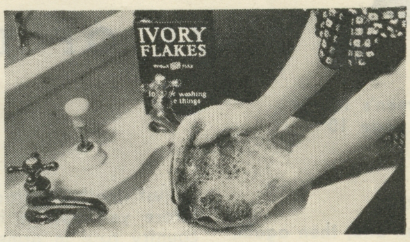
"Wash hand-knits with IVORY FLAKES,"

URGE THE MAKERS OF MINERVA YARNS

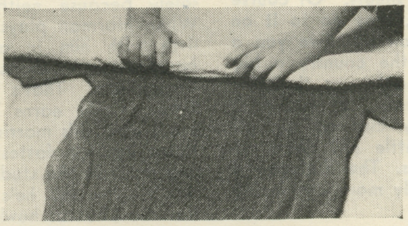
"Gosh, I hope my sweater turns out as nice as yours. But mine's dirty *already!*"

"Oh, I washed mine when I finished it. These Minerva yarns wash beautifully with Ivory Flakes."

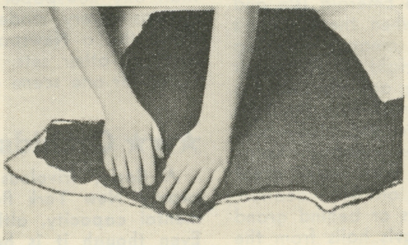
1. TAKE MEASUREMENTS or trace outline of sweater on heavy paper.



2. SQUEEZE LUKEWARM SUDS of pure Ivory Flakes through garment. *Do not rub, twist* or *let stretch.*



3. RINSE 3 TIMES in lukewarm water of same temperature. Knead out excess moisture in bath towel.



4. DRY FLAT, easing back (or stretching) to original outline.

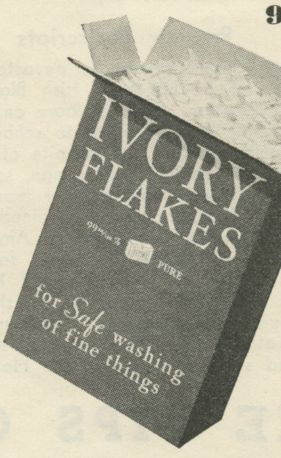
WHEN DRY, appearance is improved by light pressing under damp cloth.

Knit one, purl one—when you put a lot of time into knitting a sweater you don't want it to become little-sister's-size after its first washing! Wool *is* sensitive—it shrinks at the mere mention of rubbing, hot water or an *impure soap!*

So wash your woolens with respectful care. And be especially sure to use cool suds of Ivory Flakes. Why Ivory Flakes? Well, listen to what the makers of Minerva yarns say: "We feel that Ivory Flakes are safest for fine woolens because Ivory is really *pure*—protects the natural oils that keep wool soft and springy."

Read the washing directions on this page, follow them carefully—and your hand-knits will always stay lovely as new!

99 44/100 % PURE



IVORY FLAKES

(Above) Bette Davis, Roscoe Karns and George Brent in "Front Page Woman." (Left) Charles Boyer and Loretta Young teamed in "Shanghai."

(Above) The picture you've been waiting for—"China Seas." And wotta cast—Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow!

Reviews

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

BY REGINA CANNON

See Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard, page 10

★★★ Front Page Woman (Warners)

Well, it may be all in the spirit of good, clean fun and, then again, you may be meant to take it big, but anyway you look at it, this is good entertainment. As its title indicates, it's about the ever-colorful activities of the newspaper tribe and how they pay each other off by grabbing news beats—known in the profession as scoops—from each other. Bette Davis and George Brent are on rival sheets. Of course they're in love and, since all's fair in IT and war, they go to it on a big murder yarn. The fact is that their goings-on will give you a laugh and the people in City Rooms throughout the country a big shriek for, believe it or not, these two young people are the only ones on their respective sheets covering the big tale. Of course, it could only happen in reel life, what with every cub on a staff collecting "info" on a real daily. However, this little (?) deviation from truth was doubtless injected for plot purposes. The dialogue is snappy and Miss Davis pretty fine. Mr. B. is slightly more convincing than usual and Roscoe Karns rates high.

Preview Postscripts

No wonder George Brent proves so devastating to some of our best leading ladies, for he has both Irish Blarney and a romantic past. A deadly combination. He was born on the Emerald Isle and was educated there—at least he went to school when there weren't any revolutions to distract him. But in spite of his meager schooling George developed into a bright young man, so bright, in fact, that he was asked to leave his homeland after leading one uprising too successfully. He went back, though, and joined forces with the Irish Players in Dublin. From there he came to America and Hollywood. Miss Ruth Chatterton is his "ex" and her former husband, Ralph Forbes, is his best friend. Miss Garbo and Mr. Brent were great pals before Greta sailed for home. While she's on her vacation, George may be found in dim corners of restaurants or behind grand pianos with Miss Katherine De Mille . . . Bette Davis hails from the East where she had some stage training. Hollywood regarded her as just another attractive, entertaining gal 'til she created the biggest furore yet seen or heard during the recent Academy Awards. The country rose in arms when Bette was not mentioned as a possibility for the prize due to her splendid work in "Of Human Bondage." She attained far more publicity because she wasn't mentioned than if she'd won the grand sweepstakes. Married to Harmon Nelson, a childhood sweetheart and orchestra leader, she claims their marriage is a success solely because neither of them meddle with the other's business. When Harmon plays in San Francisco or other cities close by, Bette lives with him in an auto camp and cooks and scrubs like any *hausfrau.* She keeps a watchful eye on his diet at all times but never his business. That's Harmon's idea, too, so maybe the fact that the little woman earns thousands of times more than friend husband won't send this marriage on the Hollywood rocks, after all . . . Roscoe Karns has the fastest talking apparatus and the deepest dimples of any actor in the studios. Things are ever lively on a set where Roscoe hangs out—and he's on plenty of them because when a scene falls flat the director howls, "Get Karns." He made his Los Angeles debut on the stage in "Front Page" and was the only one in the house not breathless. Has had a penchant for newspaper tales ever since and was in his glory on this set. This set, though, would put any editor in his glory. It was more complete and perfect in every detail than any newspaper office that ever existed. Teletypes, air-cooling systems—every modern improvement down to extra large spittoons made this a Newspaperman's Paradise. There was plenty of excitement on other sets, too, what with burning down a huge apartment house for one scene and having a fancy electrocution in another.

★★★ Orchids to You (Fox)

A flossy, frivolous number about life as it parades through a swanky New York flower shop, this is guaranteed not to tax your mental capacity, although it may prove a strain on your credulity. Even though it is handsomely cast and produced—they use twelve truckloads of flowers and have the (*Continued on page 91*)

TALKIE TIPS ON CURRENT CINEMA FARE

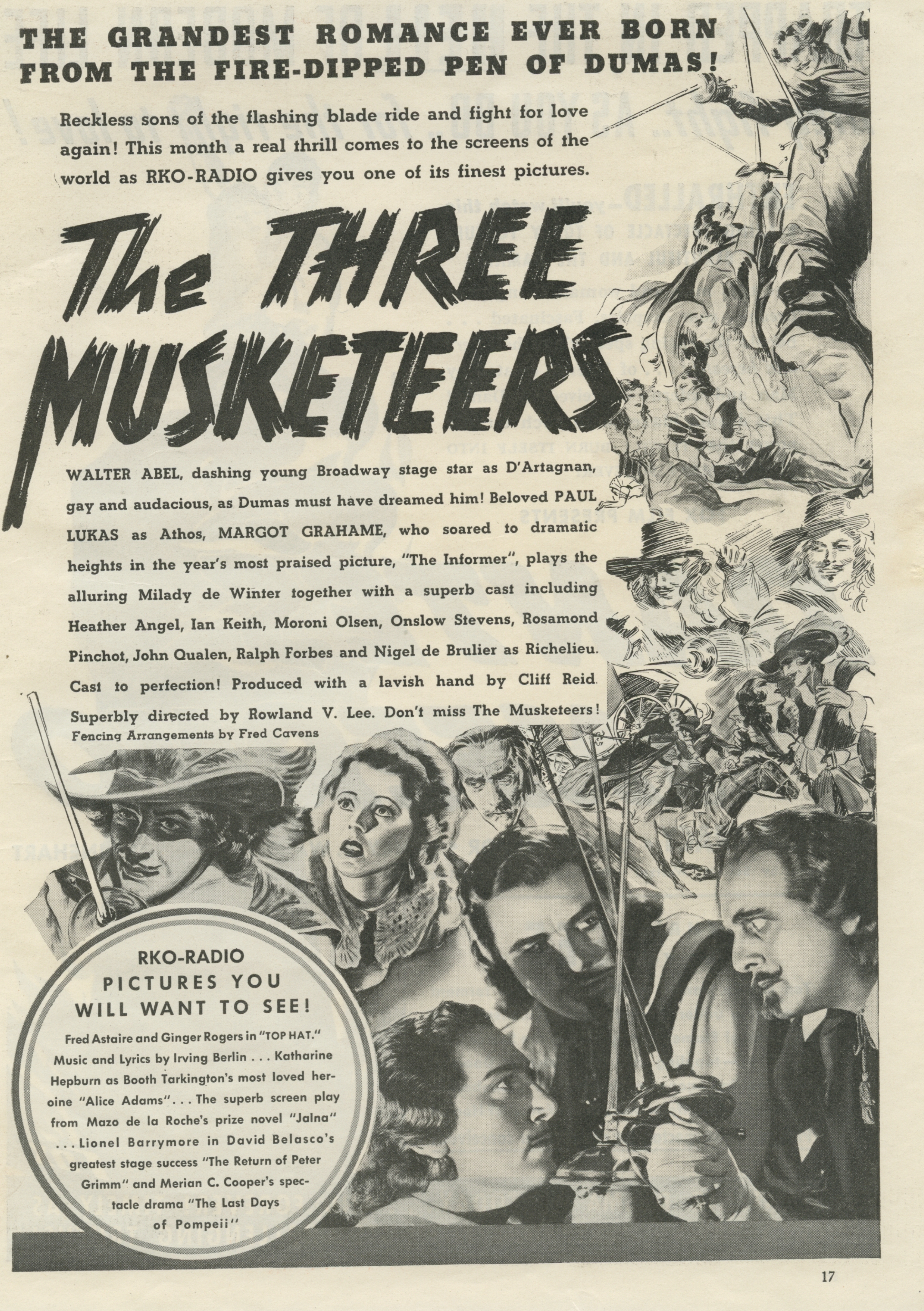
THE GRANDEST ROMANCE EVER BORN FROM THE FIRE-DIPPED PEN OF DUMAS!

Reckless sons of the flashing blade ride and fight for love again! This month a real thrill comes to the screens of the world as RKO-RADIO gives you one of its finest pictures.

The THREE MUSKETEERS

WALTER ABEL, dashing young Broadway stage star as D'Artagnan, gay and audacious, as Dumas must have dreamed him! Beloved **PAUL LUKAS** as Athos, **MARGOT GRAHAME**, who soared to dramatic heights in the year's most praised picture, "The Informer", plays the alluring Milady de Winter together with a superb cast including Heather Angel, Ian Keith, Moroni Olsen, Onslow Stevens, Rosamond Pinchot, John Qualen, Ralph Forbes and Nigel de Brulier as Richelieu. Cast to perfection! Produced with a lavish hand by Cliff Reid. Superbly directed by Rowland V. Lee. Don't miss The Musketeers!

Fencing Arrangements by Fred Cavens

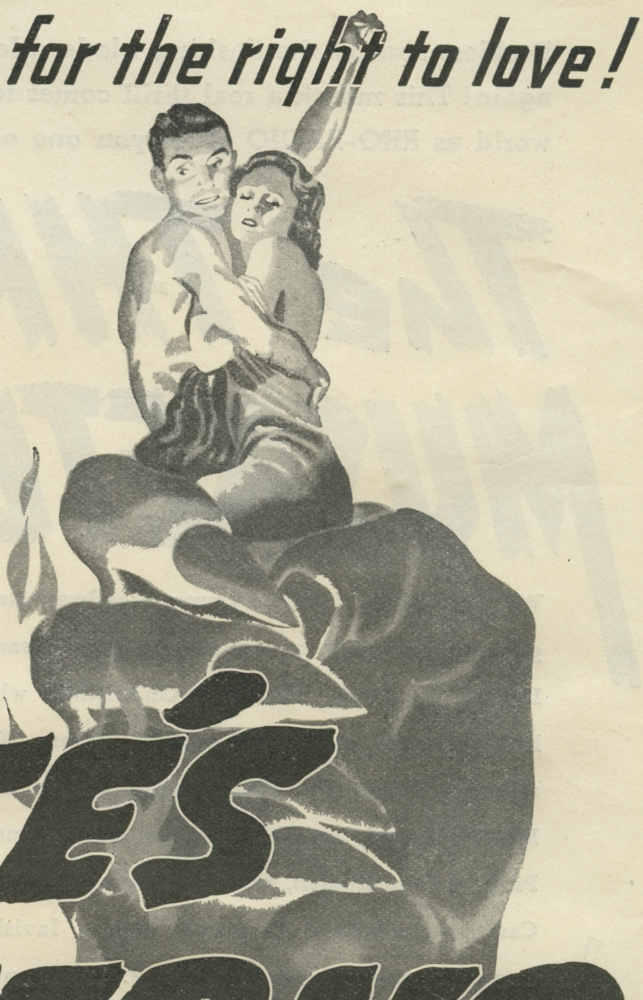


RKO-RADIO PICTURES YOU WILL WANT TO SEE!

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "TOP HAT." Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin . . . Katharine Hepburn as Booth Tarkington's most loved heroine "Alice Adams". . . The superb screen play from Mazo de la Roche's prize novel "Jalna" . . . Lionel Barrymore in David Belasco's greatest stage success "The Return of Peter Grimm" and Merian C. Cooper's spectacle drama "The Last Days of Pompeii"

TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE

they fight.. AS YOU DO.. *for the right to love!*



ENTHRALLED—*you'll watch this* **BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORTURE THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!**

See this man and woman living *your* dreams, *your* despairs. Fascinated . . . behold the raging spectacle of hell *here and hereafter* . . . of Inferno created by Man and Inferno conceived by Dante! This drama blazes with such titanic power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

FOX FILM PRESENTS

DANTE'S INFERNO

SPENCER TRACY • **CLAIRE TREVOR** • **HENRY B. WALTHALL** • **ALAN DINEHART**

Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel Directed by Harry Lachman

THRILL AS YOU SEE

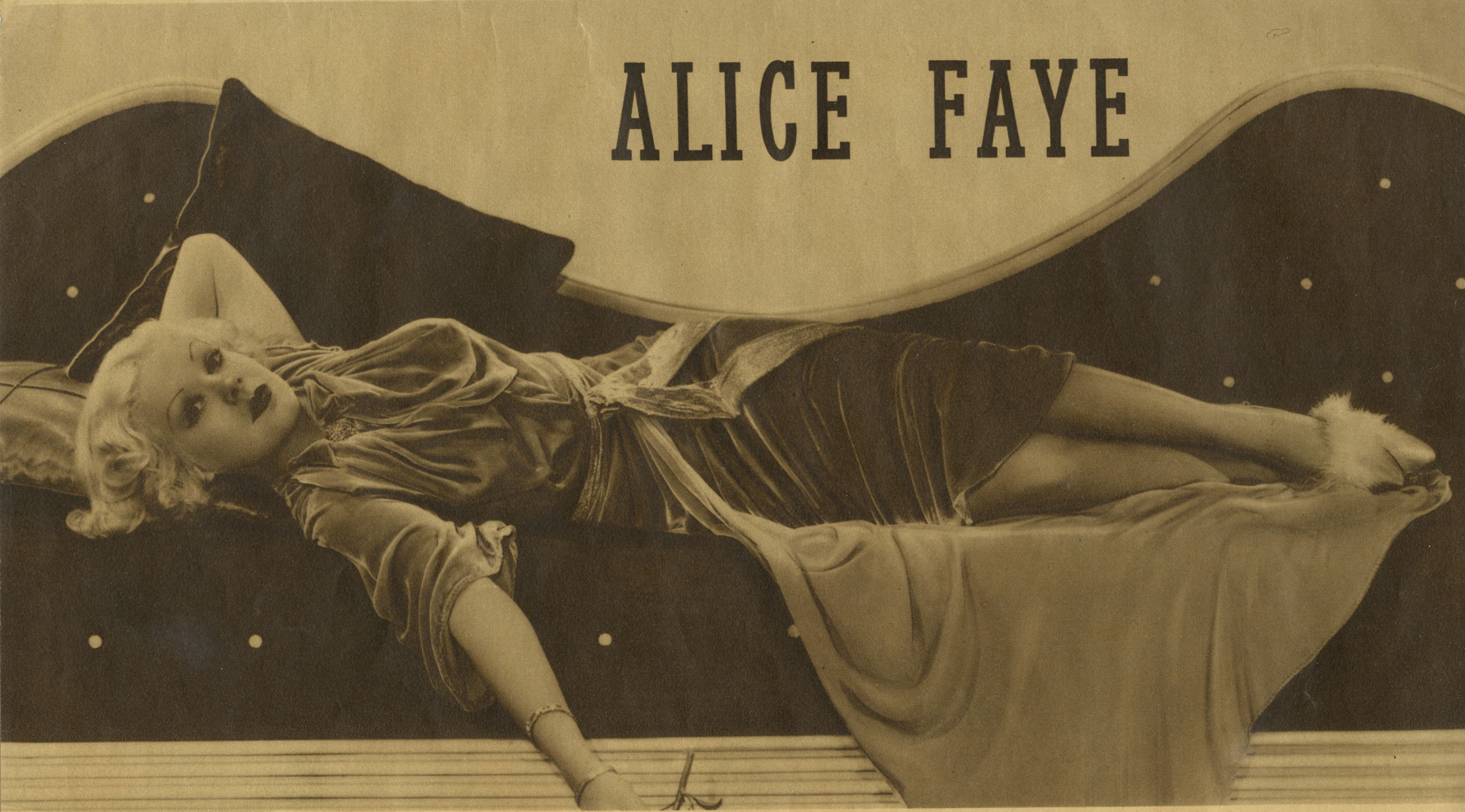
Ten million sinners writhing in eternal torment—cringing under the Rain of Fire—consumed in the Lake of Flames—struggling in the Sea of Boiling Pitch—toppling into the Crater of Doom—wracked by agony in the Torture Chambers—hardening into lifelessness in the Forest of Horror!

Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

FOX

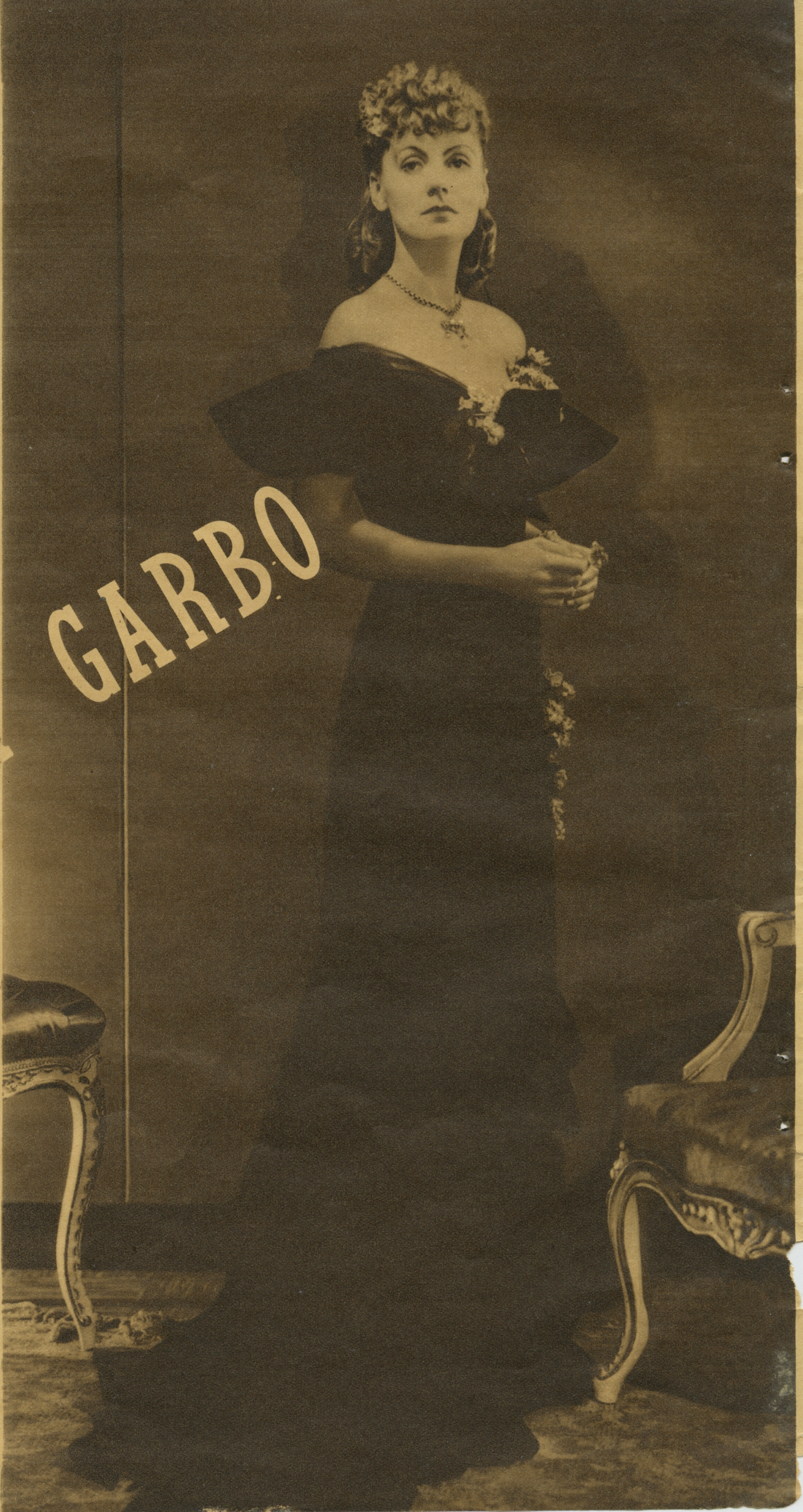
A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY. . . AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS TODAY'S NEWS . . . ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!

ALICE FAYE



Looking too, too beautiful, Alice Faye of the torchy, scorchy voice and the lovely slim legs, relaxes after a day's work in "Ball of Fire." In this Fox picture, she will appear with the engaging Jack Haley, the comical Messrs. Mitchell and Durant and your old friend, Bebe Daniels. Alice has been a Hollywoodite for almost two years now and has never once let the town get her. Not even when said town has her rumored engaged to or in love with this, that and the other man. Incidentally, we feel that we owe Alice an apology. We said something recently about a "publicity romance" having been cooked up between the fair Alice and the stalwart Nelson Eddy. 'Twas an idle rumor, reader, and would you mind paying no attention? Alice works hard, lives quietly, looks after her family and saves her spare cash for a rainy day. In other words, no splurging on costly luxuries for Alice.

GRETA GARBO



"Anna Karenina" returns —and Greta Garbo speaks the lines of Tolstoi's tragic love story which she played silently a number of years ago. Those who have been on the set during its production and those who have seen a preview of the picture, say that you will find Garbo imbued with all the old fire and glamorous excitement that she seemed to have lost in recent roles. Fredric March plays her romantic lead and Garbo seems happier and more beautiful than ever before. And isn't she a painting in this ball gown from the picture?

JULIE HAYDON

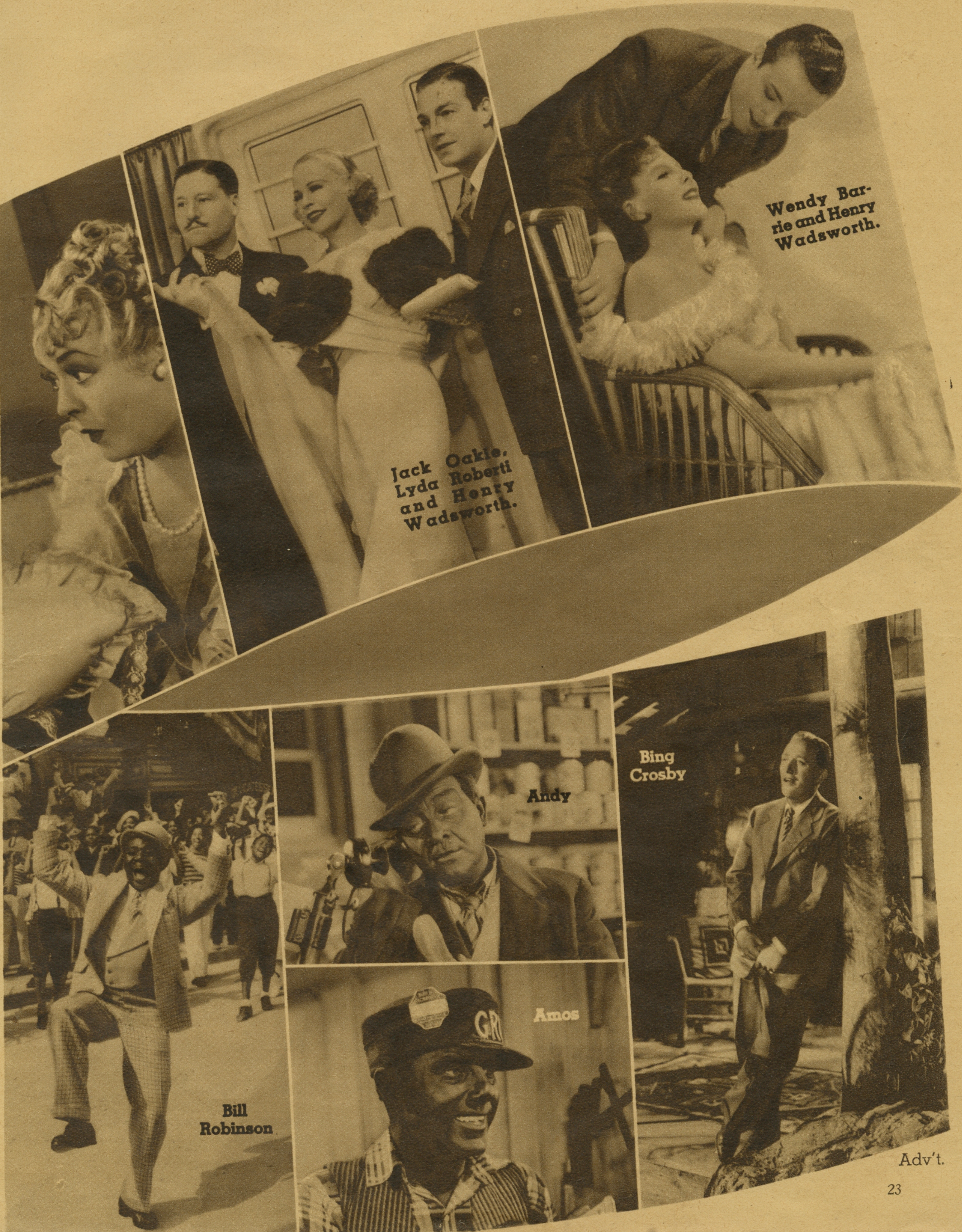
Here's a girl who had to live down her resemblance to a great star! Julie Haydon resembled Ann Harding so much that it looked for awhile as if she would never have a chance to be a personality on her own. However, along came the Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur with "The Scoundrel" up their sleeves and lo, Julie became a definite and exciting person over night! Paramount has Julie signed to a long contract—but she's hoping they won't type her to dramatic roles exclusively. She would like to play high comedy.

THE BIG Broadcast OF 1936

Burns and Allen
Ethel Merman
Charlie Ruggles
Mary Boland
Jack Oakie

YOU can listen in on most of the big stars of this great picture, but it's somep'n when you can listen and look, too! All your best radio and screen bets are lined up to give "The Big Broadcast" and it's a treat you won't be missing. Bing Crosby crooning "I Wished On The Moon." Ethel Merman torching "It's The Animal In Me." Jessica Dragonette singing that old favorite "Alice Blue Gown"—not to mention Oakie, Roberti, Amos n' Andy, Burns and Allen, Ruggles and Boland, Wendy Barrie, Henry Wadsworth, Sir Guy Standing, Bill Robinson, Ray Noble and his Orchestra and the Nicholas Brothers.

PREVIEW OF A PARAMOUNT PICTURE—MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN



Jack Oakie, Lyda Roberti and Henry Wadsworth.

Wendy Barrie and Henry Wadsworth.

Bill Robinson

Andy

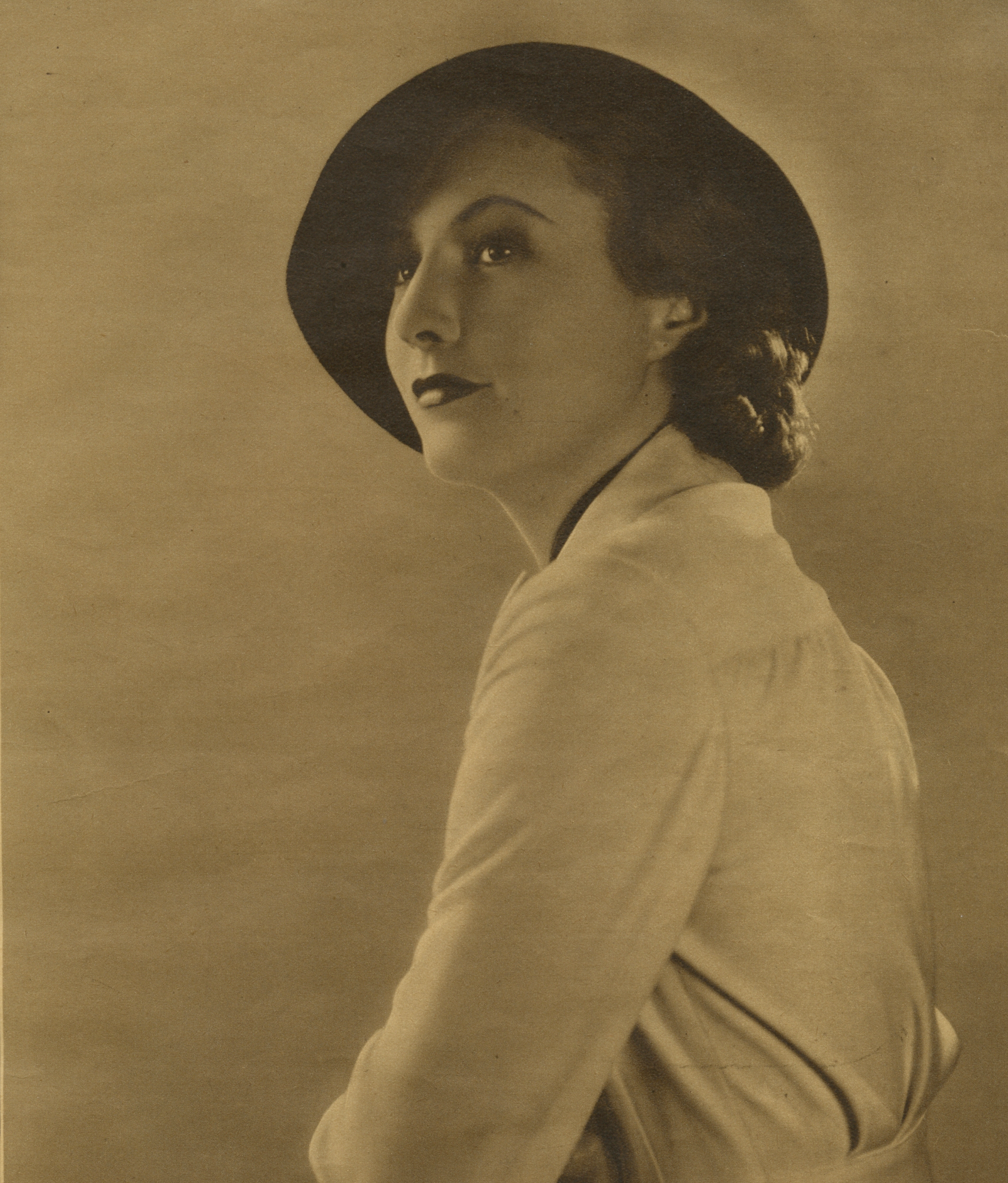
Amos

Bing Crosby

Adv't.

RANDOLPH SCOTT

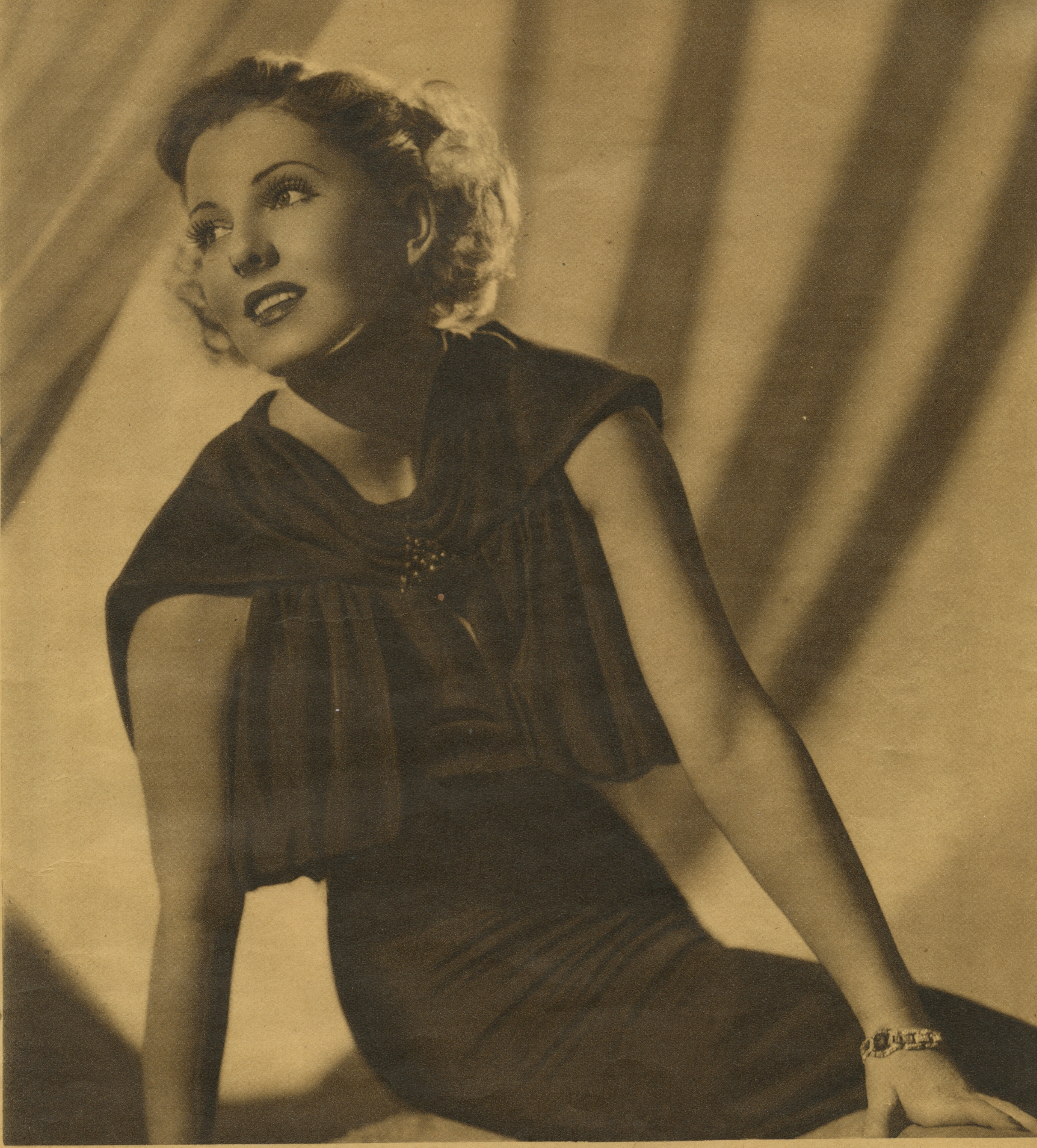
It took several good rousing "hoss operas" to bring Randy Scott any attention from Hollywood producers. But when they did notice the tall good-looking Virginia engineer, he started to get the breaks. To date his best piece of luck is landing the role of Duncan Bedford in "So Red the Rose" with Margaret Sullavan as the spirited cousin, Valette Bedford. Of course, you saw him in "She" with Helen Gahagan.



BARBARA STANWYCK

Aloof from the Hollywood ballyhoo and fanfare sits Barbara. She doesn't make frequent pictures but when she does, the fans cheer even louder. She's rather a rare species of cinema celebrity, caring more for her husband, small adopted son and home than she does for fame. "Red Salute" brings her back to the screen and judging by this new picture she looks "in the pink."

CLIFTON



WEBB · JEAN ARTHUR

Two of Broadway's pets are Clifton Webb and Jean Arthur. When Jean's earlier cinema career took a dull turn, she hopped right back to the stage. Then, once again, she burst upon the screen in a sparkling new guise, that of the wise-cracking, cynical gal of "The Whole Town's Talking." "Lady Beware" is her next. Cliff's suave, sophisticated dancing and sly comedy will make new excitement in screen fare when he appears in the tentatively titled "Elegance" with Joan Crawford, which she will do after "Glitter."

Nelson first discovered that he had a voice when he used to follow operatic records on the phonograph at home.

(Below) Sudden acclaim hasn't turned his head. He likes the screen but his first and real love is concert work.

(Above) As a child and right, as the romantic Captain Warrington with Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta."

(Above) Nelson with his youthful mother, also a singer. She has been his teacher, guide and great inspiration.

NELSON EDDY'S TRUE LIFE *Story*

HE'S A NEW SCREEN IDOL AND HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO READ HOW HE GOT THAT WAY!

BY GLADYS HALL

DRUMS—drums—church solos—Gilbert and Sullivan operettas—drums . . .

The singing Nelson Eddy was born on a July 29th, in Providence, Rhode Island, the only child of Isabel Kendrick and William D. Eddy, with the beating of drums, the anthems of choral singing a part of his heritage.

It may sound as though the small Nelson had been born either to the Comanche Indians or into a professional world of entertainers. Nothing could be farther from the truth. As a matter of fact, so alien was any idea of theatrical life in any of its aspects to any one of the Eddys that Nelson has been poor man, rich man, newspaper man, advertising man, iron worker—all but beggarman and thief—before his golden baritone came into its rich and rightful own.

For Nelson is of Puritan strain, of old New England heritage on his father's side, of Dutch descent on his mother's. The Methodist Church, the Ten Commandments, long Sundays of the Old Testament—the iron virtues of those stiff-spined forebears of his, forged and welded the strong unmeltable metal of his character which has brought Nelson Eddy to the high place he occupies today.

It is necessary to one's understanding of a man to discover who or what has been the dominant force in his life, the ruling influence. In the life of Nelson Eddy his mother has been, and still is, that force. A mother-complex, the Freudians would say. Well, why not? For Nelson's mother has been more than a mother in the biological and affectionate sense of the word. She has been a fellow-worker, an ardent sympathizer, a faithful believer and a staunch companion along every path he has trod. She has shared his dreams, partaken of his deeds. And when, at tea the other day in his spacious and beautiful Beverly Hills home, he went to the foot of the stairs and called, "Mom! Ma-ma!" and a young, animated woman came running down to pour the tea, you felt that the little boy was calling, with a man's voice, the one who had made success possible for him in the past and sweet to him in the present.

NELSON EDDY said, meeting his mother's eyes which are like his own forget-me-not blue ones, "I probably am the happiest man in the world. If I had it all to do over again I would do just what I have done. I have no regrets. I have no nostalgia for 'the things that might have been.' The world is, to me, a workshop and a playroom with toys, tools and things which are simply inexhaustible. And the only 'secret' to it all is to keep in tune with the elemental force—call it God or what you will—to realize that it is better to be good than to be bad."

Nelson's heritage on his father's side is sturdy New England stock. He said, "My ancestors did not come over on the *Mayflower*, however. They missed it by ten years. Result, I have no grandfather's clock! The original Eddy, so far as I can trace, was christened John Eddye. He came over from England and settled in Massachusetts. A bit later, when Governor Winthrop paid the colony a tour of inspection with the object of listing the various trades and vocations of the colonists, he found bakers, chandlers, farmers and fishermen, mechanics, dentists. But when he came to John Eddye, he was stumped. For John Eddye had no job. He wrote him down, finally, as 'John Eddye, gentleman!'

"My mother's mother was of Dutch descent. Mother was born in Atlanta, Georgia—and she was a well-known oratorio singer of her day."

I'VE SAID that the small Nelson was born to the tap of drums, the beat of rhythm, the wings of song. He was. Both his mother and his father were musical. His father was, at one time, drum major in the Second Regiment Band of the Rhode Island National Guard. His grandfather played the drum and previously had drummed for fifty-five years in another famous American band. As a small boy Nelson acted as mascot for the outfit. He also played the drum in a school orchestra which consisted of drum and piano—when they could get a pianist! And he used to rat-a-tat-tat for his small schoolmates as they entered and departed from school. He said to me, "Drums have always played more or less of a part in my subconscious." (Remember how he sang the stirring "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" in "Naughty Marietta"?)

His childhood was threaded with the notes and octaves of music. His mother was, at one time, soprano soloist in a church in Providence and he, until his voice broke, was boy soprano soloist at Grace Church in the same city. All during his little-boy years his (*Continued on page 83*)

William S. Van Dyke, below, famous for his two-fisted directing methods, made "The Thin Man" and thus gave greater lustre to Bill Powell's and Myrna Loy's careers.

Below, Clark Gable felt he was slipping when he was loaned out for "It Happened One Night"—but Frank Capra's genius gave Clark and Claudette Colbert the Academy award!

NO GREATER THAN

BY RUTH BIERY

ONE OF Hollywood's most famous stars was about to begin a new picture, a production already ballyhooed as one of the greatest of coming attractions. One of Hollywood's best-known directors had been assigned. On the day before they were to start shooting, several years ago, the star telephoned the director and asked if he would go to a certain beauty parlor where she was being made-up. He had known her since their first days in Hollywood and he went at once.

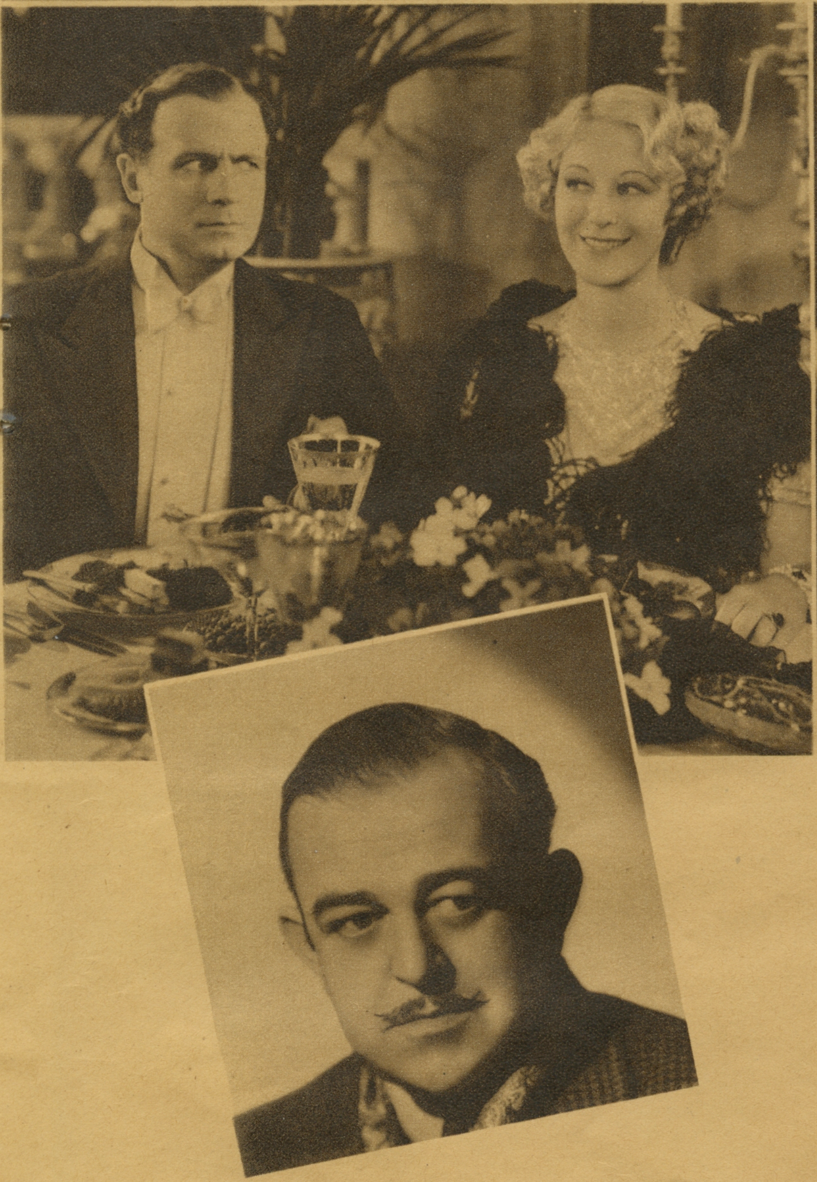
"I just wanted to remind you that when we knew each other, I was a different person than I am today. Now, I am a star. When we get on the set, please do not call me by my first name. I wish to be addressed as *Miss* Blank."

The director rose and bowed from the waist. "That is perfectly agreeable to me. But please remember, that I, too, am no longer the person you used to know.

STARS CAN FALL IF THE MAN BEHIND THE

Below, Grace Moore had had only tepid response in two former pictures but Victor Schertzinger directed "One Night of Love" and made both Grace and Tullio Carminati famous.

Most directors stand in awe of Kate Hepburn's reputed temperament. But not George Cukor. After "Little Women" Kate called him "great" and wanted him to direct her always.



THEIR DIRECTORS

I am now a great director and I wish to be called *Mr. Blank!*"

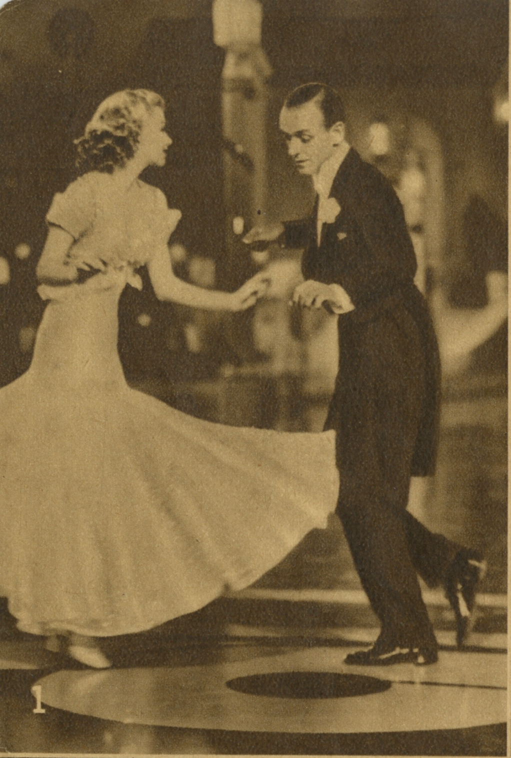
Those who heard the conversation, floating from the booth of a beauty salon, exchanged wise smiles which said, "What a flop that picture will be, starting out that way. He can't make a great picture from such a beginning."

WHEN THE production was one-third finished, the director appeared upon the set one morning with a stranger whom he presented to the star. "I have hired this man to do nothing but say, 'Yes, Miss Blank!' We want you to be absolutely happy while working with us."

Those working on the set looked wisely at one another. They knew this production would never make motion picture history! They knew he was a great director and she was a great actress but they understood no director could be great under those circumstances and that *no star is ever greater than the man who directs her.*

(Continued on page 79)

MEGAPHONE ISN'T SYMPATHETIC AND HELPFUL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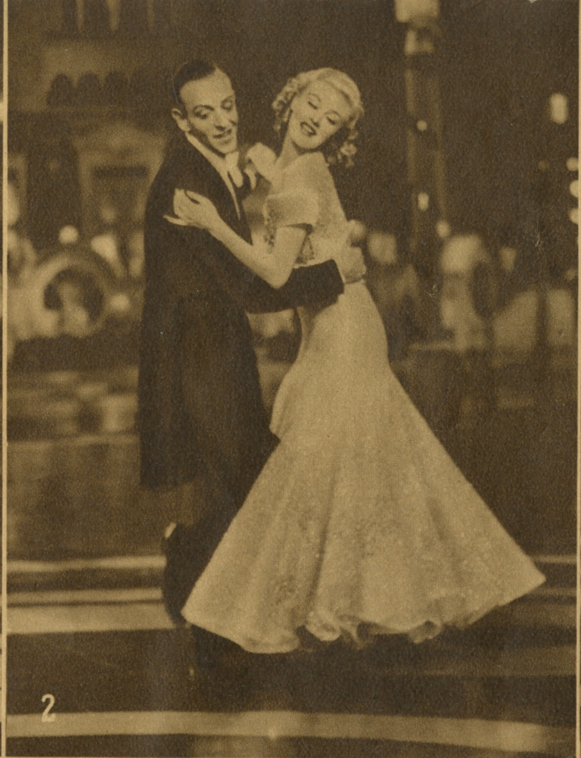
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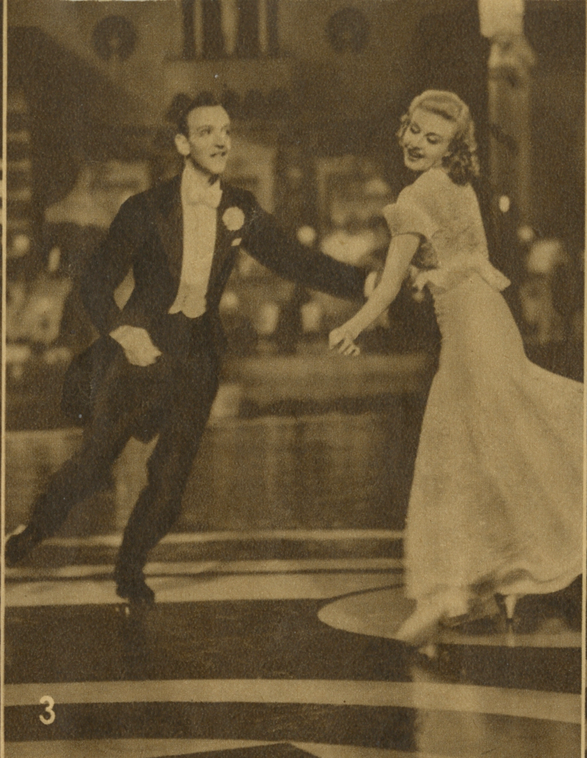
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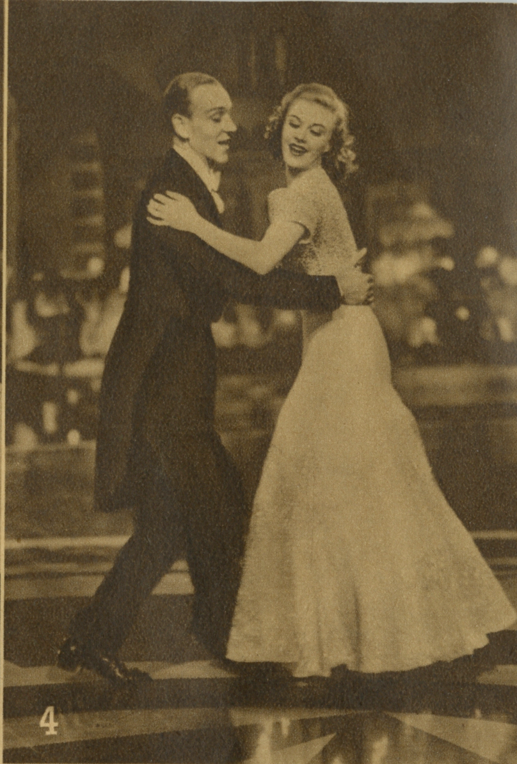
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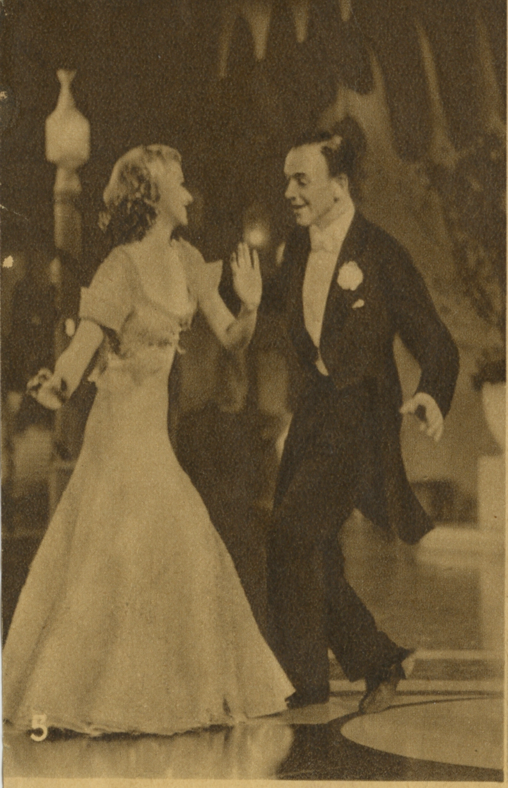
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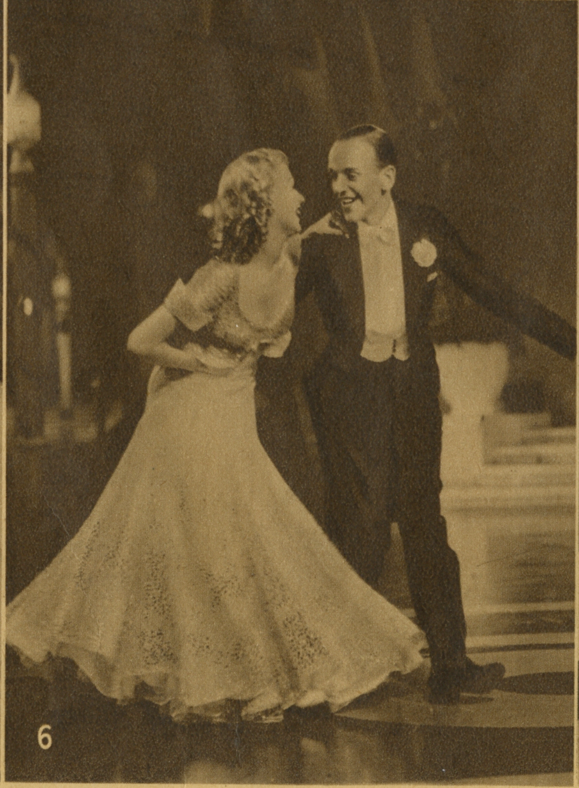
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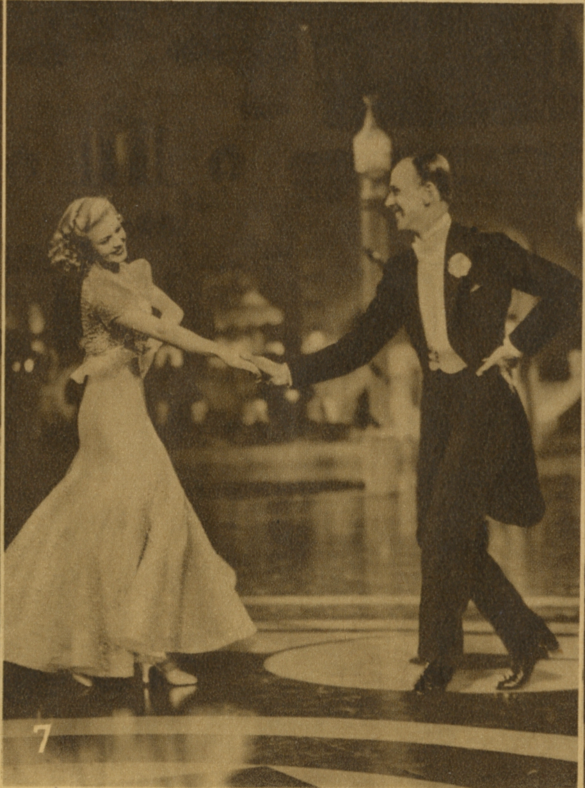
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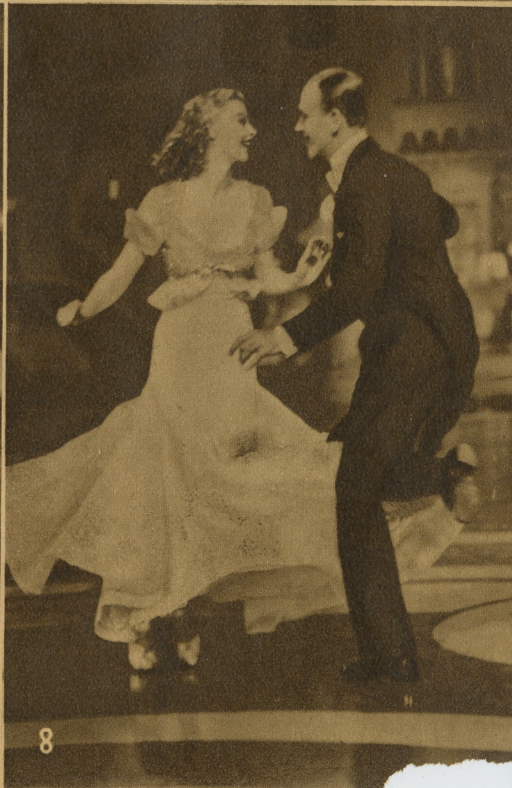
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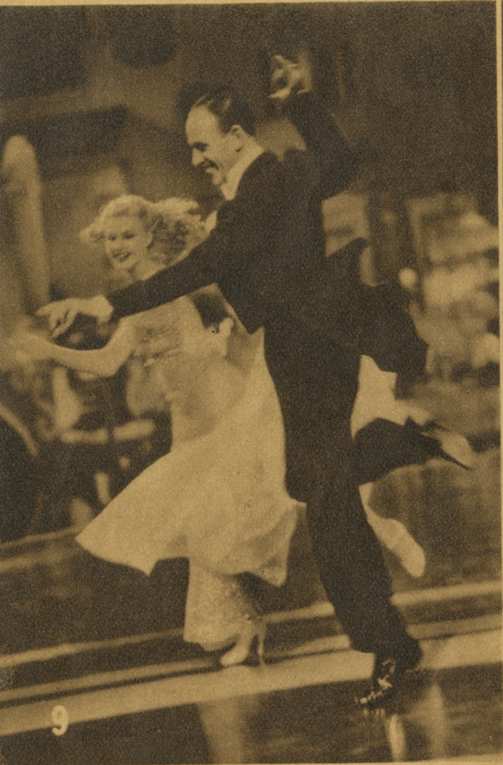
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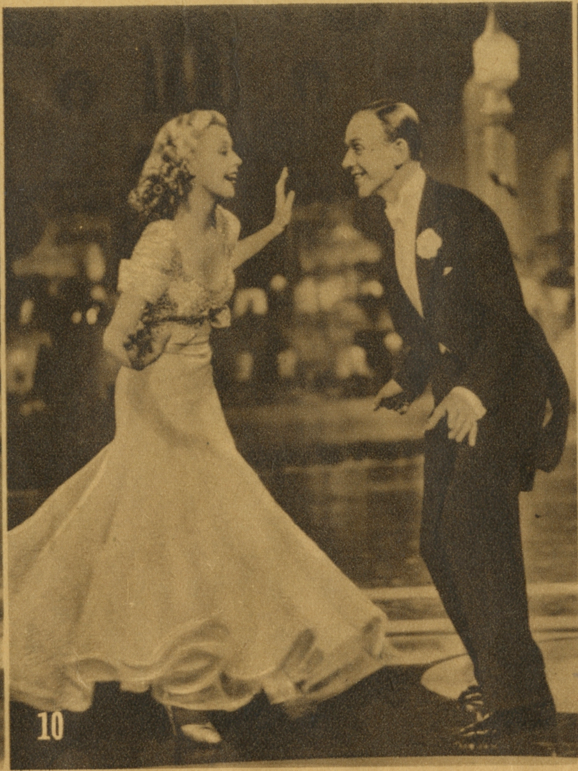
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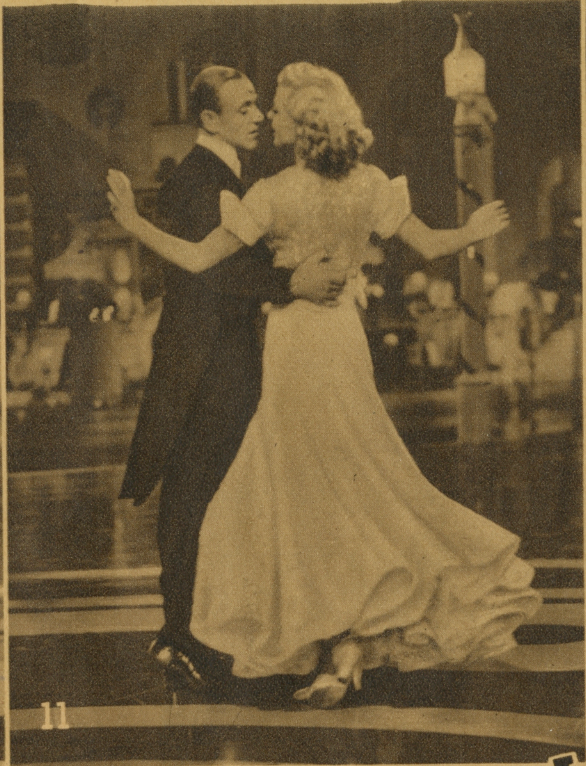
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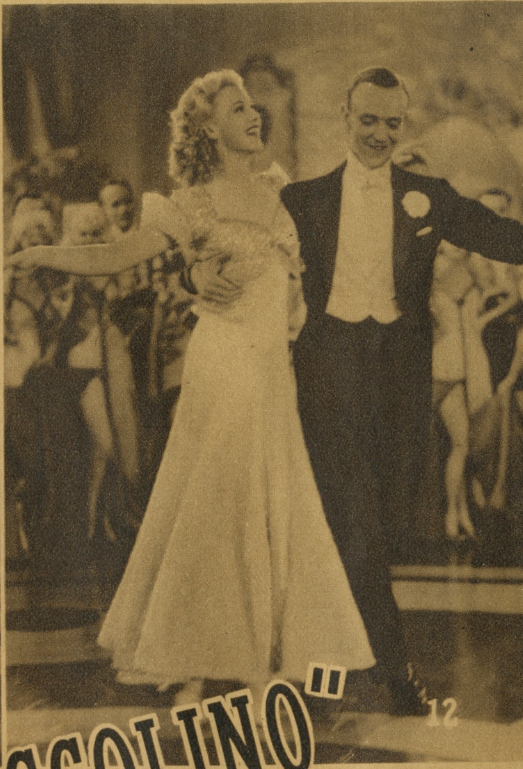
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GINGER AND FRED TEACH YOU "THE PICCOLINO"

HOT ITALIAN RHYTHM TO THE SNAPPIEST DANCE THIS FAMOUS TEAM HAS EVER DONE

WANT to startle your home town with the biggest dance sensation in seasons? If you do, you have a chance with this preview of Ginger Rogers' and Fred Astaire's most exciting dance from "Top Hat"—they specially posed their "Piccolino" steps for you in a modified ballroom version that is easy to learn but exciting to dance. Here goes!

(1) The beginning. On the vamp of the music the partners do individual turns to right swinging into ballroom position.

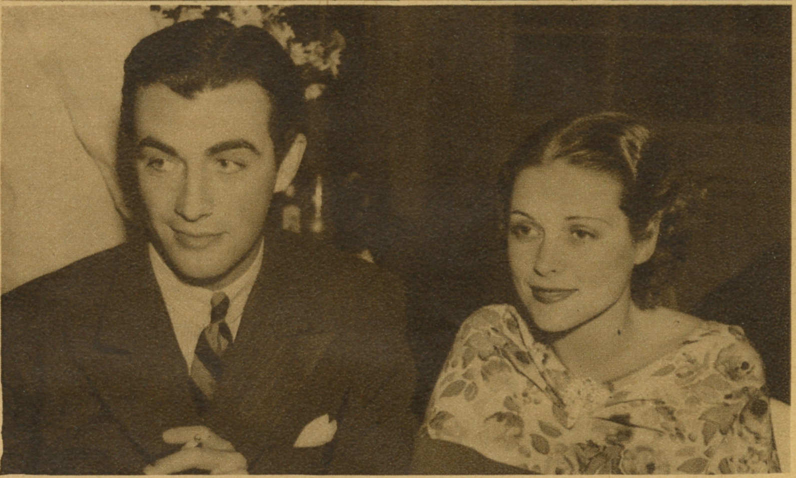
(2) The Piccolino Step. This is the key step of the dance and the essence of this ballroom version. Step with the right foot to the right and then back to the original position, to the count of one-two. Then to a one-two-three count, take three steps to the right, finishing with both feet together. Repeat exactly the same combination of steps to the left, leading with the left foot. Repeat the whole four times, alternating the right and left combinations.

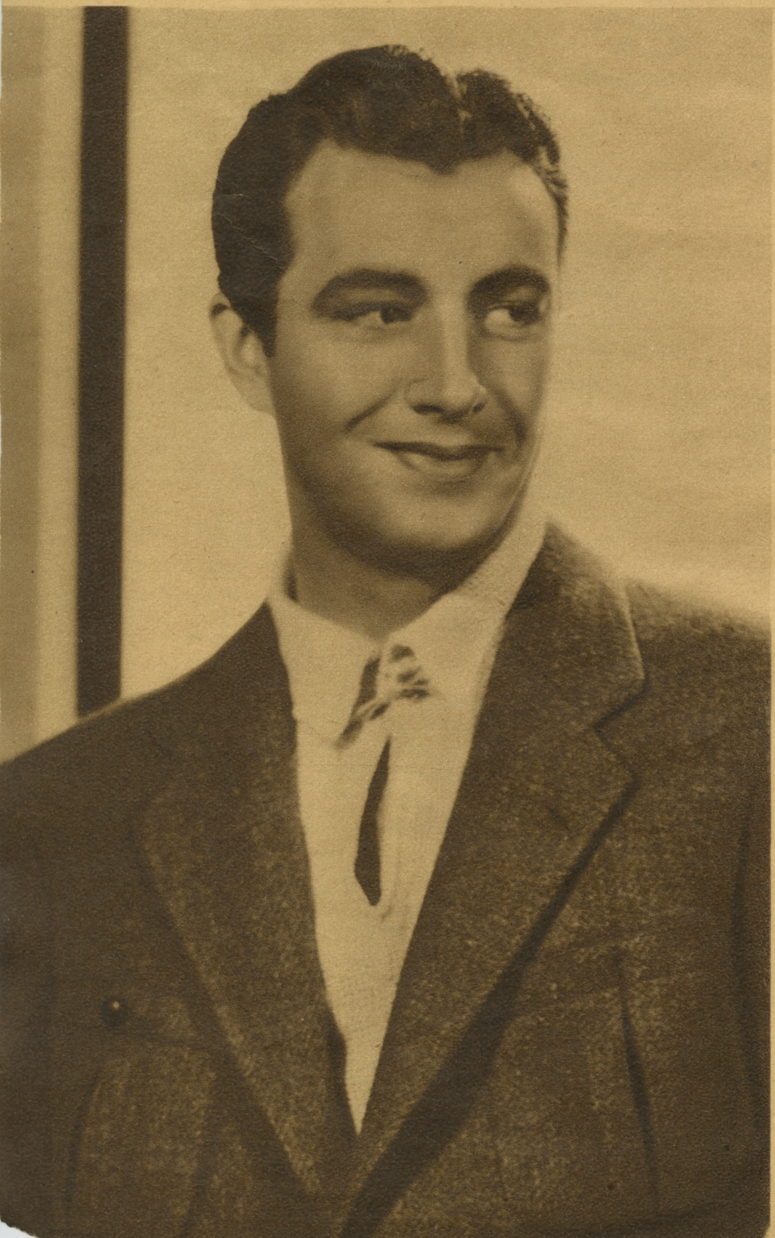
(3) The dip kick. Partners separate to a vamp in the music, step with the left foot, dip and lightly kick the floor with the right foot in the rear. Then step with the right foot, dip and kick the floor with the left. Repeat the combination twice and step back to ballroom position.

(4) The Piccolino Box—repeat the Piccolino Step, (*Continued on page 81*)

A YOUNG MAN ON HIS WAY

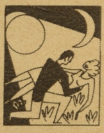
BOB TAYLOR'S STILL A SMALL-TOWN BOY





At left, Robert Taylor in person—one of the swellest fledgling stars in all Hollywood. Right above, with June Knight in a scene from "Broadway Melody of 1936." And below, dining out with Irene Hervey who is his best girl and his greatest inspiration to succeed. They go steadily together but to quiet, simple places like any small-town couple, he says.

BY FAITH SERVICE



TAKE A young man off'n a college campus, spin the wheel of chance and place him in a studio, his feet on the Milky Way to stardom—and you have a human equation worth studying. This happened to Robert Taylor, née Brough. He was born in Filley, Nebraska, "raised" in Beatrice, the only son of the late good Doctor Brough and his wife. Conservative, small-town people, the Broughs, unworldly and of simple tastes. People who still thought that theatre folks belonged in some sort of zoo, along with the circus animals and spangled performers. If you had told the late Dr. Brough that his only son would live to become a "moom-pitcher" actor you would have found yourself laughed right out of his surgery.

YOUNG ROBERT had a careful, a religious upbringing. Sunday School and church every week, grace at table, prayers at night. He was raised to believe that drink is a curse indeed and that the demon nicotine is not for godly young men. He was taught that good is good and bad is bad and that there is no blurring the line between. He has not failed that teaching. Even now he does not smoke nor take a drink—certainly not in the presence of his mother, if at all.

And so Robert, the only child, had a happy, comfortable and normal childhood. All of the necessities, few of the luxuries. People in Beatrice did not, for the most part, hold with the flesh-pots. Such things as de luxe parties, opulent cars and romances to

(*Continued on page 64*)

STAR WORRIER

BY FRANC DILLON

She'll deny vehemently that she makes the rest of her cast step to keep up with her dramatic pace, but her leading men will tell you that Bette Davis is a worry! At right you see Bette and George Brent listening intently to Director Keighley on the "Special Agent" set.

"IT'S HORRIBLE to be a star," said Bette Davis.

She said it with a finality that brooked no argument.

One couldn't doubt her sincerity, although she presented anything but the picture of a disgruntled actress, as she waited in her studio dressing room to be called to the set. Wearing a smart satin pajama suit, she looked exactly what she is—a successful and contented young woman who has made up her mind exactly where she is going, and most people think she's there already.

In fact, if Bette were one to rest on her laurels, she could relax, secure in the knowledge that she has just about reached the top in acting art. It is well known around the studios that when Bette is in a picture, it is up to the rest of the cast to keep their minds on their work or she'll walk right away with the honors.

James Cagney, Leslie Howard, Paul Muni, John Eldredge, George Brent—all of her leading men—have only the most enthusiastic praise for her work even though there must have been times when they worried a little and wondered how they were

(Continued on page 86)

BETTE SETS AN ACTING "HIGH" HARD TO FOLLOW!

A LETTER *from* HELEN VINSON

SOME WITTY SLANTS ON JOLLY OLD ENGLAND

BY ROWENA CURTIS

DEAREST ANNE,

I'm wearing sack cloth and ashes! Not that it's fashionable in London. But I'm wearing it anyhow. For you. On account of, I'm so sorry for not having written you sooner.

But what a whirl I've been in since landing in England. I'm dizzier than usual. But I'll try to stop going around in circles, and start at the beginning, my little one. For I know you want a full confession.

London is a divine place, and I've completely fallen in love with England. (Don't repeat that aloud in Hollywood—it might start rumors of a romance.)

AS YOU may remember, I arrived just at the start of the King's Silver Jubilee. And don't you ever, ever believe the English are staid and unemotional. For two solid weeks the town went mad—people filling the streets night and day, singing and cheering.

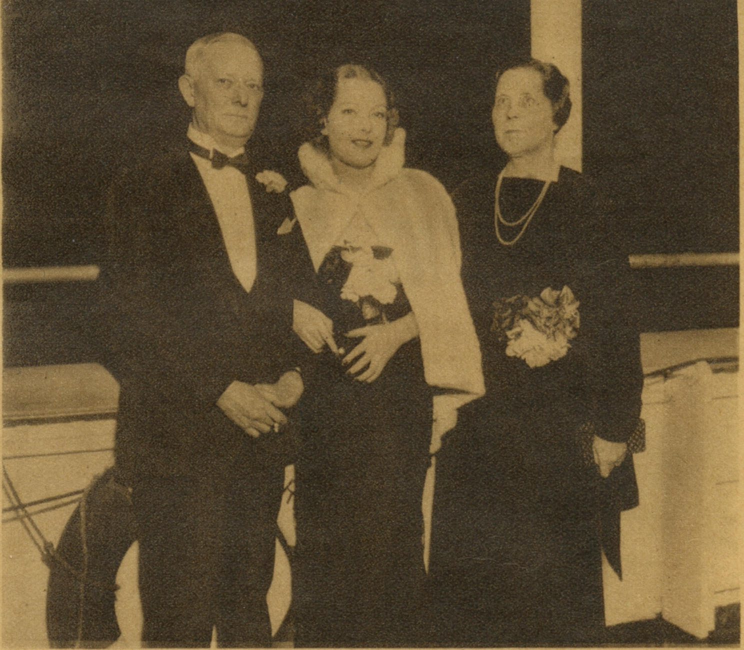
I saw the procession, and confess that I hurrah-ed as loudly as any Cockney present. But it *was* thrilling—brilliant with color; gorgeously uniformed troops of Hussars, Bengal Lancers, Horse Guards and Dragoons; Rajahs in cloth of gold, wearing diamonds as large as turkey eggs; cathedral bells ringing, and millions of voices raised in rejoicing.

However, life isn't all cathedral chimes and national anthems! I've had troubles, too. It's the language. You'd better study English before you come over. I wish I had. You avoid lots of trouble by knowing the language.

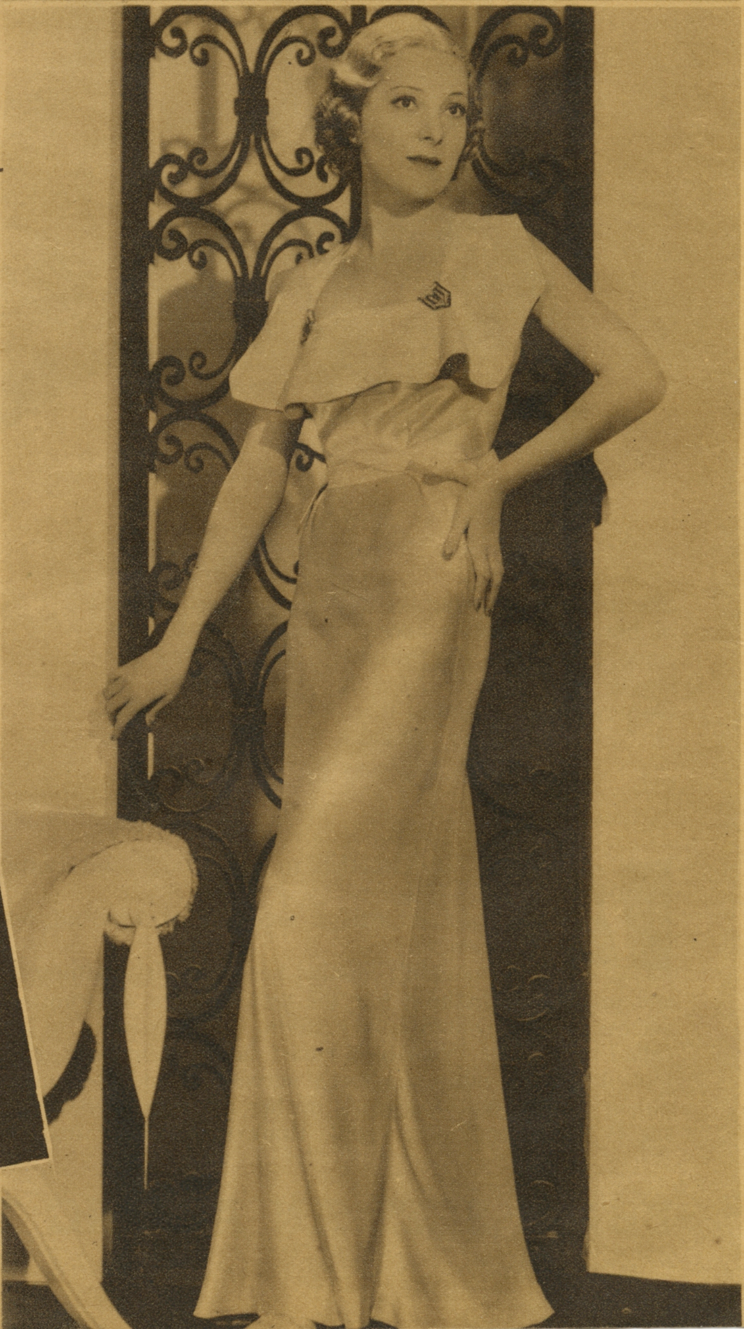
Boner Number One I pulled at the Savoy the evening I arrived, at a reception Gaumont-British gave in my honor. I asked for a napkin. In England, napkin means diaper. Serviette is the word, of course, Darling. Yes, I blushed.

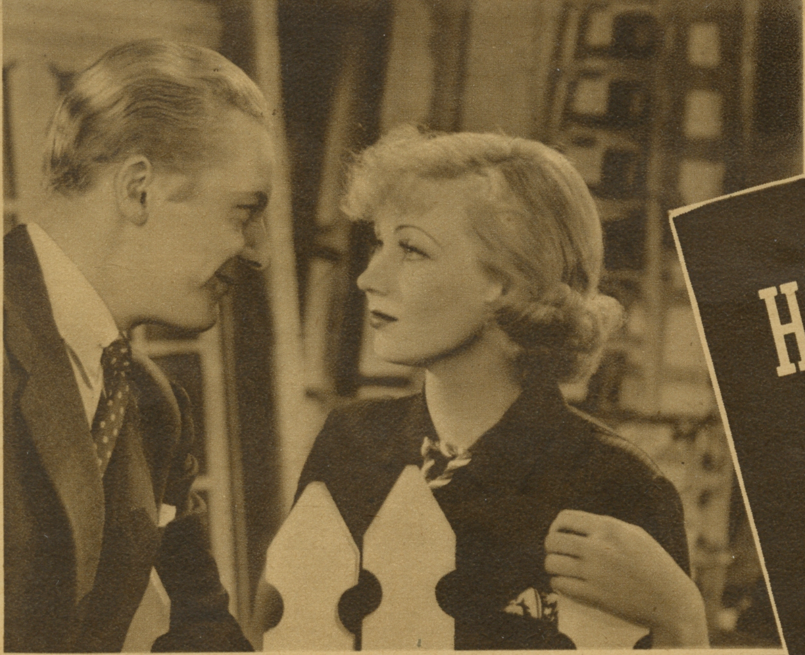
Further confusion was caused by the fact that in Merrie Olde England "ladies room"

(*Continued on page 68*)



Britishers think Helen speaks "funny American" because of the Texas accent she can't conquer. Above is Helen with her father and mother when she sailed to make "King of the Damned."





Likeable Gene, who makes feminine hearts flutter, puzzles over his romantic future. Above, with Ann Sothern, reputedly his current heart throb, in "Hooray for Love." They will be teamed again in "Believe It Beloved."

HE'S LOOKING FOR A *Sweetheart*

GENE RAYMOND TELLS WHY HE HASN'T ONE

BY MARTHA KERR

GENE TOLD me I couldn't tell this story. So I'm going to tell you the missing romance chapter in his life.

Gene said, *"I've never been in love because no girl has ever given me a chance to be."*

And as utterly unbelievable as that may sound to you, it's the stomp down truth!

If you've been wondering why (or *how*) Gene Raymond—twenty-seven, handsome, successful—is still single, here's the answer. And not only is it one of the most amazing stories I ever ran into, but it's a look-in on fame such as I never got before.

IF YOU'VE been wondering why Gene Raymond is still single you haven't been by yourself, either. Over the boudoir ashtrays and strictly hen tea tables of Hollywood's younger femmes his blessed bachelordom has undergone many a conversational dissection. I've been in on some of them. But nobody ever seemed to find the reason.

It's too hard to believe a fellow like Gene couldn't woo and walk off with almost any fair lady who caught his fancy. He's certainly handsome enough. He has shoulders like the Lincoln Memorial, blue eyes with a swift gay grin in them, and a physique that's young and hard from consistent exercise. His hair is by no means the platinum product the camera gives it credit for being—it's plain, bona-fide blonde. A blonde that's entirely loyal to the Guion family tree—for Gene's real name, you know, is Raymond Guion.

He's certainly popular enough to rate all kinds of chances at love, for Gene evermore does the masculine equivalent of "getting around plenty." A beau-by-beau description (*Continued on page 76*)

IT TOOK CHARLIE FIVE YEARS TO RECOGNIZE AND LOVE HIS SONS

PAPA

THERE comes now from Hollywood a story stranger than the majority of odd tales which originate in that odd city of oddities. And it concerns a man who is concededly one of its strangest and most unconventional inhabitants. It's a story of Charlie Chaplin. A story of the metamorphosis of Charlie Chaplin from a man who, for years, unnaturally ignored—aye, apparently even resented—his two sons, into probably the fondest, kindest, most doting father Hollywood has ever known. So strange is this transmutation of the man Chaplin that even Hollywood, usually blasé beyond belief, stands amazed!

There is today nothing too good for Charlie's two little sons—Sidney Earle, now nine, named after Charlie's beloved brother, and Charles Spencer Chaplin, Junior, ten. There is no kindness too great for Charlie to shower on them. There is no limit to the pride Charlie displays in them—and yet . . .

AND YET, up to less than three years ago, Charlie had refused to see them. After his divorce from Lita Grey, their mother, he ignored them—save for the gesture, at court order, of setting aside a trust fund for them which would forever insure them against want. But of fatherly devotion, of that natural yearning of a father to see his own flesh and blood, of these things there was evident in Chaplin not one iota. And today he's utterly mad about them. Let me tell you about it—from the beginning to today; from the birth of the youngsters to the things Charlie does now to demonstrate his pride in them.

Or maybe it'd be better to begin with "The Little Mouse."

YOU SEE, many years ago Chaplin confessed to a friend that it was his ambition to make his life an unsurpassedly vivid one. And one of the facets of his philosophy was to try to experience, during his lifetime, all of the thrills that fall to the lot of a human. In colloquial words—"try everything once!" That's never been told before—but one of the experiences he wanted was to be a father—to have the sensation that from his own flesh should come and survive a living entity.

When he was married to Mildred Harris he fulfilled that desire. But there was a tragic ending. The story of "The Little Mouse" is an old one—you probably know it. Shortly after Charlie Chaplin's baby was born to the lovely Mildred, it died. It did not even, yet, have a name; the gravestone calls it "The Little Mouse." Charlie was saddened for a mighty long time; he used to sit at the graveside and mourn, mourn, mourn.

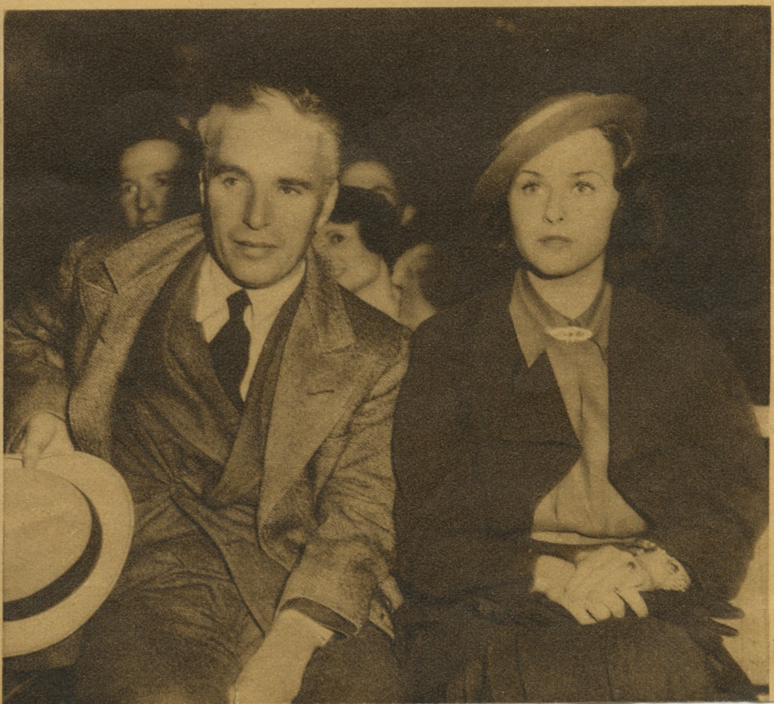
And so, when in the middle of 1925, a son was born to Charlie and Lita Grey, who had by now succeeded Mildred Harris as Mrs. Chaplin, naturally all Hollywood thought Charlie would lavish the same mad affection on this newcomer as on that first lost child. Maybe he did. Charlie and Lita were happy then. They were happy, too, when the second youngster came, less than a year later—another boy.

But then came troubles. That's another old story. Everyone who knows anything at all about Hollywood knows that in 1927, after a super-sensational complaint, Lita divorced Charlie, got around $650,000 for having been his wife for a while, got the custody of the two children—each less than two years old at that time.

From that moment, Charlie's love for his two boys seemed to vanish. Maybe it didn't. Maybe in justice

Below, Sidney Earle Chaplin, age 9, and Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr., 10.

Below, Charlie with Paulette Goddard whom both boys adore and respect.



CHAPLIN

BY HARRY LANG

one must say that his love for Lita, blackened into something bitter by the things that had been said against him in the divorce case, was so utterly outraged that some of the resentment turned, too, against her children—even though they were his own.

AS THEIR father, naturally, the courts of California held him to accounting for the children's welfare. Because he was rich, it was a handsome accounting. Into the bank went a trust fund of some half million dollars! It guaranteed to each of the youngsters an annual income of $6,000. But beyond that, Charlie did not go—then.

For five years, Charlie did not see his sons. For much of that time they were abroad, being educated in foreign schools. Lita thought that was the thing to do. Too, they had governesses and chauffeurs and a hundred and one things that belong to little boys whom more rugged, self-reliant little boys call "sissies". Wasn't it strange that, a few years later, Charlie should have exploded with that same word?—that he was sick and tired of Lita bringing his sons up as sissies.

Well, at the end of that five years, there happened something that aroused at last, to a fighting pitch, the father-love that had been lying dormant in this Chaplin who didn't even bother to see his sons; to do anything personal for them; to visit them or have them visit him. That thing was the sudden move of Lita Grey to put the two boys in the movies.

For them, as their guardian, she signed a three-year contract with the Fox studio, calling for them to appear in a series of pictures. Of course, it was in the papers, with a grand ballyhoo of press-agentry. And, of course, Charlie saw it.

IT WAS then that there occurred in the heart and the mind and the soul of this father the metamorphosis that has made Hollywood history. Like a tiger, he leaped into the arena—the courts. With almost as much bitterness as Lita had hurled at him in their divorce, he fought her move to put the boys into pictures.

"I want them to grow up to be normal children, without any undue attention and publicity. I want them to enjoy their youth; to romp and play like other children," he told the world. "It is their future happiness I have in mind. I, myself, had to go to work when I was five years old, but—" (and he called the court's attention to that half-million-dollar trust fund he had established for them) *"they do not have to!"*

There were big lawyers in the case. Charlie's wealth was thrown into the fight. Suddenly, everything he had was none too good for the youngsters whom, for five years, he had seemed to spurn. He suddenly seemed to realize they were his own as much as they were Lita's, and out of that realization perhaps came a flaming parental love, much stronger for having been, for so many years, crushed down, denied, choked.

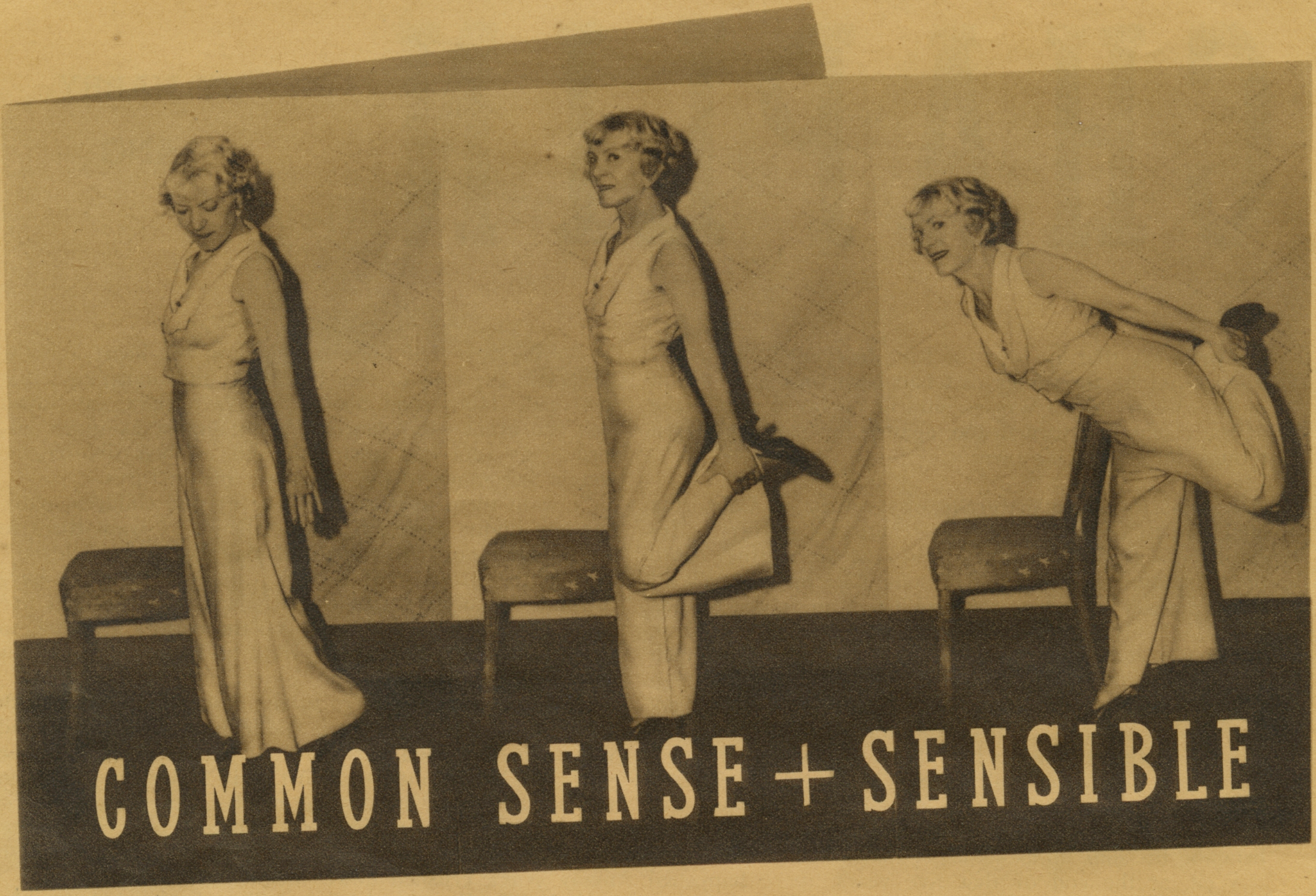
Well, Charlie won the fight. The court ruled that the written consent of *both* parents was necessary before the children might be put to work—and the judge in no uncertain terms chastised Lita Grey for having made the effort. And, of course, Chaplin never would and never will sign any authorization for those youngsters to be employed in a movie studio or elsewhere.

And now came another phase of this awakened father-consciousness. Charlie, who for five years hadn't gone about seeing his children, suddenly wanted to see them. He demanded that he be *(Continued on page 72)*

Charlie, below, as you will see him in "Charlie Chaplin in Modern Times."

His fans have waited long for comedy like this.

Still another amusing scene from his new film.



COMMON SENSE + SENSIBLE

1 Place your right hand on the back of a chair.

2 Take hold of your left ankle with your left hand.

3 Lean forward and pull your leg up with left hand.

THE WEATHER man says it's Indian summer, but for me, it's winter. I'm snowed in. And just trying to dig my way out from under. I need a shovel to help me through all the letters and photographs that have been dumped in my lap.

But listen, babies, I love it. The only kind of heaviness I don't complain about is the heavy morning mail. The more problems you present to me the better I like it. My mission in life is to help everyone of you to overcome your face and figure faults. And that's from the heart, because I know that every fault can be turned into an attraction. The only thing that can't be corrected is wrong bone structure. But just a minute! I can teach you how to hide it. How's that for you?

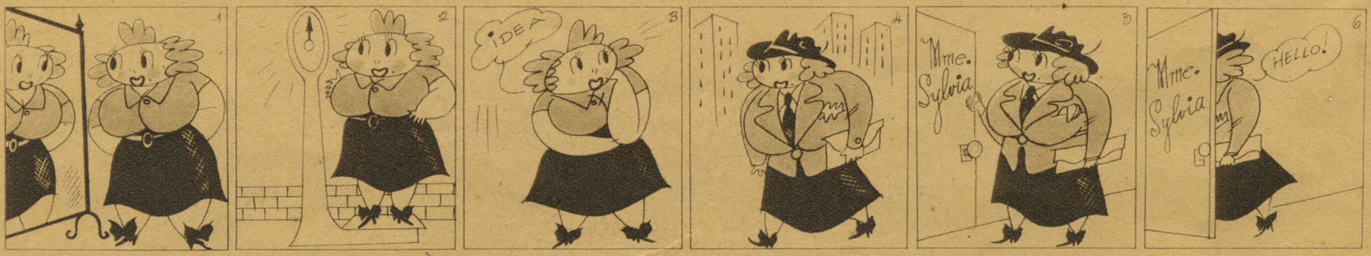
It's swell to know that I can help you thousands and thousands of girls to happiness. You can't be completely happy when you're dissatisfied with your looks. And I'm here to tell you how wonderful you can look if you'll do what Sylvia tells you.

LAST MONTH I asked all the gals who look like Jean Harlow to send me their pictures. Well, I don't believe in steam baths but I feel as if I'm in one when I go over these pictures. I never realized there was so many girls who could double for the platinum kid. And believe me little Jeanie had better watch her step. She'd better be a good girl and not cause her studio any trouble or I'll tip her bosses off that the world is full of Harlows in the making.

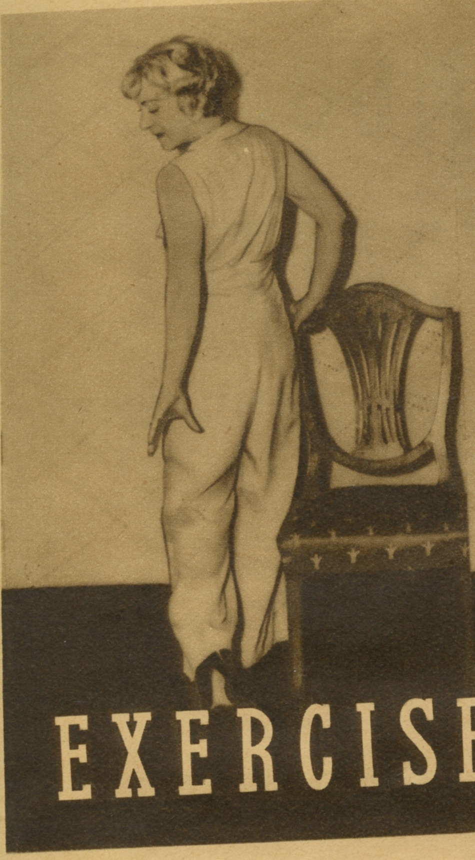
In next month's article you'll find my selection of the girl who looks most like Harlow. I'll tell her how she can overcome her defects and I'll publish her picture in MODERN SCREEN.

The month after that I will decide on the girls who look

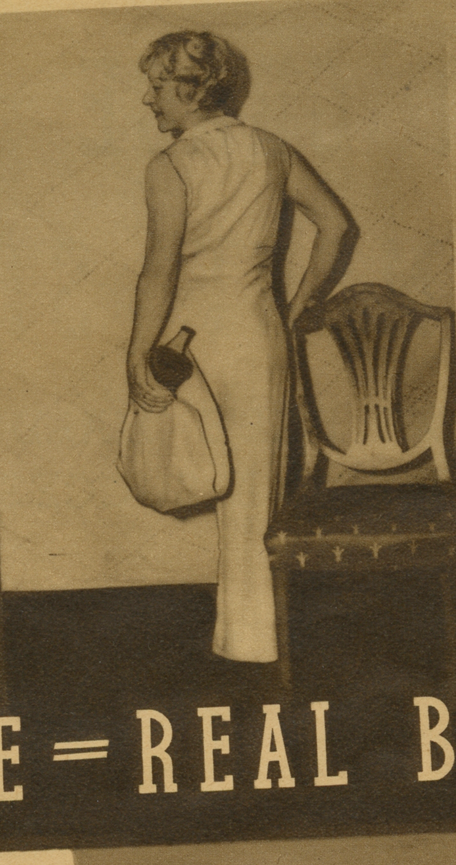
MADAME SYLVIA REVEALS THE INSIDE DOPE ON



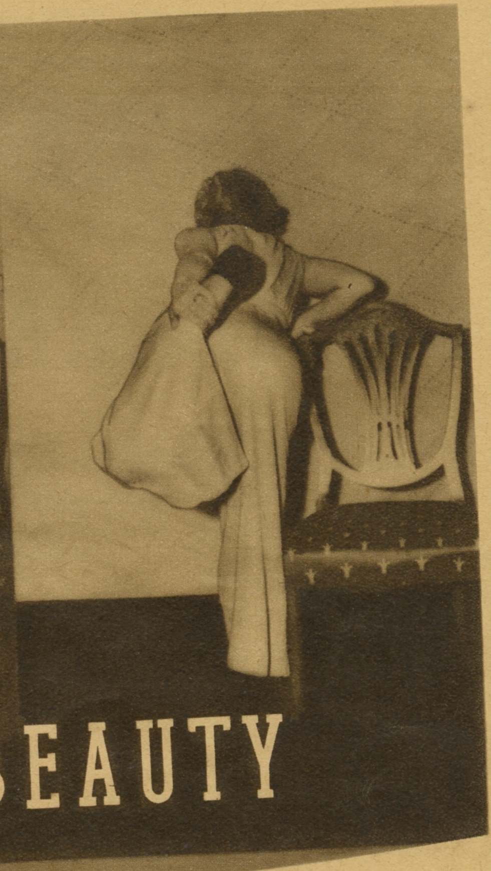
EXERCISE = REAL BEAUTY



4 Here is a back view of the same exercise as shown on page 40.



5 Pull hard for good-looking legs and bulgeless thighs.



6 Do this exercise 5 times, left and right. Increase to 20 times.

like Joan Crawford. There's still time for you Crawford doubles to get your photographs in.

And now for Constance Bennett. Come on you willowy blondes. Remember you don't have to look exactly like her. Connie didn't always look as she does now. Believe me, I *know.* I gave Connie a course of treatments she shouldn't forget—although sometimes when I see her on the screen I think she has forgotten.

IF YOU bear the faintest resemblance to Dick Bennett's girl send me your photograph. The best one will be published in this magazine and I will send the winner a complete personal course of instructions, telling her exactly how she can remodel herself.

Maybe all this sounds as if I've been too busy answering your letters and looking at your photographs to do anything else. But that's not so. I had to get a few laughs for myself, so I've been reading the newspapers. I've been reading what some of the so-called beauty experts have to say about the "feminine figure divine." And of all the bunk! Some of them tell you to do everything but hang by your teeth from the chandelier if you want beautiful toe nails. And I wouldn't be surprised some morning to read about that.

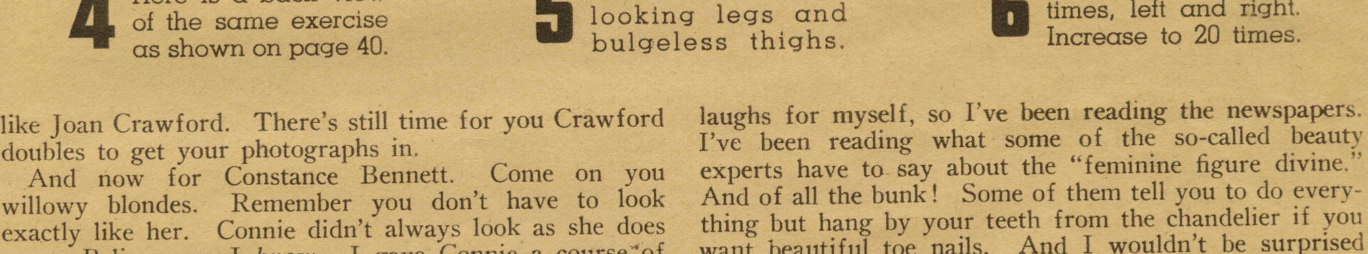
The little item that got me down was the one about Rosa Ponselle and her bicycle. Rosa is quoted as saying, "If I can work off some poundage and my tests are satisfactory I'm going to make pictures." So what does she do? She rides a bicycle!

I'll admit that bicycle riding, swimming and all such violent exercise *may* make you weigh less. But I just wonder if La Ponselle ever heard about muscles. When you exercise the wrong way muscles become as overdeveloped as some movie

(Continued on page 88)

"BEAUTY BUNK" AND FALSE REDUCING METHODS

Illustration by Riveron



LET'S GET GRACE MOORE'S "TEMPERAMENT" STRAIGHT

SHE DOESN'T DENY SHE'S "HARD TO HANDLE" BECAUSE SHE'S MADE A SUCCESS OUT OF IT!

MANY STARS have said, "I am not going to let Hollywood spoil me! I am going to remain myself, no matter what happens."

Hepburn has said it—Claudette Colbert, Garbo, Dietrich, Kay Francis. So far as I know, Grace Moore has never given such an interview; has never said it. Yet Grace is one woman who has refused definitely to let Hollywood make any change in her. She left Hollywood, after her first two pictures partly because she wouldn't sacrifice the temperament which makes her a great singer and a fascinating woman.

When a producer told her, during the making of these original productions, "You're acting like a prima donna," she answered, "But I *am* a prima donna."

She emphatically refused to become more or less than what she was. She spurned the opportunity to pattern herself to what was then the model for a motion picture actress. As a result, she is not just one more picture star, today. She is a prima donna starring in motion pictures and as such, she is making big money for the box-office.

It is because Grace Moore refused to lose the temperament of a prima donna for the sake of becoming a motion picture actress that we have "One Night of Love" and "Love Me Forever."

For it is true that, if temperament is leashed, you can still act well in the eyes of a clever camera. But you cannot sing well, *anywhere,* when the fire, the passion, the temper has been processed from you by caution.

Grace Moore has never denied she was "hard to handle" when she made those first two pictures, "A Lady's Morals" and "New Moon." She does not argue about being "difficult" today. Why deny the truth?

How well I remember the stormy impetuosities of that fiery-eyed newcomer. I dropped onto the set of "New Moon" to chat with her. Her eyes were twin balls of a very blue flame. Her lips trembled, her hands clasped and unclasped, indicating nerves pitched to the screeching point. Her words tumbled like water, gushing from an overflowing fountain.

They knew nothing about singing! They knew nothing of song! A woman could not *sing* a scene she could not feel! She might act it but not sing it! A woman could not sing with the well-oiled mechanism of an automobile engine running in high gear. These pictures! They were not for artists. They were for technicians. They were not for one who understood what would please or not please, in song. What did Hollywood know of pleasing with song? What did Hollywood know of Grace Moore? The picture would be bad. She would be bad. Should pictures ruin Grace Moore, the opera singer, who had appeared before crowned heads in Europe?

She walked from the set. Not once but again and again. She cried. She lost her temper. But the picture went on—with the usual motion picture formula; a formula proven successful for actresses but not for prima donnas!

TAKE THE huge press party thrown in her honor. It was in the imposing and regal home, perched on a high knoll, looking down upon the studio where she was working. This was the only possible house worthy of a prima donna to be found in Culver City. She had a chateau on the Riviera; she had lived in Mary Garden's be-satinned villa, even while she was studying.

They told us Grace Moore appeared at this party she was supposed to be giving. If she did, many of us did not see her. We swam, we listened to orchestra music, we ate of heavy foods and drank of delicate liquids. Rumors flew among us as swiftly and stingingly as mosquitoes. Some said Miss Moore refused to play hostess to a group whom she had not invited personally but had been bid through a publicity department; others said she was tired, too tired to be merry among strangers. Again, we heard this was her day for remaining in bed, drinking milk—a ritual not to be disturbed for any reason. True or not true, we left in various moods but with one concerted idea: it wouldn't take Hollywood long to extract the temperament from this hoighty-toighty lady from New York and Europe.

And that was our mistake. We didn't know then that we were expecting Grace Moore to lose for Hollywood everything she had learned for the sake of her singing.

It was not easy for Grace (*Continued on page 70*)

BY RUTH BIERY

Grace Moore was told that she would never really sing until she acquired fire to her personality and had run the gamut of emotions. So, she tried the temperamental diva role and found it amazingly successful! Now a star, she's a famous spitfire, too, and she won't change back to the docile little singer from Jellico, Tennessee. Right, a scene from "Love Me Forever" with Leo Carrillo—her second big screen success.

IT ISN'T IN THE

WHAT ISN'T? THE NAME FOR THE NEW GLAMOR.

I HATE to make it tough on all you gals who have just mastered the gentle art of draping yourselves languorously on a divan and looking up through fluttering eyelashes with smoldering eyes—but all that is out! Yes, my dears, there is a new school, a new cult, a new creed in Hollywood. They haven't a word for it yet but the lexicographers, scientists, technicians and Greeks are working on it right this minute. We'll stop the presses, hold the wires and call out the police cars when the word is coined.

In the meantime all I can do is to tell you the story, describe the new sex appeal and tip you off on how to go about getting it.

As a matter of fact, Myrna Loy is responsible. No, no, Genevieve, I don't mean the Myrna Loy who mowed men down and left 'em writhing with one exotic death ray from her slanted eyes.

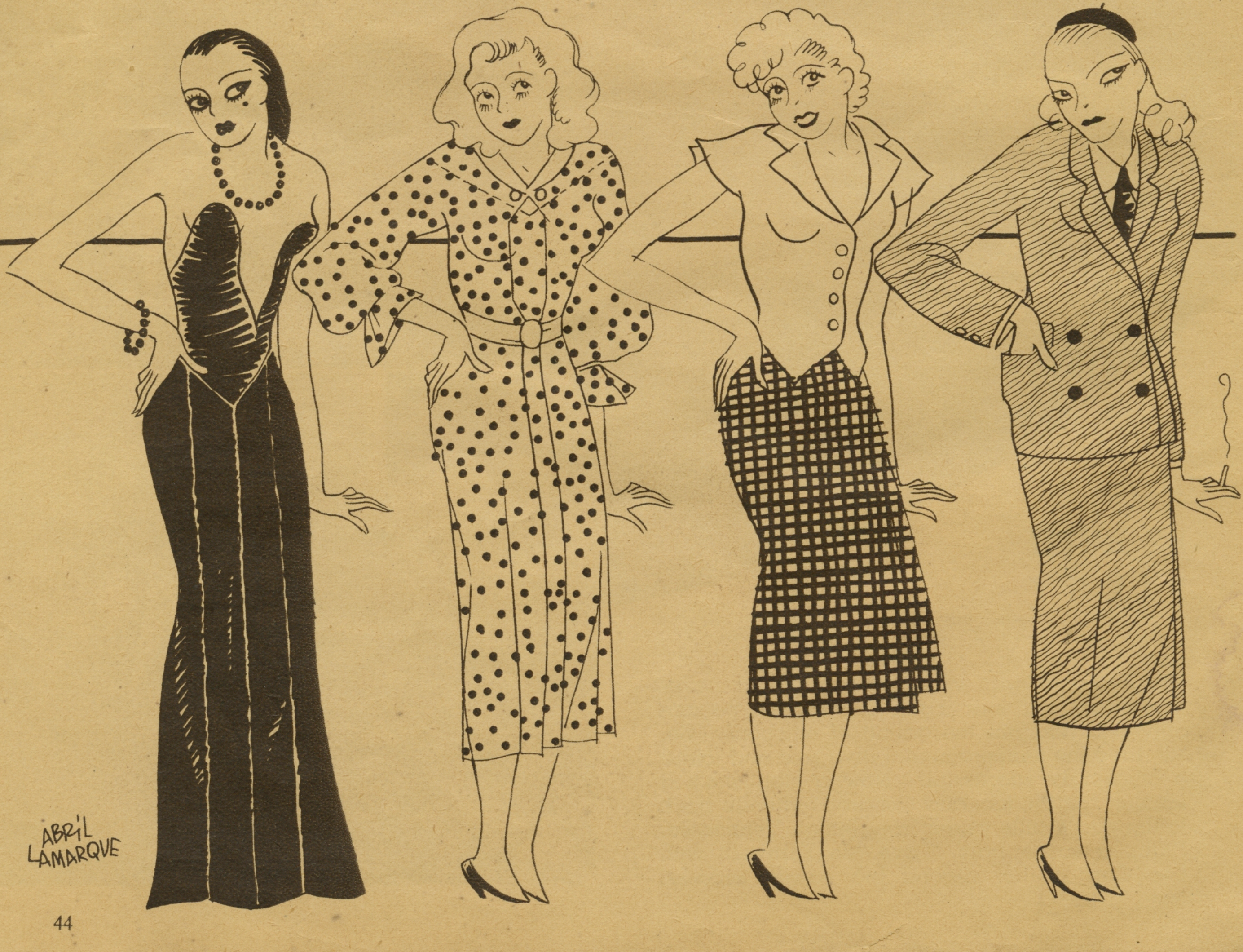
I'm talking about the new Myrna Loy—that spritely gal of "The Thin Man" and other films, who could take sex or leave it alone (even with a hangover), who was a real pal, could match wisecrack for wisecrack with any male, could look cute with an ice bag on her head and didn't need a single revealing negligée to trap a man.

THAT'S THE new girl. That's the 1935 version of allure, appeal, charm, "it," vamp, flapper, glamor. And if you're going to be popular, if you're going to have all the men ca-razy for you, you've got to master the new technique. If you do, you'll be dancing away with the captain of the football team while the glamor girls are sitting there untangling their eyelashes.

Hollywood sets the fashion not only in clothes and kitchens, figures and bathrooms, but in sex appeal as well. And if you'll listen carefully to my story, you can be your own barometer and one jump ahead of the other girls in your set.

Just glance down the pages of the history of sex appeal—and the gals with that quality knew how to make history—and you'll see that the world's behavior has been dictated by the grease paint folk.

There was Theda Bara. Remember her? Well, your mother does. In fact, probably your mother wound



DICTIONARY...

YOU SUGGEST ONE—WE HAVE GIVEN UP

her hair around her neck, put on a long, slinky black satin dress and lured your father that way.

Anyhow they called Theda a vamp. And what she did was known as vamping. And it must have been pretty gosh-awful if you ask me. For the very sight of Theda and her ilk coming onto the scene was enough to tip off the innocent gent that trouble was about to brew.

THE WAY to vamp was to slither (and how is your slithering today?) into a room, run your two hands down the side of your body until they reached the hips and then stand there and heave your chest up and down for a count of thirty. After this you dilated your nostrils for twenty counts and then your victim would either fall into your arms or run screaming from the room.

Then the movie mood changed. And before you could say "Bela Lugosi" there was a brand new type of sex appeal as exemplified by Lillian Gish. All the girls exchanged their black satin dresses (those that hadn't been torn to shreds) for dimity. (Who knows what dimity is?) And instead of slithering about they fluttered.

What Lillian Gish had wasn't even known as sex appeal then. It was only after it was discovered that the helpless Lillian could get anything she wanted from men—from new drapes for her dressing room (from the prop boy) to million dollar contracts (from the executives)—that we tumbled. You see, coming so close on the diamond heels of Theda Bara everyone was taken unawares by Lillian and thought she was just appealing to the spiritual in man's nature.

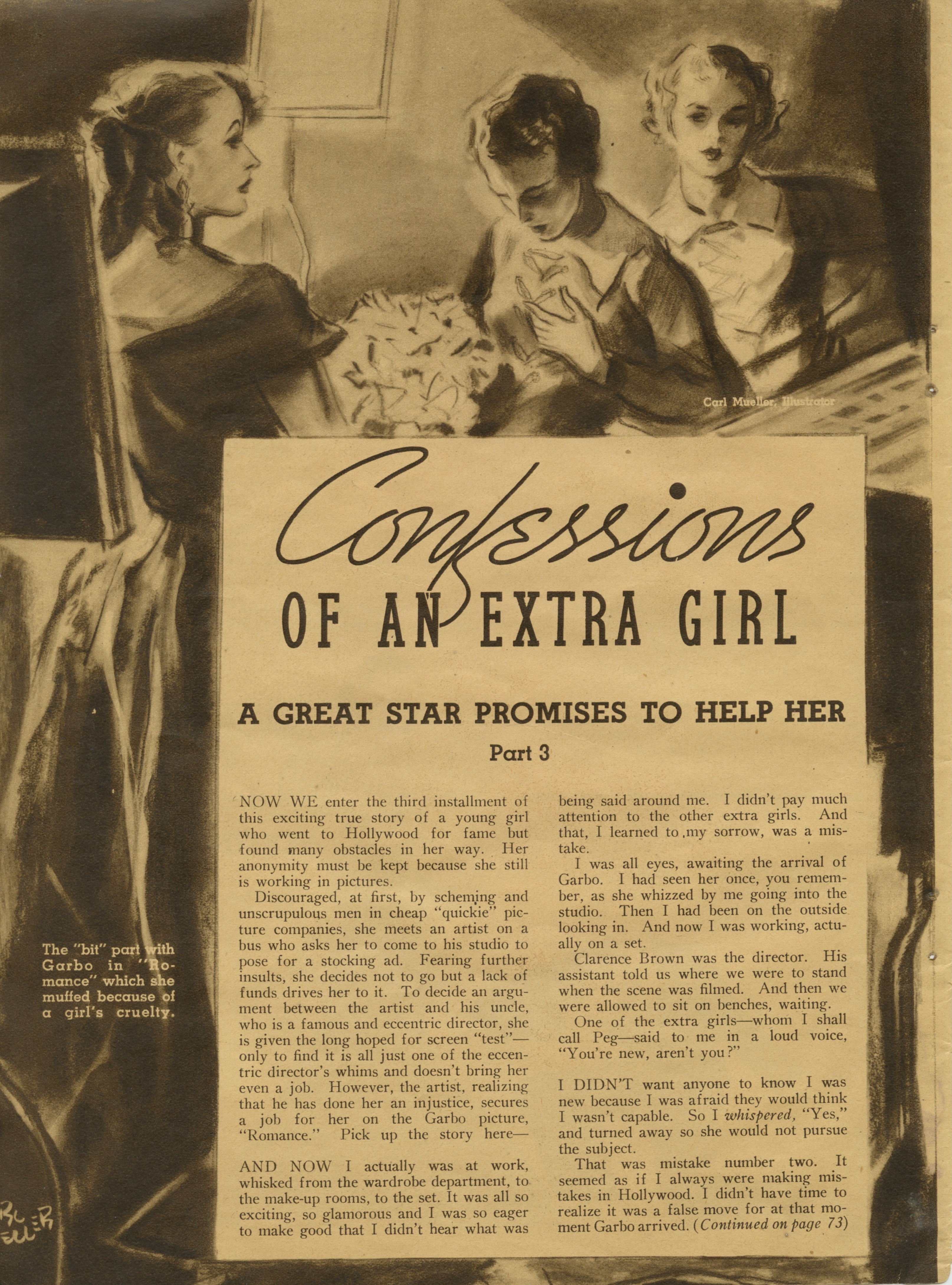
And that, girls, is the secret of being one jump ahead and the reason it's such a good idea. The minute a man catches on that a certain type is out to lure him, it's time to change the type. It throws him off guard and off balance—this change. And he doesn't know the new mode is really the same old sex appeal until he's walking down the church aisle and reluctantly murmuring "I do."

NO, GISH had 'em all confused. She jumped up on one little step and jumped *(Continued on page 82)*

Vamps, "it" girls and glamor girls are passé . . . there's a new type of sex appeal on the market. You've got to be smart, sophisticated, and chic . . . in the Myrna Loy manner.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

PICTURES BY ABRIL LAMARQUE



Carl Mueller, Illustrator

The "bit" part with Garbo in "Romance" which she muffed because of a girl's cruelty.

Confessions OF AN EXTRA GIRL

A GREAT STAR PROMISES TO HELP HER

Part 3

NOW WE enter the third installment of this exciting true story of a young girl who went to Hollywood for fame but found many obstacles in her way. Her anonymity must be kept because she still is working in pictures.

Discouraged, at first, by scheming and unscrupulous men in cheap "quickie" picture companies, she meets an artist on a bus who asks her to come to his studio to pose for a stocking ad. Fearing further insults, she decides not to go but a lack of funds drives her to it. To decide an argument between the artist and his uncle, who is a famous and eccentric director, she is given the long hoped for screen "test"—only to find it is all just one of the eccentric director's whims and doesn't bring her even a job. However, the artist, realizing that he has done her an injustice, secures a job for her on the Garbo picture, "Romance." Pick up the story here—

AND NOW I actually was at work, whisked from the wardrobe department, to the make-up rooms, to the set. It was all so exciting, so glamorous and I was so eager to make good that I didn't hear what was being said around me. I didn't pay much attention to the other extra girls. And that, I learned to my sorrow, was a mistake.

I was all eyes, awaiting the arrival of Garbo. I had seen her once, you remember, as she whizzed by me going into the studio. Then I had been on the outside looking in. And now I was working, actually on a set.

Clarence Brown was the director. His assistant told us where we were to stand when the scene was filmed. And then we were allowed to sit on benches, waiting.

One of the extra girls—whom I shall call Peg—said to me in a loud voice, "You're new, aren't you?"

I DIDN'T want anyone to know I was new because I was afraid they would think I wasn't capable. So I *whispered*, "Yes," and turned away so she would not pursue the subject.

That was mistake number two. It seemed as if I always were making mistakes in Hollywood. I didn't have time to realize it was a false move for at that moment Garbo arrived. (*Continued on page 73*)

SHE KEEPS BEAUTIFUL BY SCHEDULE

CAROLE LOMBARD GIVES YOU HER BEAUTY ROUTINE

BY MARY WATKINS REEVES

I CAUGHT Carole with her hair down the other day! I caught her right in the act of doing what she does to stay glamorous! And, when you witness La Lombard in an episode like that—well, it's just too swell to keep. You have to go around telling people all about it.

These girls—like Carole, I mean—who *always* look so flawlessly well-groomed. These *perfect* girls who always manage to carry around such impeccable waves, manicures and make-ups that no matter where they go, or when, they invariably look like Exhibit A. You've seen them—they just never have a suspicion of shiny nose, a hair out of place, a grin out of gear or a wayward eyebrow, even. Well, I don't know what they do to you, but they practically turn me green.

Now, of course, any gal can look glamorous once in a while. If something big is doing at the Club on Saturday night, and you don't mind hibernating in a beauty parlor all afternoon, you usually can rig yourself up to look heavenly for an evening, anyway. But when it comes to staying that way 168 hours a week, no matter how busy you are, that's different. Most girls can't do it. And the blessed few who can, I decided, were hoarding a secret they'd hoarded long enough.

SO I went and picked on Carole, who happens to be the smoothest star I know. And I caught her with her hair down, both figuratively and literally.

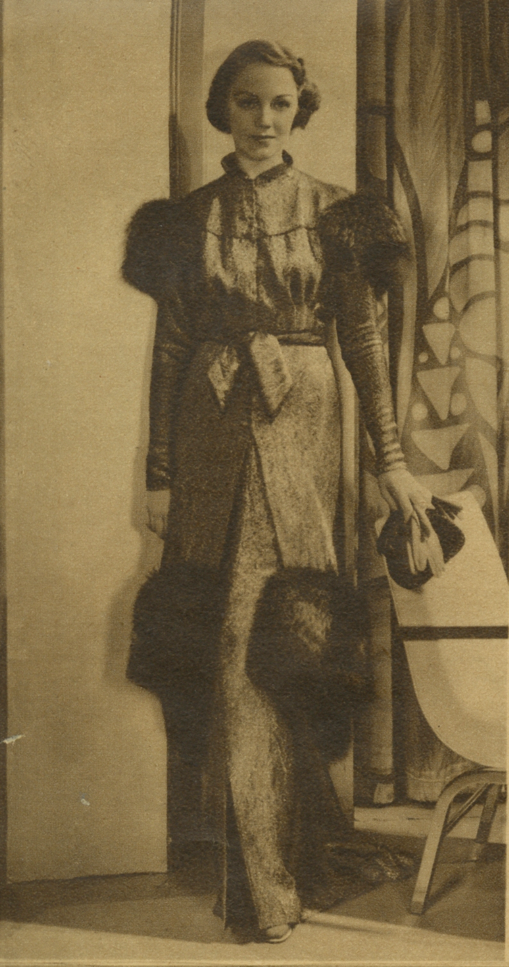
"C'mon up," she called, leaning a mop of wet sunny curls over her upstairs banister. "Sorry, I couldn't finish this before you got here, but today's the day for my shampoo and I had to 'tend to it."

She gave her hair a few more vigorous rubs, slipped into a pair of gay crimson pajamas and fluffed her crowning glory over the back of a chaise longue. "Now shoot—what's up?"

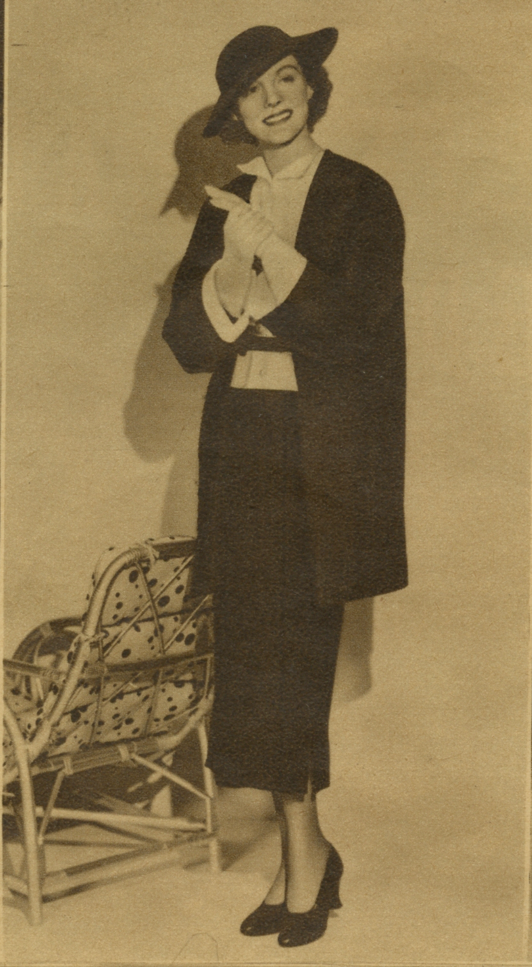
"Carole," I said, "for heaven's sake *how do you do it?* I mean how do you manage to look so darn well-groomed all the time? I never can find a single run-down item about you to harp on—not even one iota of cracked fingernail polish!"

She laughed the Lombard laugh, and wiggled her toes into oyster piqué mules. "Simple, old booby," she answered. "Instead of doing everything to myself on Saturday, for *(Continued on page 67)*

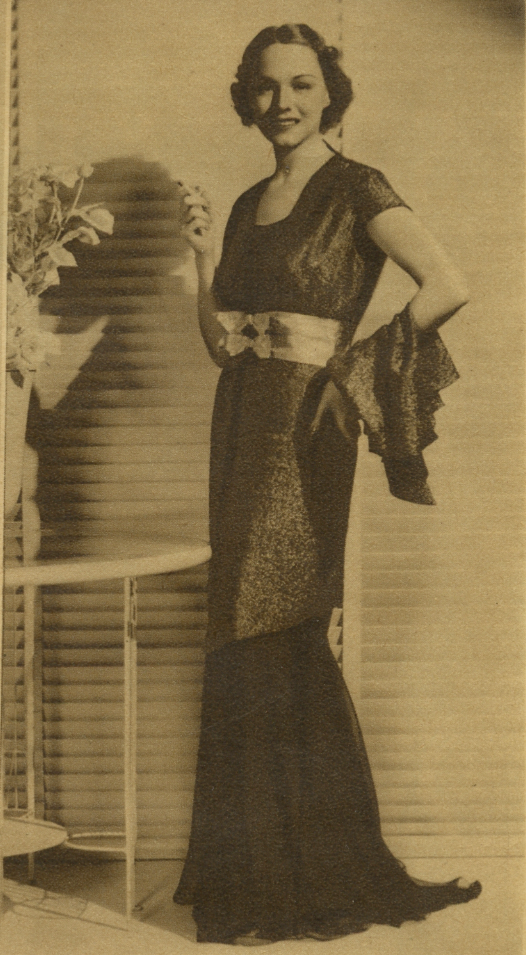
Sleek, lovely Carole, always impeccable, as she is in "Hands Across the Table."



Claire Dodd's dull gold cloth evening ensemble with silver fox lavishly used.



Corded black wool and white velvet in a three-piece suit worn by Claire, also.



Claire again, this time in a lamé tunic dinner gown with brief jacket on arm.

How about your

LOOK FOR SOFT DRAPERY, RICH FABRICS, DEEP

ALL YOU have to do is to write about fashions to have everyone plaguing you about what's going to be smart weeks before a season is well on its way. Since everyone has been asking me the question which I am using for the title of this month's story, I decided to turn the tables on all of you and ask the same question!

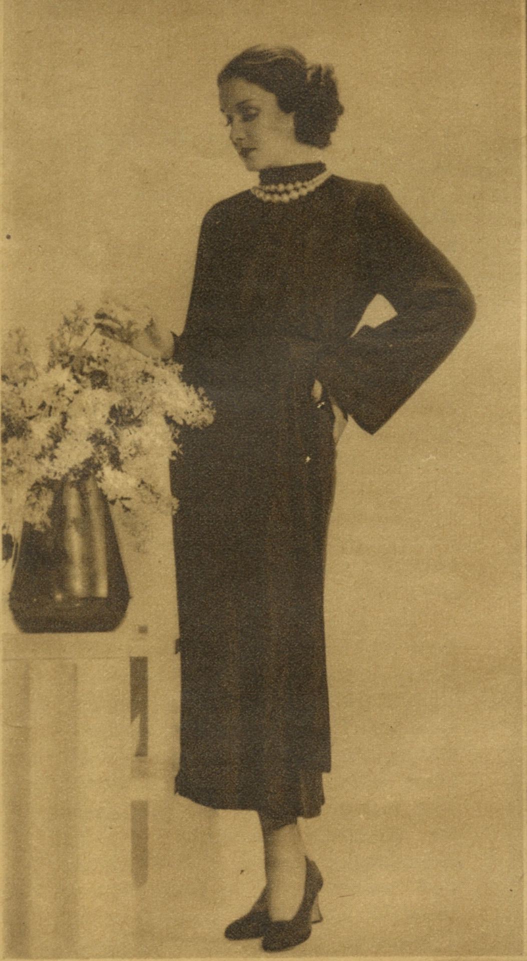
If you don't know what you want to buy, or what style trend you can safely start out upon in these early months of fall, let's study what the leading designers in Hollywood, New York and Paris have to say. They have to be fashion seers, looking farther ahead than we even can buy, so with a few of their good hints, we can do our

Thelma Todd's suit, in "Two for Tonight."

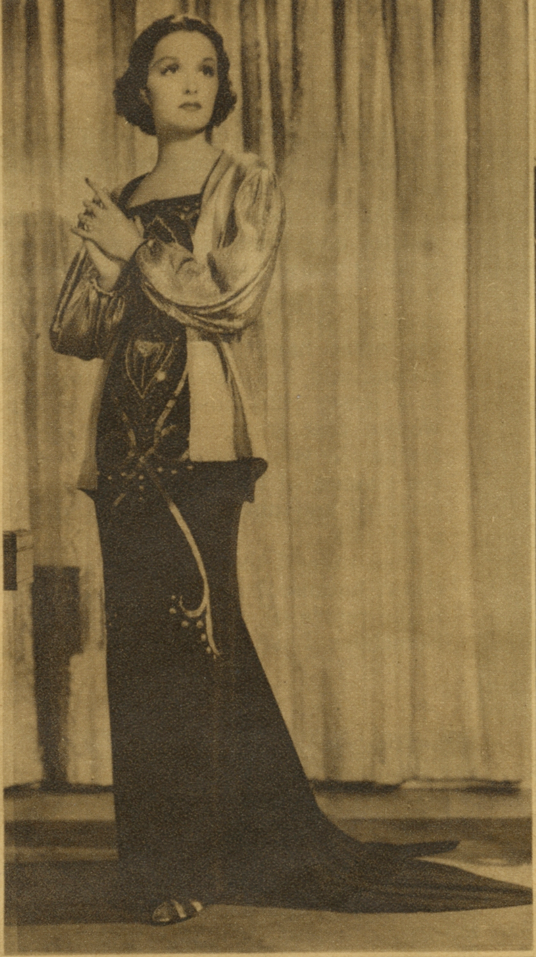
Mary Ellis' ermine, "Paris in Spring."

Unusual robe worn by Mary Ellis, below.

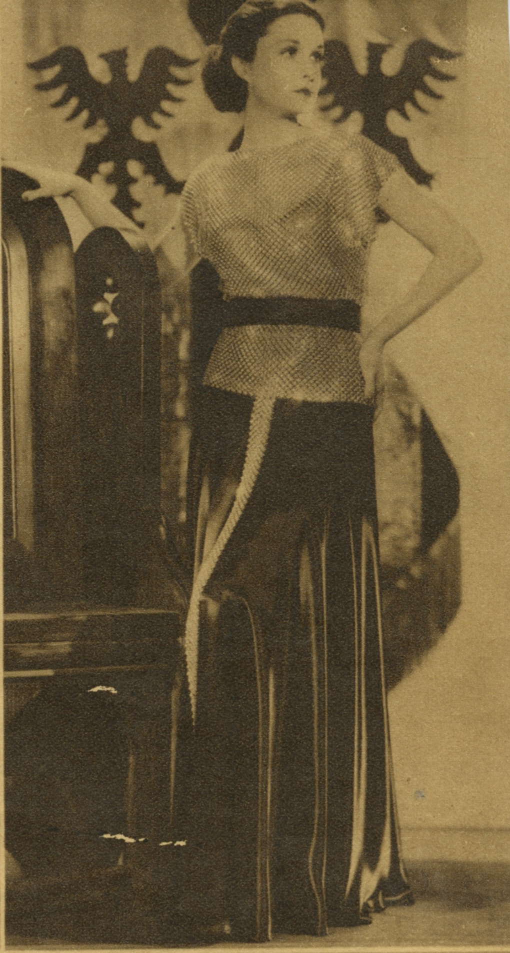
Elissa Landi's wrap, "Without Regret."



Softly draped bodice and looser lines for black daytime dress of Gail Patrick's.



The new rich feeling of the mode in the embroidery on Gail's dinner costume.



Banton adapts a "Crusades" chain mail suit for this formal gown of Gail's.

fall clothes...?

COLORS WHEN SHOPPING By ADELIA BIRD

shopping with a pretty practical yet smart chart to go by.

Probably you have heard about the Italian Renaissance trend. Have you? All the designers and stylists are excited about it. Used with discretion it can be charming as well as fun, overdone, it can be as sad a flop as the Empress Eugenie excitement of a few years past. The introduction of style influences derived from the Italian Renaissance, gives you a very elegant sweep to your hats as well as to your costumes.

As you remember, this was the period in Italian history when all art flourished and when painters bedecked their subjects in the richest fabrics, the most elaborate

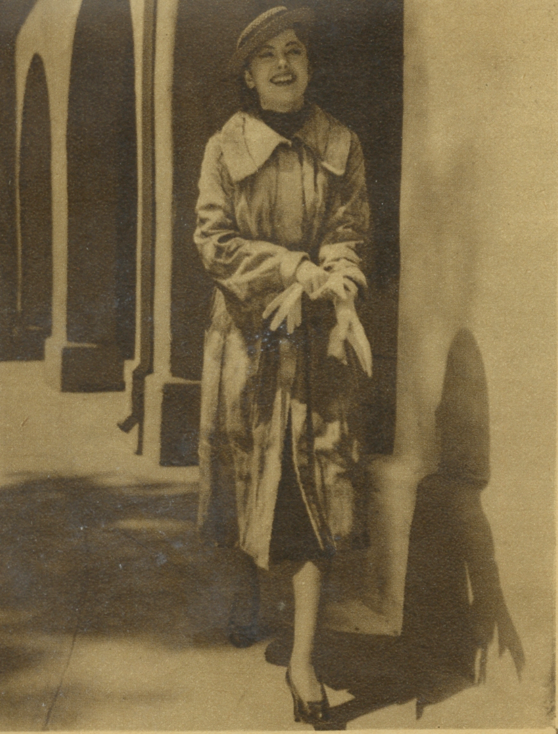
Tweed on Oberon in "The Dark Angel."

Madeleine Carroll's coat in "39 Steps."

ASSEMBLY HALL

Cuff brim beret from "The Clairvoyant."

Another tweed suit on Merle Oberon.



Olivia De Haviland steps forth in her new gray kidskin coat with cord tie sash.

ornamentations and rare jewels. It was a time when rich color was spread across all the canvases. And this is the essence of the Italian Renaissance trend in fashion which both Paris and Hollywood designers are intrigued with at the moment.

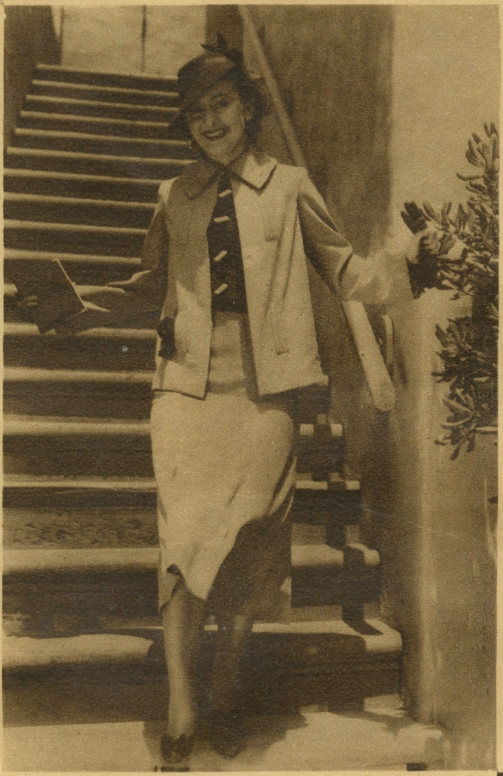
In Hollywood, most of the leading designers are showing increasing drapery in their more formal daytime and evening skirts and bodices. They are using jeweled girdles and buckles, rich fabrics and embroidery. Often the fabrics have jeweled, metallic or embroidered motifs for surface elaboration.

IN PARIS, the following details are characteristic of the Renaissance influence — open necklines, either square, yoked or off-the-shoulder. Wide, jeweled girdles, large berets, draped and befeathered hats. Lots of velvet in dresses and wraps. Evening capes that are full and long, swinging from the shoulders and dropping in sweeping circles to the floor. And then there are the Italian Renaissance colors which designers have dubbed by the names of artists and famous Italian families of that period. There's Titian red, Medici purple, Botticelli blue, Cellini green and a wine red named for the famous wine poisoners, the Borgias! Rust and coppery tones, many deep purplish colors and much gold in trimming are all typical of this fashion movement.

Don't be led astray by too much elaboration, however. The basic feeling of the whole fall picture is one of simplicity in line with details making the added gaiety and colorfulness.

You can wear your daytime skirts shorter and fuller, if you wish. For evening you will still cling to the longer line. You can have skirt and bodice drapery, if it becomes you. And, on the other hand, you can turn right around and feel perfectly comfortable in a jersey shirtwaist dress or a trim woolen coat frock. You can stick a feather in your hat, or you can wear the plainest of berets with a sharp jut forward and more fullness to give it a fall flair.

One thing I think you are going to cheer, because I know I do, and that is the return of wrappy lines in coats. Somehow, I never feel quite so snug as I do when I have my winter coat wrapped around me with a warm lapover, just for that purpose.



Olivia, again, in a trim box jacket suit and brown felt hat with interesting brim line.

YOU'LL LIKE the fuller skirts for daytime. Some have the fullness concentrated at front, this is achieved either with pleats or a godet ripple effect below the belt lines of the skirt. Not only dresses but coats are showing this treatment. There is back fullness, too, particularly stressed in short jackets with flaring backs.

Did you like tunics last fall? Well, they are in again and in many smart guises. The tunic length jacket on fall suits is one of the newest examples of it.

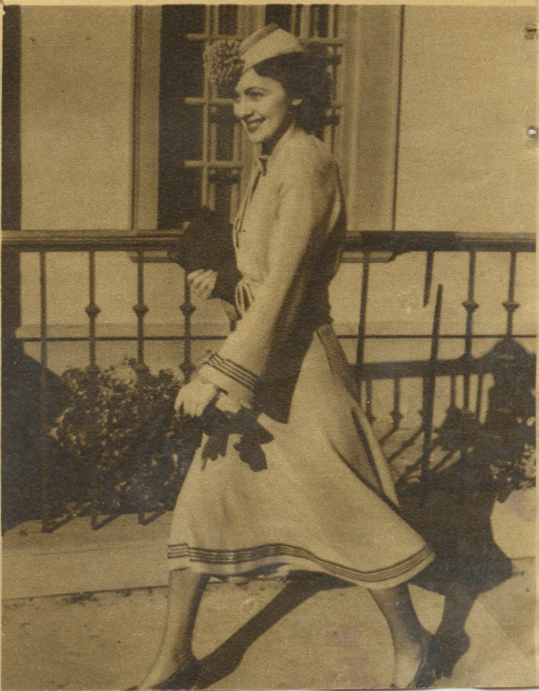
Rather than go on listing fall details and trends which are hard to remember unless you see actual garments illustrating the ideas, I have selected a number of Hollywood costumes which illustrate many of these new points. On pages 48 and 49, you will see some scenes taken from new pictures, each one showing some interesting fashion idea from that particular picture. At the top of these pages are some more fashions that are representative of the clothes the smartest stars are now buying for their fall wardrobes.

"Smart Girl" is the pat title of Gail Patrick's next picture for she wears some stunning clothes designed for her by Travis Banton. One of these costumes is illustrated, the other two worn by Gail being from her personal wardrobe. The gown worn in the picture is an excellent example of the Renaissance trend. It is black dull velvet with a deep square neckline and short pointed train. The entire front is beautifully embroidered in gold thread and the long sleeves also are embroidered. Over this goes a hip-length jacket of gold lamé, reminiscent in design of a page boy's blouse. It is a costume that is simple in line but perfectly balanced by its charming detailing.

For a first fall afternoon and daytime dress, Gail wears black crepe. The bodice shows the new soft fullness that gives a drape feeling to the gown, the softly folded

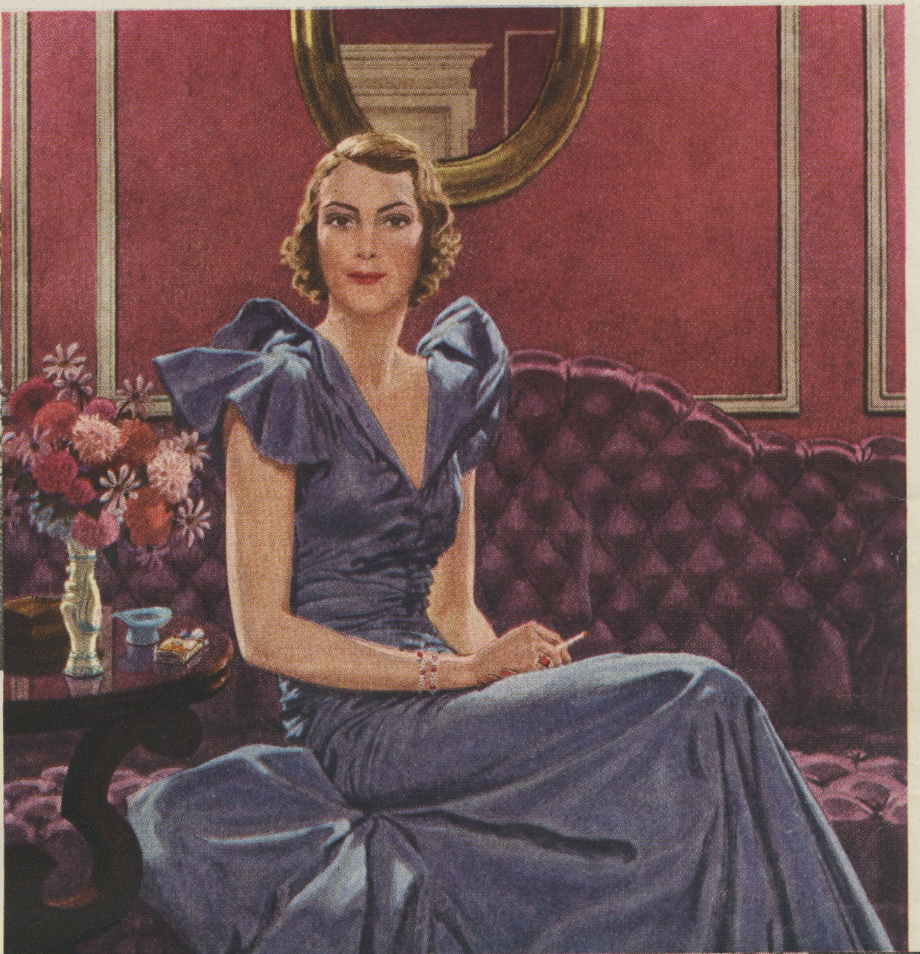
(*Continued on page 64*)

A striding step on Olivia to let you see the new width and shortness of her fall dress.



MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER

"For Flavor and Mildness I've never found a cigarette that compares with Camel"



Mrs. Van Rensselaer finds America gayer and more stimulating than Europe. "If I'm tired from the exhilarating American pace," she says, "smoking a Camel gives me a 'lift'—a feeling of renewed energy, and I'm all ready to go on to the next thing." Camels release your latent energy in a safe way.

At home or abroad, Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer smokes Camels. "Once you've enjoyed Camel's full, mild flavor, it is terribly hard to smoke any other cigarette," she says. "I can't bear a strong cigarette—that is why I smoke Camels." Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos than you get in any other popular brand. Camels are milder!

Mrs. Van Rensselaer at Palma de Mallorca. She says: "Americans abroad are tremendously loyal to Camels. They never affect my nerves. I can smoke as many Camels as I want and never be nervous or jumpy." Camel's costlier tobaccos *do* make a difference!

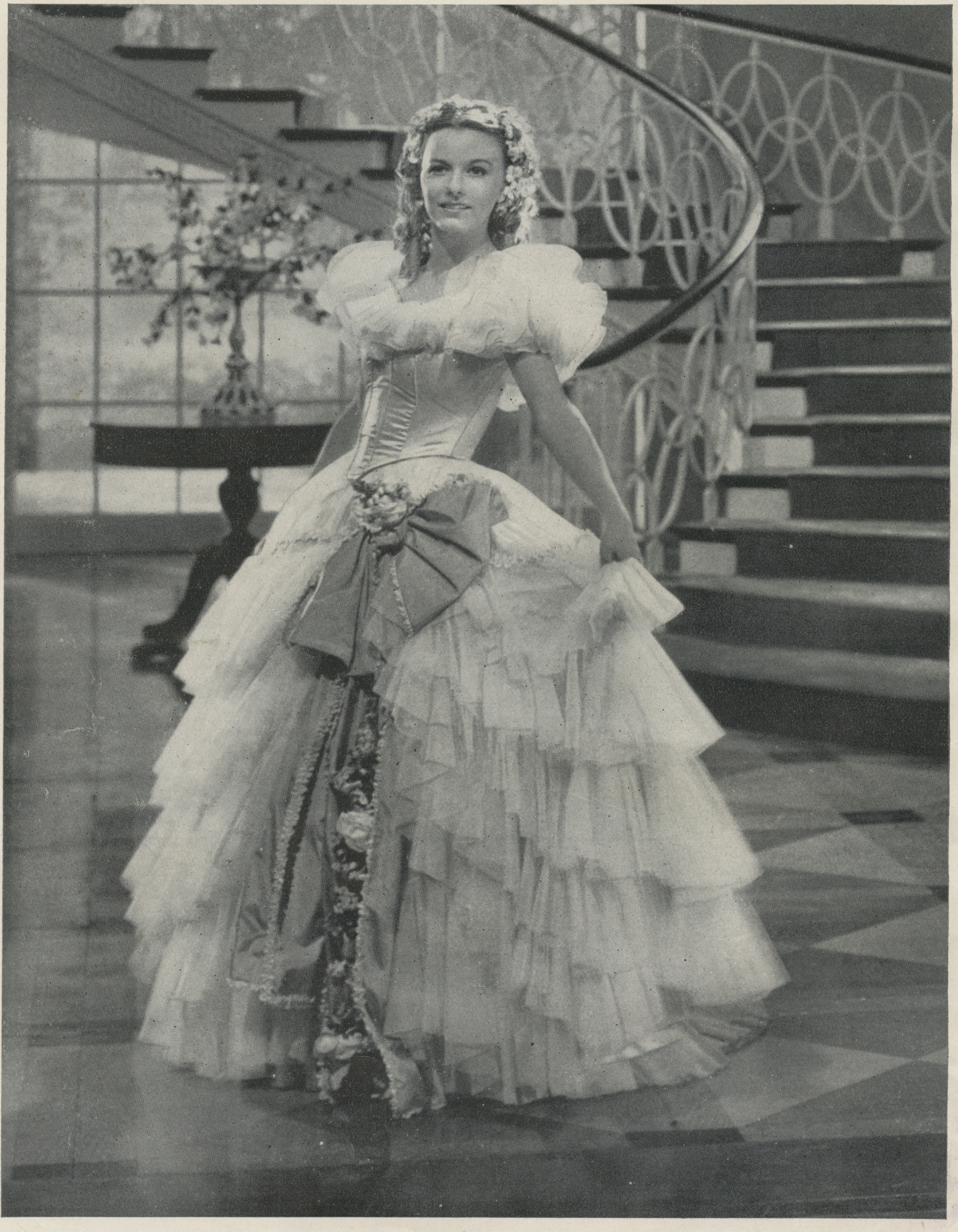
AMONG THE MANY
DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER
CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*

CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOM
BLEN
CIGARE
QUALITY

Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos ...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand

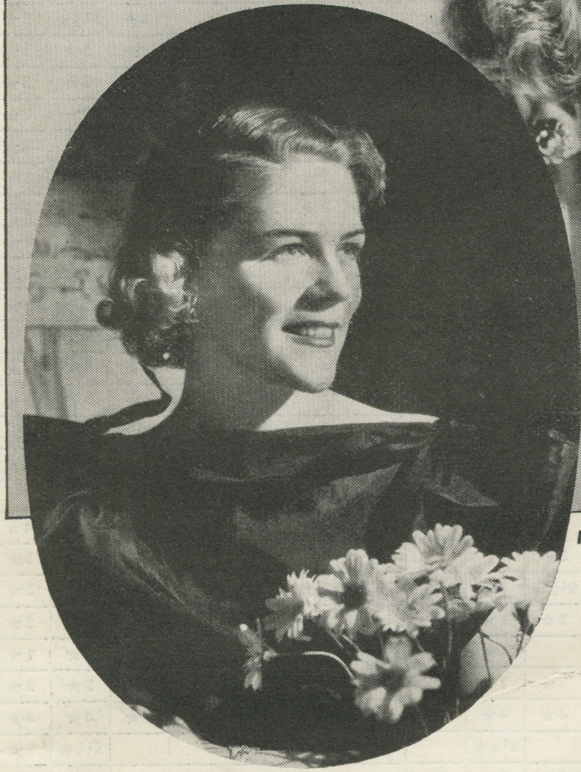
© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



Margaret Sullavan as Valette Bedford in Paramount's "So Red the Rose," based on Stark Young's saga of the South. No wonder gentlemen were chivalrous when ladies looked like this. There were rumors recently about a split between Margaret and her husband, Director William Wyler. But apparently they were very idle rumors indeed, for Margaret and Willie seem completely devoted.

Every Wrinkle you See... STARTED UNDER YOUR SKIN

Miss Ann Keeble, New York: "Pond's not only cleans—It keeps away lines, blackheads."



Mrs. Douglas Robinson

grandniece of the late THEODORE ROOSEVELT, and granddaughter of his famous sister, the late MRS. CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON, says: "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin look clearer—tired lines disappear."

BUT "DEEP-SKIN" CREAM
reaches down—
keeps common Skin Faults away

1 **LINES FADE** when wasting *under* tissues are stimulated.

2 **BLACKHEADS GO** when clogging secretions are removed, and *underskin* stimulation prevents clogging.

3 **BLEMISHES STOP** coming when blackheads that cause them are prevented.

4 **PORES REDUCE** when kept free from pore-enlarging secretions from within the skin.

5 **DRY SKIN SOFTENS** when penetrating oils sink in, failing oil glands grow active.

6 **TISSUES WON'T SAG** when underskin fibres are toned up and stimulated.

UGLY LITTLE LINES... dreaded wrinkles ... don't "just happen" overnight! Every wrinkle, every line that streaks your face had its start *under* your skin. Tiny fibres hidden out of sight, lost their snap—Tissues you can't see went thin and sagging. Then, one day the skin you *do* see fell into little creases.

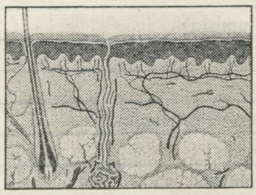
The same way with practically all common skin faults. Blemishes, blackheads, sagging tissues—all start deep in your underskin, when tiny glands and blood vessels, nerves and fibres begin to fail.

Skin faults go—new ones can't start

What your skin needs is a cream that does more than cleanse—a "deep-skin" cream that goes right down and fights those lines and blemishes *where they start.*

This is exactly what Pond's Cold Cream does. Its specially processed oils sink deep into the pores. There, patted briskly, Pond's rouses the underskin. Circulation quickens. Lazy glands get busy. Fibres regain their snap. At the same time, long-lodged dirt and make-up flush out of your pores. Loosened by this deep-reaching cream!

Where Skin Faults begin: Below the dark layer is the underskin where tiny glands, blood vessels nourish your outer skin—*if* you keep them active!



One creaming shows how Pond's Cold Cream cleans and stimulates. Right after it's wiped off, your skin blooms fresher, livelier—clean—clear to its depths.

As you keep on using it, lines soften—blackheads and blemishes stop coming. Even very dry skin softens into supple texture. Your face takes on a new firmness—a radiant fresh-air look!

Every night, give your skin this double-benefit treatment. Pat Pond's Cold Cream in vigorously. See the deep-lodged dirt come completely out. Feel your skin refreshed, invigorated to its depths.

Every morning... reawaken your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It leaves your skin so soft and fine that powder goes on with a smooth, allover evenness. Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Send for Special 9-Treatment Tube

Begin to clear* YOUR *skin faults away

POND'S, Dept. K-122, Clinton Conn.
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name____________________________

Street____________________________

City____________________State________

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

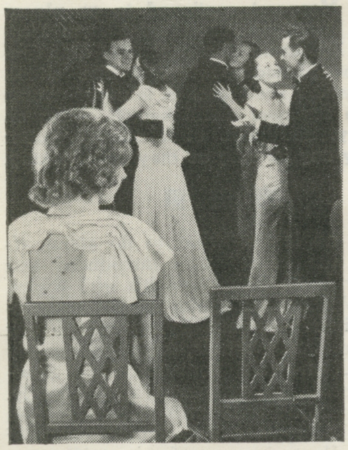
(*Continued from page 10*)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Enchanted April (RKO)	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2½★	4★	3★	2★	2★	3★	3½★	3★	3★		4★	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	4★	4★		3★	3★
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Evensong (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Evergreen (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★		3★	2½★	2★
The Florentine Dagger (Warners)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	1★		2★	2★	2★
Folies Bergere (20th Century)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★		4★	3★	3★
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
George White's Scandals (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★		2★	3★
G-Men (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Gigolette (RKO)	2★	1★	1★	2★		1★		2★	2★	1★		1★	1★	1★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Ginger (Fox)	2★	3½★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3½★	3★			2★	3★
The Girl from 10th Avenue (Warners)	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★
Go Into Your Dance (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
Gold Diggers of 1935 (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★		3★	3★	3★
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Great Hotel Murder (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1★			2★	2★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★			3★	3★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
Hooray For Love (RKO)	3★	1½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	1★	2½★	1½★	1★	1★			2★	2★
In a Monastery Garden (Julius Hagen)	1★	1★	1★	2★		1★	2★	2½★	1★				2★	1★
In Caliente (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★		3★	3★
The Informer (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
In Old Santa Fe (Mascot)	2★			2½★		2½★		2★	2½★	2★			2½★	2★
The Iron Duke (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
It Happened In New York (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★		2½★	3★
Laddie (RKO)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2★		3★	2★	3★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	1½★	2★	1½★	1½★	2★	1★			2★	2★
Les Miserables (20th Century)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	5★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	1★	2½★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★		3★	3★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★			1½★	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★		4★	4★
Loves of a Dictator (G-B)	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3★	3½★	2★			3★	3★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (G-B)	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3½★	2½★	2½★	3★	1½★	2★	3★	3★	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★		2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	2★	2★	1★			1★	1★	½★		1½★			2★	1½★
Men Without Names (Paramount)	3★	3★	2★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3½★	3★	2½★	4★	2½★	2★	3★
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Mississippi (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★		3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	4★			3★	3★

(*Continued on page 100*)

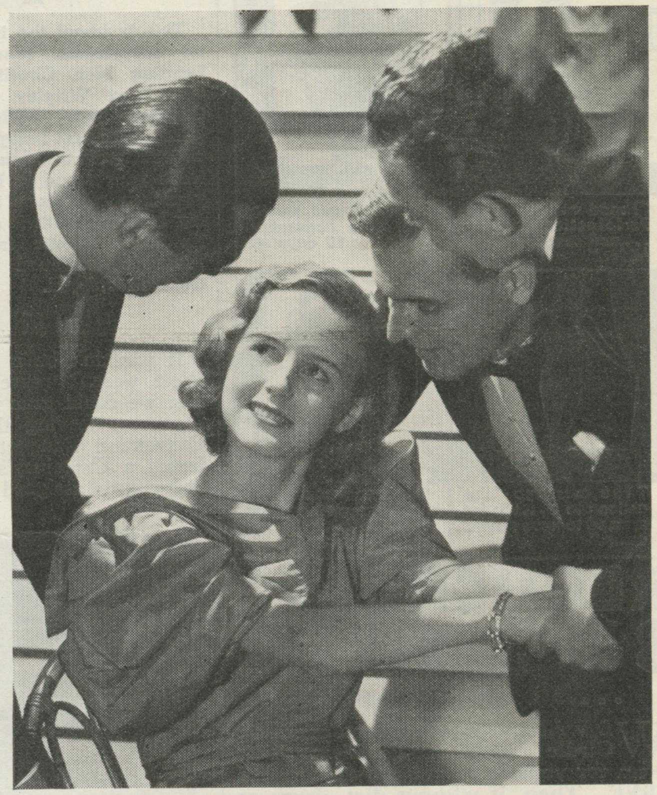
"I'D SOONER DIE THAN GO TO ANOTHER PARTY"

Pimples were "ruining her life"



1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have *died*. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.

2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!



3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get *any* time to sleep!"

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun——

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood*. With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start *now* to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.

Supplies Vitamins
A · B · D · G
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily —before meals
STANDARD BRANDS INC. NEW YORK

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!

"I have
REDUCED
MY HIPS
9 INCHES"
.. writes Miss Healy.
"WHY JEAN HOW DID YOU GET SO THIN ?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company . . . and sent for FREE folder."
"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial."
"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away."
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds."

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
. . . it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 5310 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 13)

happened. He'd forgotten to put a flash lamp in his camera. Claudette screamed with glee and fled across the busy boulevard with Dr. P. in her wake.

■ ■ ■

And Cary Grant was so amused, he never even set the lad right! It seems that Cary was lunching at the Brown Derby with Marion Marsh when a young man, with a bunch of female tourists in tow, rushed up to his table. "These girls," he announced, "are mad about you! They've come all the way from the middle west to see you. Ladies," he continued enthusiastically, "permit me to introduce you to—George Brent." And Mr. Grant grinned and answered, "Pleased to meetcha."

■ ■ ■

This is about the tops in strange requests for autographs. When the Comedians vs. Leading Men Charity Baseball Game occurred at Wrigley Field recently, Minna Gombell was besieged for autographs. Minna had just bought a hot dog when one excited woman rushed at her. "If you'll write your name in ink on the hot dog and your husband signs the other half, I'll have my husband split it and frame both halves. He does artistic framing awfully well!" Truly it happened and trulier still, Miss Gombell obliged.

■ ■ ■

It wouldn't be a movie column if Mae West weren't represented and here's the best we could grab on her for the month. Mae was leaving the District Attorneys' Convention Banquet where she had conferred a Captaincy's honor to one of the bodyguards assigned to her after gangster threats. A spokesman for Miss W. had just announced that unaccustomed as Mae was to night life, she would appreciate being excused to go home to her little bed, etc. And so the Diamond Queen departed in a round of applause. But on the way out she happened to glance in the cocktail lounge where sat twenty handsome attorneys doing a little imbibing. "Well," sez Mae, "this looks interesting!" And b'gosh, it was. In fact, so interesting that the young woman left several hours later; that is, left for the Trocadero where she and her pals had some more fun.

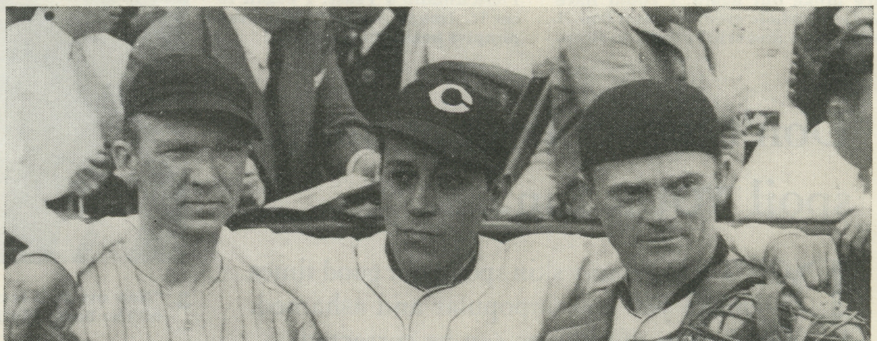
■ ■ ■

Well, Margaret Sullavan and her director husband, William Wyler, are serene once more. That little tiff has blown over and so again they appear together at previews, benefits, etc. While the separation was on, however, Margaret continued to go places with the occasional escort of Miriam Hopkins and Katharine Hepburn. She didn't refuse to be photographed with him, either. In fact, 'twould seem Miss S. is never averse to a little comment about herself, going on the theory, no doubt, of it doesn't matter what they say as long as they keep talking.

■ ■ ■

A new angle on "what to do about affairs of the heart" was introduced last month by Lyle Talbot and his girl friend, Peggy Walters. In honor of the anniversary of their first date, Lyle invited a few friends in for cocktails, and the muchly off-again, on-again romance was glowingly toasted. Favors were, appropriately, Cupids mending their broken arrows, and Lyle and Peggy swore on a stack of French rolls to have no further tiffs.

(Continued on page 58)



How do you like Lee Tracy, George Raft and Jim Cagney in baseball regalia—participants in the Comedians vs. Leading Men Charity Baseball Game at Wrigley Field.

"I'm the luckiest man in the world"

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

SOFT, smooth skin wins romance—tender moments no woman ever forgets! So what a shame it is when good looks are spoiled by unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

It's so unnecessary for any woman to risk this modern complexion trouble—with its enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather guards against dangerous pore clogging because it cleans so *deeply* — gently carries away every vestige of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

You can use cosmetics all you wish if you *remove* them this safe, gentle way. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Remember, this is the fine, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have used for years. It will *protect* your skin—give it that smooth, *cared-for* look that's so appealing.

LUX
TOILET SOAP

Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed! But I always use **Lux Toilet Soap** to guard against Cosmetic Skin

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The popular song-writer-actor Pinky Tomlin with the "Object of His Affections," Maxine Doyle, at the Miramar.

(*Continued from page 56*)

When is a vacation not a vacation? When Glenda Farrell gets it! Seems Glenda was told by the studio that she could have a couple of weeks at Lake Tahoe. She had no more than unpacked when a wire from Warners requested her immediate return. Miss F. coasted down the mountain into San Francisco, hopped a plane and was back in nothing flat. When she arrived the studio decided to postpone her picture. Last reports from the Farrell abode were that while the roof is still intact, it is still quaking from Irish combustion.

■ ■ ■

Well, the story goes that when Columbia sent for pretty Joan Bennett recently, it was to talk over a forthcoming role for the actress. "You're not going to play a sweet, little Miss in this one," explained the scenarist. "You're to play a girl, say, sorta like your sister, Constance, is off-screen." Joan took it big and laughed like the dickens! Maybe *she* knew what the man was driving at!

■ ■ ■

That personal appearances are a pretty good idea seems to be proved by Gene Raymond's recent experience of face-to-facing it with an audience. Since Gene's return to Hollywood, his fan mail has leaped so that it's hoisted him right into a long term contract with RKO. Pretty tasty—eh, wot? We think so—and well deserved, too.

■ ■ ■

Having taken out her citizenship papers in our fair countree, Fay Wray departed for London to make a coupla movies over there. The deal suited her right well, too, for hubby, John Monk Saunders, is doing some scripts for a British company. However, their wedding anniversary occurred while he was there and she was here, and Johnny wired a house full of white flowers way across the Atlantic to his utterly charming "little woman."

There doesn't seem to be much justice in the world no matter from what angle you view it, so Alice Brady shouldn't be discouraged! Miss Brady is working on "Metropolitan" with Lawrence Tibbett. She plays an opera singer and t'other day, the Powers That Be offered to get her a double to warble the Gypsy Song from "Carmen." Alice, who has a beautiful voice, decided to try it herself, and so successful was the "play back," that the producers were enthralled and are keeping it in the picture. "Now," laments Alice, "probably nobody'll ever believe *I* did it!"

■ ■ ■

Clark Gable's stepson is now old enough to take the high school girls to dances. So, not so long ago, he asked Clark for the use of the family car for the evening. To which Gable assented cheerfully and said, "What's more, I'll drive you and the little lady to the Cocoanut Grove myself." When the pair arrived at the girl's house, she appeared at the curb, took one look at the car and announced to her youthful and perplexed escort, "If you don't mind, I think I'll sit with the chauffeur!"

■ ■ ■

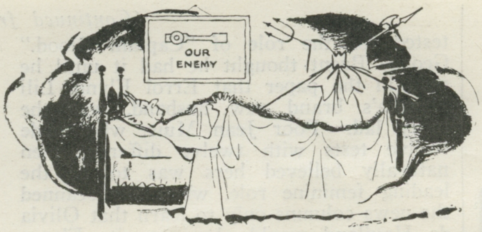
Poor Jimmy Cagney! He has such big troubles. While he was away on a recent trip, Mrs. Cagney, planning to surprise him, had the entire interior of their house done over in white. Even to the little room at the end of the hall which Jim likes to call his very own. When he returned, he glanced over the whole set-up and moaned, "Oh, gosh, you've even painted that little cubbyhole where I like to sit and *mope!*"

By the way, 'tis said that Cagney is up for the title role in "Robinhood." *That* gent, you remember, was an arch crook and it looks as if the Warners are just used to casting Jim in crook pictures!

■ ■ ■

Speaking of casting—just about every virile-looking gent in Hollywood was

(*Continued on page 60*)

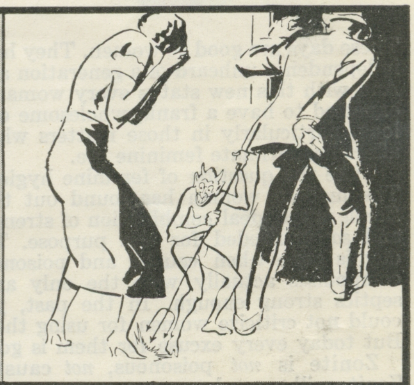


Let my death be a warning to all other CORNS, *young or old!*

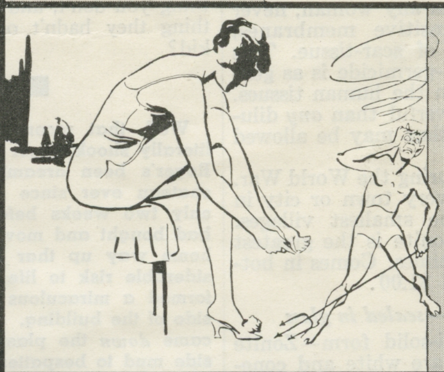
"Every corn that ever stabbed a human toe should beware of that arch enemy, Blue-Jay!"—wails this old patriarch, in death-bed testimony

(1) "For 23 years I was the power behind the throne in the Briggs family. Mrs. Briggs had tried in many ways to get rid of me—even tried to murder me with a razor—but this old corn always won out.

(2) Time after time I almost wrecked that family! I made life so miserable for poor Mrs. Briggs that she became cranky and cross—and Mr. Briggs would get mad and leave the house in a huff.

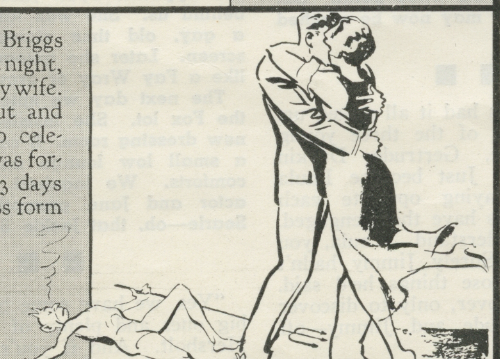


(3) A kindly neighbor woman, Mrs. Allen, was the start of my undoing. One day when she found Mrs. Briggs crying, she whispered to her, "My dear, why don't you get rid of that corn with this Blue-Jay?"



(4) Blue-Jay struck me like lightning! In just a moment I was smothered in soft, felt prison walls. My cries were unheard and my stabbing went unnoticed. My 23 year racket was over, I was a doomed corn.

(5) When Mr. Briggs came home that night, he found a happy wife. They went out and danced just to celebrate! And I was forgotten. Now, 3 days later, my lifeless form will soon be lifted out. My dying words are—Corns, beware of Blue-Jay!"



Corn suffering ended safely and easily with this scientific method

● Only a corn sufferer knows how painful a corn can really be. Yet this suffering is absolutely unnecessary. A visit to any druggist—and the purchase of Blue-Jay (the scientific corn remover) for 25c—will bring blessed and lasting relief.

Blue-Jay stops the pain instantly. The soft, snug fitting pad cushions the corn against painful shoe pressure. The pad is held securely in place by the special Wet-Pruf adhesive strip (waterproof—soft, kid-like finish—does not cling to stocking). In the meantime, without your knowing or feeling it, the safe Blue-Jay medication is gently undermining the corn. After 3 days, you take off the pad and the corn lifts out completely.

If *you* have a corn—even a tiny one—remove it right away with Blue-Jay. Don't be satisfied with temporary relief. Insist on Blue-Jay.

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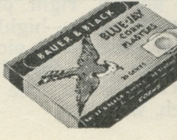

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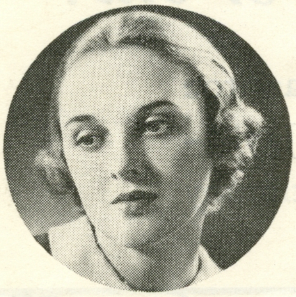
Much more is expected from women today



These days are good to women. They have independence unheard of a generation ago. And with this new status every woman is expected to have a frank, wholesome outlook, particularly in those matters which affect her intimate feminine life.

Take the question of feminine hygiene. The modern woman has found out that *Zonite* is the ideal combination of strength and *safety* needed for this purpose. The day is gone when caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough. In the past, you could not criticize women for using them. But today every excuse for them is gone.

Zonite is *not* poisonous, *not* caustic. Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause damage to sensitive membranes, never leave an area of scar-tissue. This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. Yet it is far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the human body.

Zonite originated during the World War. Today it is sold in every town or city in America, even in the smallest villages. Women claim that Zonite is the greatest discovery of modern times. Comes in bottles—at 30c, 60c and $1.00.

Suppositories, too—sealed in glass

There is also a semi-solid form—Zonite Suppositories. These are white and cone-like. Some women prefer them to the liquid while others use both. Box holding a dozen, individually sealed in glass, $1.00. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and liquid Zonite by name at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send coupon below for the much discussed booklet "Facts for Women." This book comes to the point and answers questions clearly and honestly. It will make you understand. Get this book. Send for it now.

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(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

(*Continued from page 58*)

tested for the role of "Captain Blood." George Brent thought he had it until he read in the paper that Errol Flynn, Lili Damita's brand new husband, was the lucky lad. Poor Jean Muir, who made twelve tests with twelve different men naturally believed hers was to be the leading feminine role, when *she* scanned the news columns only to learn that Olivia de Haviland would play opposite Flynn. We give up, too. However, there *must* be an answer!

■ ■ ■

Not to give anybody a short answer, but, when Freddie Bartholomew was informed recently that he is now a star, the youngster replied, "What's the difference?" Freddie evidently realized that top billing won't get him out of going to school nor rate him an extra frosted chocolate (which he adores) after lunch.

Incidentally, a street lamp interfered with the English boy's view of the Fourth of July fireworks. "Someone please put it out," he requested. "Someone" explained that it belonged to the city and nothing could be done about it. Whereupon, young Mr. B., who had never before seen a Fourth, replied, "Well, I can," and hastily heaved a rock at it. Fred may be a genius, you see, but he's a regular fellow, too—and often a baddie.

■ ■ ■

Try this on your friends. You *may* learn sumpin'. David Nivens has. Just say, "Did you make up?" David asked Sally Blane, who grew quite red and replied, "Yes, Loretta's (Young) all right again." He then queried Merle Oberon, who unpremeditatively answered, "No, when I'm through I mean I'm *through!*" We asked David what was behind it all. To which he blithely answered, "Not a darn thing. It's just a gag, but they all fall for it. They think you know something you don't, and so they tell you something they hadn't orter." Some fun—eh, kid?

■ ■ ■

Well, that recent Hollywood earthquake literally shook Roger Pryor out of his house. Roger's been dreaming of owning a little chateau ever since he came to town and only two weeks before the Big Shiver, he had bought and moved into a Beverly Hills home way up thar on a hilltop. At considerable risk to life and limb, Mr. P. performed a miraculous paint job on the outside of the building. Well, came the Quake, came *down* the plaster, came *up* the roadside mud to bespatter the white paint! Oh, dear, oh, dear. Roger may now be reached at a hotel.

■ ■ ■

The gossip columns had it all mixed up, much to the chagrin of the three young people—Paula Stone, Gertrude Durkin and Jimmy Ellison. Just because Paula and Jimmy are playing opposite each other, the newshounds have them engaged. Gertrude couldn't understand. Paula, you see, is her *friend*. Surely Jimmy hadn't changed—after all those things he'd said. Well, they talked it over, only to discover that it's still Gertrude and Jimmy—off the screen.

■ ■ ■

Kitty Carlisle recently proved that she could "take it"—and also, dole it out. Seems that those mad Marx Brothers love to kid and razz everyone on the set. Nope, there isn't a member of the cast, a prop boy nor an electrician safe from their practical joking. During the making of "A Night at the Opera," they started on Kitty. They played one too many on her and so she decided to retaliate. Miss C. actually hoaxed the three Marxes into hiding all day from a process server who never existed. Since then the brethren have been almost chastened! We said almost.

■ ■ ■

Vital Statistics: The Stuart Erwins have a brand new baby named June, after her beautiful mother, the former June Collyer . . . Nancy Smith has been divorced and they say she'll soon wed the socially prominent Van Smith . . . His friends claim that Winfield Sheehan is about to lead the opera star, Jeritza, to the altar . . . Ernst Lubitsch and Vivian Gaye are now one.

■ ■ ■

What, no Romeo? With all the handsome, love-making gents in Hollywood, Irving Thalberg cannot find a Romeo to play opposite Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet." Laugh as you may, everyone with a profile, that is, every male, has been given a test and so far Juliet and the balcony have it their own way. One man's too tall, another's too old, another's too short, and so it goes! What M-G-M is probably looking for is a composite picture of Tom Brown's youth, Johnny Weissmuller's physique, Herbert Marshall's voice and Ronald Colman's face!

■ ■ ■

Janet Gaynor, star of the Fox lot for ten years, relinquished Dressing Room No. 1 when she departed for Honolulu recently. If you remember, she had previously withdrawn from the cast of "Way Down East" because of illness. There are a lot of speculating meanies around who said that in reality she didn't even have a teentsie-weentsie headache. Anyway, when queried about removing all articles from her d. r., the Gaynor explained that she expected to be gone so long that it didn't seem fair to retain the bungalow. However, Shirley Temple didn't give up her room when she went to Honolulu. Fox officials explain, if you're interested, that Janet Gaynor still has three pictures to make for them.

■ ■ ■

The little girl actresses are having their day in pictures since the advent and great success of Shirley Temple. Recently, at the preview of "The Little Big Shot," in which she appears, Sybil Jason, aged eight, sat behind us. She was laughing and having a gay, old time viewing herself on the screen. Later she autographed albums just like a Fay Wray or grown-up star.

The next day we spied Jane Withers on the Fox lot. She insisted that we see her new dressing room. It contains a little desk, a small low lounge and all the juvenile comforts. We inquired as to her favorite actor and Jane promptly replied, "Jackie Searle—oh, that Jackie Searle!"

■ ■ ■

"Yes, we have some bananas; ripe ones, big ones and plenty of them," sings Jean Hersholt. And if you're a pal—and even if you're not—Jean will ask you over to his garden, right plank in the middle of Beverly Hills—highly civilized territory in these parts—and pick you a banana from a huge tree literally loaded down with luscious fruit. The South American touch—eh, wot?

John Held Jr

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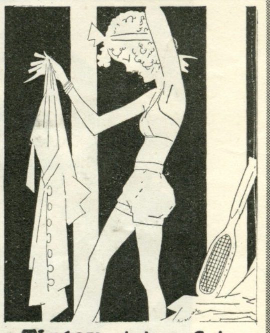

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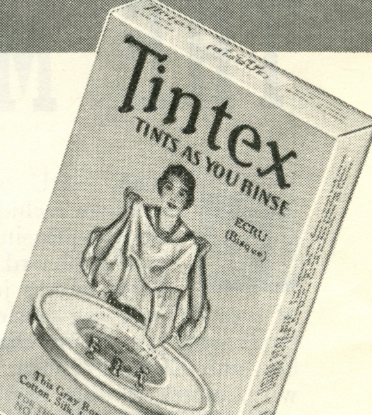
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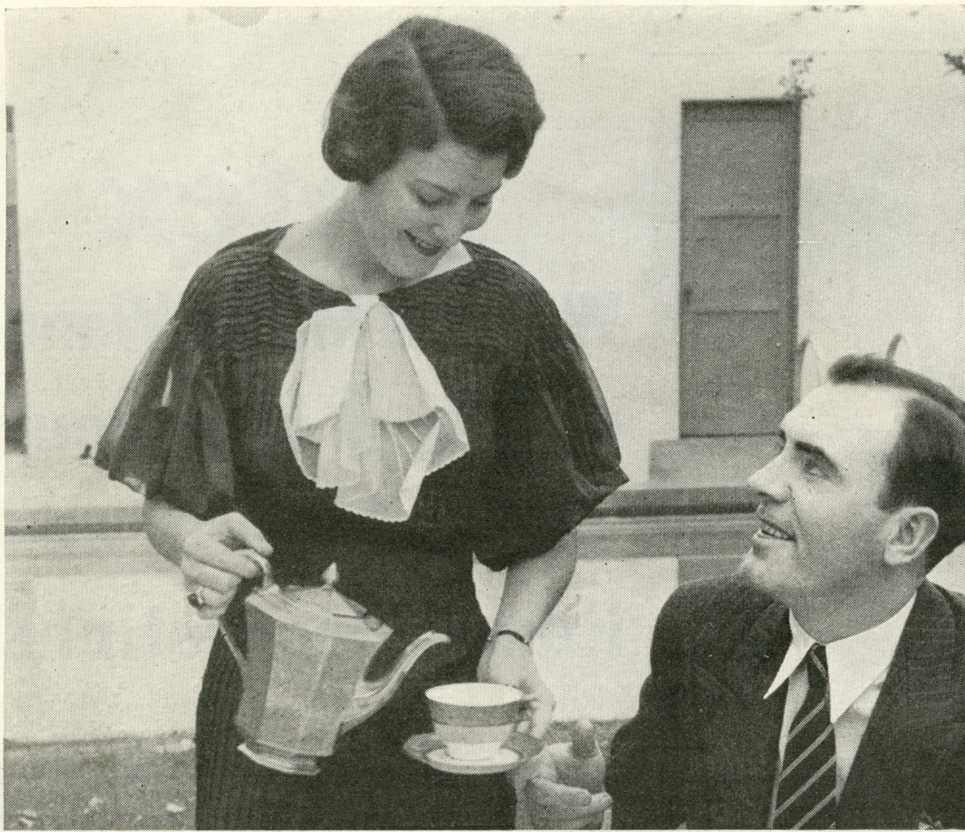


Above, Pat and Eloise O'Brien about to partake of jelly cake and tea. Note pleased expression on our hero. Left, jelly meringue tarts with cocoanut filling—enough to make you grin with joy, too.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

THE MODERN HOSTESS

SUCCULENT SWEETS TO DELIGHT YOUR MAN

ARE YOU one of those fortunate mortals who can include among your childhood memories the pleasing picture of your grandmother's jam cupboard and remember the delectable flavor of her jellies—spread thickly on chunks of bread? Have you carried over from your youthful days those same jam-loving characteristics? Well, Pat O'Brien has, and Eloise O'Brien, his very attractive and efficient wife, caters to this particular liking of his in a most original fashion. For, besides seeing that marmalade is served with the breakfast muffins, wild strawberry jam with the Cottage Cheese Salad at luncheon and mint jelly with the roast lamb at dinner, Mrs. O'Brien has devised countless other ways to include jams and jellies in the daily menu. Her jam cupboard would have made grandma jealous, I'm sure, while her ideas for using its sweet contents include several suggestions that grandma never even thought of trying. Nor have you, I'll wager—so I'm going to tell you about them in detail further on.

I had no idea that I would learn about so many delicious dishes when I accepted an invitation to have tea with Eloise. I had just been looking at some new clothes in the little dress shop that Mrs. O'Brien owns and has such fun supervising. Consequently, at that particular moment, clothes, not foods, were uppermost in my thoughts. (You know how it is when you have your heart set on finding a new evening gown in your favorite color—all else is forgotten!)

But when Eloise suggested that I forget frocks for the time being and go along with her, the prospect of tea served beside the O'Brien pool with Eloise herself "pouring" and the added promise that Pat would be home from the studio in time to join us, combined in presenting a most pleasant prospect. In just no time flat I had decided that clothes could wait but tea wouldn't and accepted with alacrity. I'm certainly glad I did, too, for everything conspired to make it a most delightful afternoon and one that was full of helpful suggestions and information for an ever-curious and eager food editor.

The first intimation I had of Pat's liking for jams was when three varieties were served with the small hot tea biscuits, to be followed by a home made jelly roll cut in most generous slices.

"Do have a second piece of cake," Eloise urged us as she saw with what speed we had disposed of the large servings despite the huge inroads we already had made on the biscuits and jam.

"SINCE Pat goes for jellies and jams in any form," she continued, "this is the one kind of cake he really likes, so I've told our colored cook to have it often. Then I also suggested to her that we ought to work out some other recipes that call for jelly—partly because of Pat's fondness for it and partly because, in an ambitious moment, I had bought enough fruit at a wayside stand to supply preserves for an institution. One look at my cupboard shelves and I realized we were overstocked. Then too, with the grape season coming on, I knew more jars would be added since I'm as fond of grape jelly as Pat is.

"'At every meal,' was my ultimatum to the cook, 'let there be jam!' And there was jam! It masqueraded in pies, it came in sauces, it hid in tarts, it was served with meats. And do you think anyone objected?" she asked, with a gay flourish of the cake knife in our general direction.

"No! no! a thousand times no!" replied Pat enthusiastically.

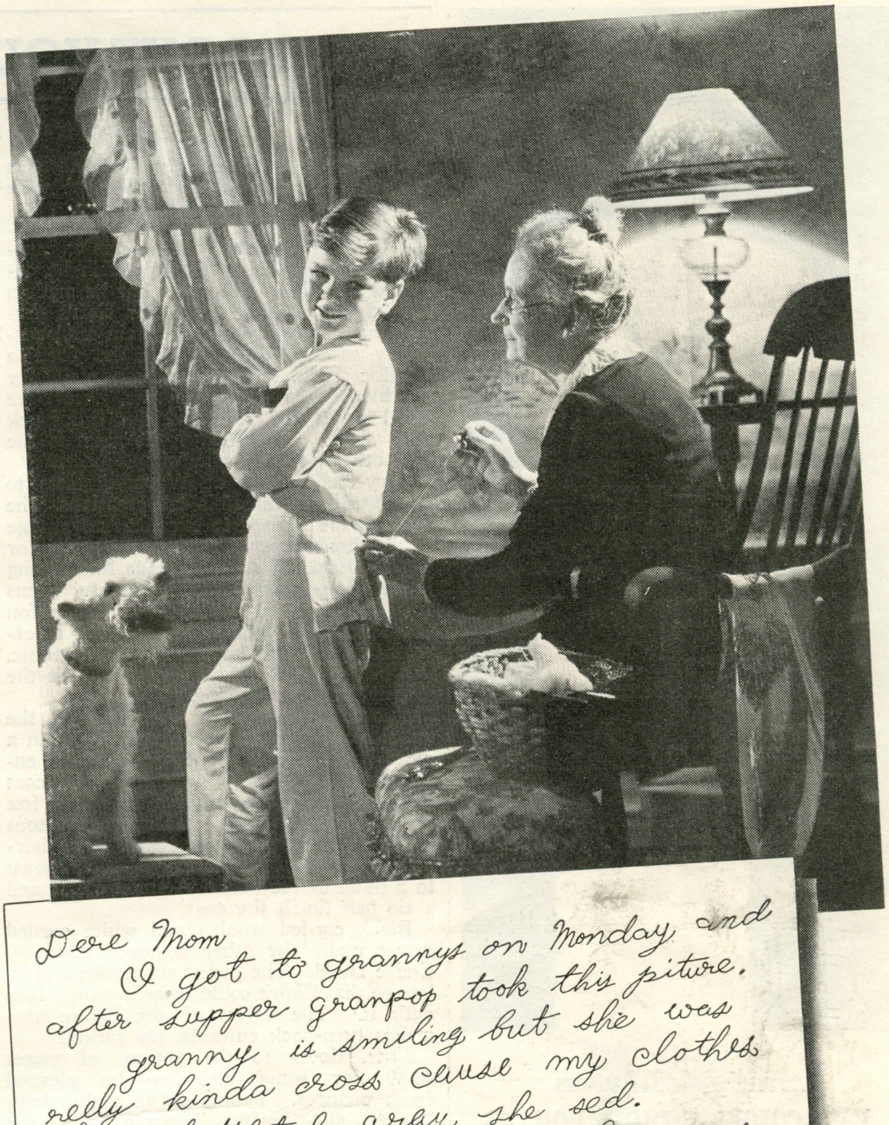
"You!" Eloise grinned at her famous husband, "you'd never object. But, when the guests added their praise to the family's, the kitchen department became positively inspired. The result was that our supposedly overgenerous supply has diminished to the vanishing point and we're just waiting for the Concord grapes to come in to replenish our depleted stock. You see we want to be able to have several of the dishes we discovered, again and again."

AND so will you when I tell you more about them. But first I want to give you the recipe that the O'Brien cook plans to use in making her grape jelly. This recipe does not stop at giving you only jelly-making directions, either, but also tells you how to make Grape Butter out of the pulp. That's a nice economical idea, isn't it? Well, here's the recipe:

CONCORD GRAPE JELLY AND GRAPE BUTTER

Wash and stem about 5 pounds of fully ripe grapes. Crush grapes thoroughly (a potato masher will do a good job.) Add ½ cup water to crushed grapes, bring to a boil, cover and simmer 5 minutes. Separate juice from pulp by placing hot fruit

(*Continued on page 78*)



Dere Mom
I got to grannys on Monday and after supper granpop took this piture. granny is smiling but she was relly kinda cross cause my clothes have tattletale gray she sed.
She sed cannt you see how gray your pygames are? they tell everybody they arent relly clean she sed.
Wich made me say my mother works like anything on washday but she sed the trubble is your soap doesnt get out ALL the dirt.
So granny sed to tell you you ought to use fels-naptha soap like she does on account of its got heeps of naptha right in the golden soap and it gets clothes white as mopsils new baby rabits.
I'm bringing a rabit home to show you how awful wite that is.
Billy

© FELS & CO., 1935

P. S.—Billy's mother did get rid of tattle-tale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap—*and so can you!*
Try it! Get some Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today—and see how *safely* and *beautifully* it washes even your very daintiest things—how easy it is on your hands!

Only
you and
RIT
know
it's an
old
dress!

...and only RIT offers
FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING

CHANGE the color—*and you change the dress*—make it new, modish, flattering again!

Unless you've tried Rit recently, you've no idea how *easy* it is. Rit contains a patented ingredient that makes the color soak in deeper, set faster, and last longer—WITHOUT HARSH BOILING THAT WEAKENS FABRICS and tires *you* out.

Rit is a blessing too for curtains, draperies, lingerie, children's clothes, linens—bringing bright, cheery color to anything at such *small* cost.

Rit is a concentrated wafer, quick-dissolving, scored for easy measuring—won't sift out of the box. Not like other home dyes because *patented.* Be sure you get RIT. At all stores.

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White Rit Color Remover . . . takes out color without harming the fabric—really whitens white goods.

HOW ABOUT YOUR FALL CLOTHES?

(*Continued from page 50*)

high neckline is effectively outlined in a double strand of pearls. Notice the wide armhole and cuff bell to the sleeve.

TRAVIS BANTON became so enthusiastic about the costumes which he designed for "The Crusades" that he made a "Crusades" evening gown for Gail's personal use. Inspired by the chain mail costumes of the 12th century, he used a metallic mesh, similar to chain mail, for the blouse top and a narrow, decorative panel down the front of the full black satin skirt. A girdle of the satin is the only other detail in this simple gown.

Orry-Kelly, over at Warners, likes to use metallic cloth in his fall creations. The tunic theme is used to excellent advantage in the dinner costume which he made for Claire Dodd. The tunic, made like a long jacket, is pointed at the front and opens wide down the front to show the chiffon gown beneath. Interesting contrast is effected by the dull gold metal of the tunic, the bright gold kid of the belt, and the soft dullness of the chiffon.

Another Orry-Kelly idea stresses the metal cloth and the tunic theme again in a more formal and elaborate evening ensemble for Claire. A tunic-length coat made with a yoke collared in silver fox and a deep hem border of more fox, tops a simple, beautifully cut gown. The border to the coat's hem dips sharply down to a point at the back. A small collar and a tie belt finish the coat.

Black corded woolen and white corded velvet make the other costume worn by Claire Dodd. The jacket was made collarless so that Claire could wear her own furs with it. The velvet of the blouse also makes turn-back cuffs on the jacket.

Now, down to the bottom of pages 48-49 for some ideas to be gleaned from pictures. From left to right, Joan Bennett and Thelma Todd in "Two for Tonight." Joan wears a simple shirtwaist dress with full sleeves gathered into a tight cuff and a small turnover collar. Thelma's luxurious suit has the smart fur bordering of silver fox which forms a continuous swirl from the collar, down the front and across the fully flared back. The sleeves have the new elbow fullness that is seen in many fall suits, coats and dresses.

Next, Mary Ellis wears a white ermine wrap in "Paris In Spring" which has interesting sleeve detail and a cape collar bordered in silver fox. She also wears a boudoir robe that I thought would intrigue you. It is made of a hairy-like silk that looks not unlike fur. And a huge monogram is appliqued almost in the armhole of the kimono sleeves.

Elissa Landi wears a stunning evening ensemble in "Without Regret." It, too, is lavishly trimmed with the inevitable silver fox. Her gown is topped by a full, hip-length cape that has a great flaring collar and complete border of the fur, much like the flared jacket of Thelma Todd's suit.

They have been busy taking the exotic out of Merle Oberon with the result that you will see her looking very schoolgirl in many of her scenes from "The Dark Angel." A heavy checked tweed suit with jacket, buttoning all the way down the front is very charming. The jacket has a turn-over collar of the tweed but Merle also wears her blouse collar over that. Note the trick bound pockets and the smart way the skirt is flared. And to the right of it is another tweed suit she wears in the same picture. This has a very short jacket and is buttonless, held together by a wide, hand-sewn leather belt.

In the exciting Gaumont-British picture "39 Steps" Madeleine Carroll wears a very attractive ensemble. The three-quarter length jacket is brown caracul with a deep shoulder yoke of the brown woolen of her dress beneath. The coat is made in the youthful, swagger style that is typical of many of the younger fur fashions this season. It has a deep, turn-over collar.

Very Italian Renaissance is the felt cuff brim beret which Jane Baxter wears in "The Clairvoyant." The cuff brim is so adroitly tucked that it flares out as it reaches the crown, jutting into interesting and becoming points.

Look at page 50 for some smart action shots of Olivia De Haviland in her first fall clothes. These were snapped in Hollywood as Olivia burst forth in all her glory on the first cold day.

The new full and shorter skirt is well shown by the fast stride Olivia makes along the street in her beige jersey dress. Isn't it refreshingly young looking? The stripes on her skirt and sleeves are gay Roman colors. The pompon on her small pill-box hat is wool to match the neck drawstring and girdle of her dress.

Down the stairs, Olivia comes in a beige woolen suit with flaring box jacket. A brown sweater beneath and her new felt hat and accessories in brown, too. Note the forward tilt to her brim; there's a jut to practically all the best brims this fall.

And for a good, useful yet smart fur coat, nothing could be as perfect as her gray kidskin.

Any questions you may have about fall trends, colors, accessories or new ideas that I haven't covered, write and tell me all about it and I shall be more than happy to help you out. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

A YOUNG MAN ON HIS WAY

(*Continued from page 34*)

which young Robert is now heir, were phases of life read about in garish Sunday supplements, but only half believed.

High school over Robert came West to Pomona College with the idea of transferring to Yale after his senior year. Later at Yale to take up the study of physchiatry. He thought, then, to hang up his shingle in New York and to devote his life to unravelling the tangled skeins of the lives of men and women who had gone awry.

But, in the mid-term of his senior year at Pomona, came Destiny. In the person of genial casting director Ben Piazza, then with M-G-M, now with Paramount. Ben was there to watch the college play "Journey's End" in which Robert played the part of "Captain Stanhope." Ben cast his trained eye on young Robert, and saw a star-in-the-making. He sum-

Robert Taylor and June Knight in their zippy dance "Doin' the Foolin'" for "Broadway Melody of 1936." Jack Benny stars in this musical.

moned the startled young man to the studio, gave him an audition and a test, both bad, and sent him back to college.

But Ben was not convinced by that audition. Later, he called for Robert again, there was another audition, another test and—Robert was signed to a long-term M-G-M contract forthwith. He returned to Pomona to get his diploma, then packed his bags and returned to Hollywood and to the studio where he joined the M-G-M school under the direction of Oliver Hinsdale. He played a couple of bit parts in big productions, played leading parts in a couple of Mr. Hinsdale's little theatre plays and then "Society Doctor" with result that the studio, the fans, the critics, all said, *"a star in the making!"* M-G-M believed in him. They consider him their brightest bet, their biggest find since Clark Gable, just as in the feminine ranks, they consider Rosalind Russell their biggest find since Myrna Loy.

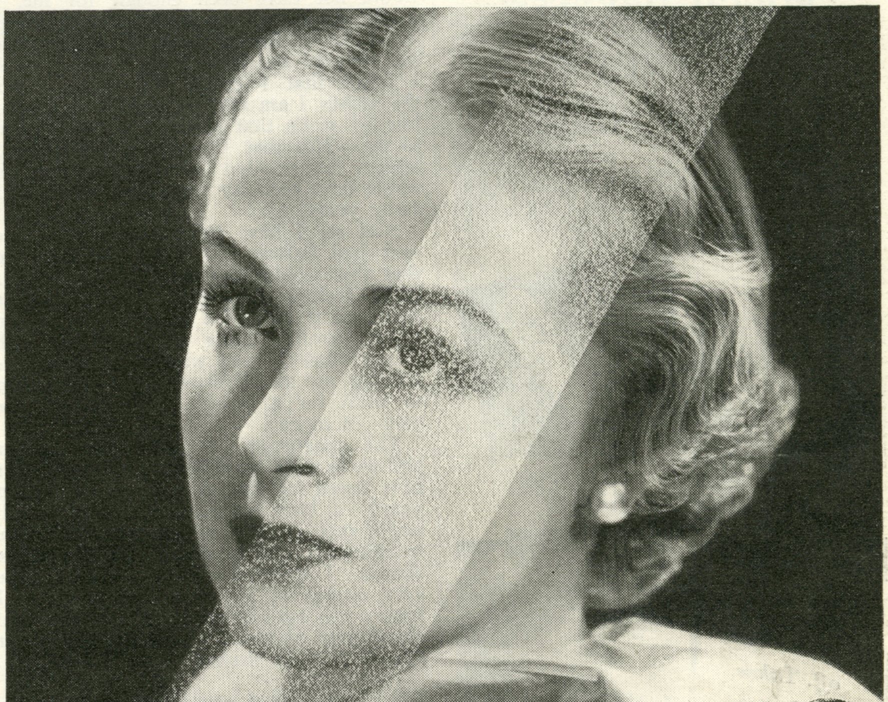
Studio and fans appear to be in perfect accord on the starry subject of Robert. For in no time at all he had to engage a secretary to take care of the fan mail that came pouring in, hundreds of letters from hundreds of girls—all wanting to know where he had been all their lives, what he was like, who was his ideal type of girl, whether he is in love, what kind of toothpaste he uses, and why . . .

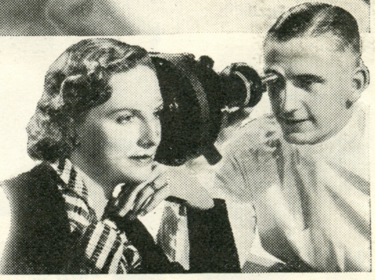
I SAID to Robert—girls, he has dark brown hair with red lights in it and eyes of a brilliant sapphire blue, black lashes and a golden sun-tan and he is younger looking than he appears to be on the screen— "Tell me about your first year, in detail. What has it done to you, or for you? Has it changed you and if so, how?"

"Yes, it has changed me," Robert said, in his grave and considering way, "for the better, I hope. I am older than I was, more than a year older. It has stabilized me. I am a great deal more serious than I was. I am considerably more practical. I feel a far greater sense of responsibility toward myself and toward life than I ever did before.

"I am in love and have been for some

Powder shade too light —skin looked *chalky*





Miss Maralyn Tankersley's fair skin is enlivened by Pond's Rose Cream. (*below*) Mrs. M. Bon de Sousa, creamy blonde, uses Brunette.

Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find the hidden tints in lovely skin now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new Face Powder.

Science finds true cause of many "dead-looking" complexions

LOOK at this girl. Decidedly blonde, with glorious fair skin—Yet her skin seemed "dead-looking"—like the chalk-marked streak above. Her powder had taken the liveliness out of her skin!

The Color Analyst wiped it off—"Here's the color for you," he said, and applied Pond's Rose Cream. Amazing, the change! Pond's hidden color notes brightened her whole face. Brought out her true blondeness. Gone—that dull, pasty look!

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE, Pond's Face Powder can work the same color miracle in your skin.

With an optical machine, Pond's analyzed the skin of over 200 girls. They discovered the hidden tints that give different skins their beauty. In blondes, a hint of *bright blue* gives that transparent look. In brunettes, a touch of *green* brings out that creamy enchantment.

Now, Pond's has blended these tints into entirely new shades—*invisibly*. Yet you see the difference at once! These shades add beauty's own color notes to your skin. They tone up pallid skin—tone down ruddiness—give each skin what it lacks.

Don't stick to old-style deadening shades. Try these new Pond's shades. Find the one which will bring out your unusualness!

Rose Cream—gives a blonde radiance
Natural—lighter, a delicate flesh tint
Brunette—gives clear, velvety tone
Rose Brunette—warms pale, faded skins
Light Cream—a light ivory tone

Pond's fluffs on with a feathery feel, yet clings with lasting freshness. Never clogs or cakes.

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$1.10 size now 70¢

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Amazing 2-minute
Oatmeal Facial
Combats
ROUGH-DRYNESS
BLACKHEADS
COARSE PORES
OILY SKIN!

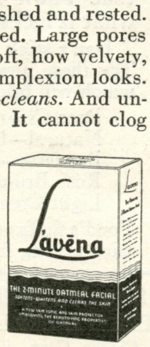
1. BLEND a little Lavena with water

2. APPLY to face. Wash off. Takes 2 minutes.

3. NOW! Skin is radiant, vital! Velvety and fresh!

● Every day, when your skin is tiredest; when blackheads, blotchiness, large pores look their worst, give yourself this 2-minute oatmeal facial. *Instantly* you'll notice the difference. Your skin will look so clear, so refreshed and rested. You'll find blackheads combated. Large pores counteracted. And oh, how soft, how velvety, how fresh and young your complexion looks.

That's because Lavena *deep-cleans.* And unlike soap it does not irritate. It cannot clog pores with grease. If you want your skin to look creamy, vital, get a package of Lavena today. Give your skin the benefit of this 2-minute facial *every day.*



We guarantee to refund the price of Lavena if it does not perform exactly as we say. Try either the 10c or 60c size.

LAVENA CORP., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

LAVENA
The 2-Minute Oatmeal Facial

time, with one girl. Whereas, before I entered the studio, I was in love constantly, or rather *in*constantly, with first one girl and then another.

"I'll take the external things first. The things which may not matter. I've taken an apartment for my mother and myself. Dad died just before I signed my contract. For so tragic an event it had its fortunate aspect—the contract. I needed it, then. There was enough left from the estate to take care of mother, but there would not have been enough for me. I would have had to forego studying at Yale, for a time anyhow. I would have had to earn my own living somehow and I know that I could never have made the money I am making now in any other line of work that might have been open to me. Not that I'm in the 'big money,' heaven knows—but it's bigger than it would have been for me anywhere else for many years.

And so, I have more money than I've ever had before. It might be supposed that this would give me a lavish, spendthrift feeling, coming as quickly and as easily as it did. On the contrary, I am more careful, more conservative with money than I ever was when Dad was sending me an allowance. I'm beginning to build for a future. I'm learning the value of money.

The apartment I've taken for mother and me is more luxurious than I could ever have hoped for, during many hard-working years. I have servants, a luxury which never even entered my calculations when, in college, I used to envision my immediate future. I have more clothes than I have ever owned at any one time before. I have a yen for sweaters and have collected about fifty of them. I drive a better car than I've ever driven.

I'VE been asked whether Hollywood has made me conceited—whether the publicity, the recognition in public, have given me the well-known swelled head. I can honestly say NO. For the first few weeks I must admit, I did think more of myself, of the way I looked, than I ever had before. Certainly, young men in college do not go about considering the angle of their profiles, the set of their heads, which way they appear to the best advantage. If they do, they keep quiet about it, or else—! But I, when I started to work, was camera-conscious. I've got over that now. I've forgotten the camera. I think no more of my looks now than I did before I ever saw a studio. If I think more of myself it is not, honestly, from motives of personal vanity. It is much the way I would feel about a machine which must have good care in order to function properly and so fulfill its purpose.

"Yes, I can really say truthfully that this first year has tended to make me more serious, more conservative, if possible, than I was before I came to Hollywood. Just because so many gay and glittering ways are now open to me, *I don't want to take them.* I never go to parties. I seldom, if ever, go to night clubs, to the Grove, to any of the places where the cinema clan foregather.

"I've never saved any money before. I'd never thought about saving. Now I do. I've started a couple of annuities. I ponder investments. I read financial sheets. I spend far less than I could spend because I realize how unstable this place and this life and this career can be.

"Because I know how haywire young beginners can go; and have gone, I do none of the things that might lead to—well, haywiring!

"I am in love . . ." Robert hesitated a moment, his brilliant blue eyes soft . . . "with Irene Hervey," he said. "Even in love I'm more stable than I ever was before. I've seen enough of emotional instability to frighten me and make me appreciate being with one girl, going everywhere, sharing everything—my plans and hopes and dreams—with her. Both of us behave a good deal more like a small-town girl and boy than like members of the movie colony with all of the available excitements. Every night, after work, we have dinner together. Sometimes with mother at our apartment, sometimes in some quiet restaurant off the beaten track. If we are at my place, we listen to the radio after dinner, or take a walk, read aloud or play cards or something like that. If we have dined out, we almost always go to a movie. Both of us are rabid fans, neither of us can quite believe that we are inside a studio ourselves. I've often been asked what star, or stars, I would like to be like later on. I don't want, of course, to copy anyone. But I should say that the work of Bob Montgomery and Fredric March, respectively, is the type of thing I'd like to do.

I NEVER thought of marriage until I came to Hollywood. That is, I never thought about it save as some very remote possibility. Now I think of it far more deeply and immediately. I don't mean by this that I intend to marry now. I think it would be sensible not to marry for five years. But I do think seriously of marriage, of home, of raising a family.

"My tastes haven't changed—hardly at all. I still play the piano. I still continue with my study of psychology. I collected a large library of scientific books, on the subject while I was still in college and I read them more assiduously than ever. With two objectives—if I should go out of pictures like the well-known light I can still take my diploma under my arm, go to Yale and pursue the study I intended to pursue. If I succeed in pictures, as I hope I shall, I'll need psychology to interpret the parts I am to play.

"I go to the theater once or twice every week. And someday I'd like to join a stock company on the road and play Captain Stanhope in 'Journey's End.'"

I SAID, "Before I came over here to talk with you, two young and admiring girls asked me to ask you to describe your 'ideal girl.' . . ."

Robert looked thoughtful. He said, "I'll have to take a character on the screen, so that the 'ideal' will have been seen by them. I know—'Hester'—the part Josephine Hutchinson played in 'Oil For The Lamps of China'—she's my ideal girl. I like a quiet girl, a domestic girl, a companionable girl. I do not like the grand kind of, look-down-your-nose type of girl. I like a feminine girl. A gentle, conservative girl."

Robert laughed, very handsome in his striped sweater and white flannels and beach tan. He said, "I'm afraid I'm not very exciting copy. Better material to write about if I'd gone awfully Hollywood, chased about a lot, hit the bright-light trail. Instead, my first year has made a mature man of me. I stay at home. I go steadily with one girl. I save my money. I get more sleep and exercise than I ever did in my life before. An actor, I'm more of a business man than I would have been in a bank. I suppose it's because I know what competition I'm up against. It's also because I figure myself as a one-man corporation, I know that I sink or swim alone.

"And so—instead of gaiety, girls and glitter, my first year has given me a savings bank complex, a real yearning for marriage and stability and the things I grew up to revere when I was a boy.

SHE KEEPS BEAUTIFUL BY SCHEDULE

(*Continued from page 47*)

instance, and then looking good and awful by Tuesday, I stagger the stuff. I have a special day for attending to each item of my appearance, a sort of weekly grooming schedule I made up. And as long as I stay on schedule I can't look run-down anywhere."

So that was it! So Carole's glamor isn't all God-given gilt hair and wide blue eyes—it's partly *sensible system!* I let her go on.

"'Course the schedule idea sounds simple; learning to keep myself on it was the hard thing. But it's the only way I've ever found of maintaining, as you were nice enough to say, a really flawless appearance. Each day's routine takes a few minutes. If I'm too rushed to spare those minutes, and sticking to schedule anyway must mean coming home a jerk sooner at night now and then, or occasionally getting up a little earlier than usual, it's still more than worth it to me.

"Want me to tell you what I do?"

WANT me to tell *you?* It's the swellest idea for keeping meticulously lovely, despite a hectic existence, I ever heard of—this weekly beauty schedule of Carole's. She began her account of it with Friday because, she says, week-ends are usually the times she wants to look best of all.

FRIDAY. Manicure and pedicure. (Approximate time: 30 minutes)

"I do my pedicure first so that when I apply polish remover to my toes it can't bungle what's been done to my fingers. After I finish both, I rub softening cream or lotion on my hands and feet and allow it to remain overnight. My pedicure will last a week, my manicure till Tuesday."

SATURDAY. Eyes. (Approximate time: 15 to 30 minutes)

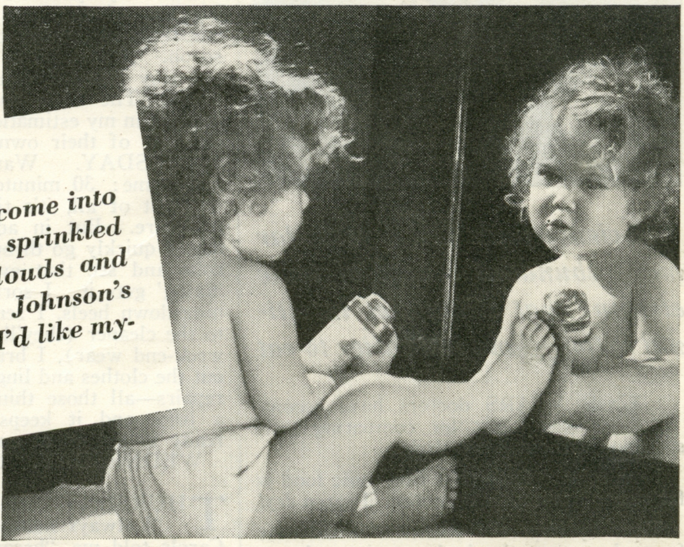
"I think every girl ought to spend a few minutes one day a week giving her eyes a merciless scrutiny. I do. If I see circles I determine to catch up on my sleep. If the skin around my eyes looks less cushiony than it should I give myself an extra-luxurious eyebath, apply tissue cream over the surrounding area—well above my brows and down over my cheek bones—and make noble resolutions against careless wind and sunburn. I set aside this time to try out new mascaras, and different eye make-ups. It's also the day for my weekly eyebrow arch."

SUNDAY. Skin. (Approximate time: 1 hour)

"On Sundays my schedule really gets *attention.* First of all, I stay on a fruit juice diet all day; I've found it a grand pick-me-up and cleanser for my skin and body as well. Next I give myself a good old home-made facial—plain oatmeal paste if my complexion needs smoothing, or an egg-white mask if I need a very mild bleach. ('Course you know I do these things for myself; I don't have a personal maid except the one I keep at the studio when I'm working.)

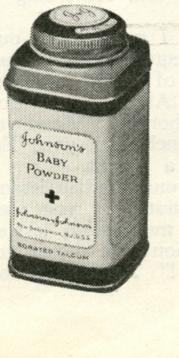
"Then comes my weekly rest-bath. Then my bath's not a shower but a long luscious session of *soaking.* I love it and look forward to it like a kid. If I feel that I

"Poor me, I do feel sorry for myself this morning. What a night, what a night! But how can a girl get her beauty sleep when her skin's all over prickles and chafes?"



"Lookit what's come into our life! Bet if I sprinkled myself with clouds and clouds of this Johnson's Baby Powder I'd like myself again."

"Mmm — now I'm better. That smoothy-soft powder makes me feel so nice — and smell so nice — and look so nice. I'll just have to give myself a great big kiss. There!"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... count on me to keep babies fine and fit! Just feel my satiny-smoothness between your thumb and finger... I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles in me... and no orris root, either. Try me—and don't forget my partners, Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream."

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Science finds DRY yeast far more abundant source of tonic element that stimulates intestinal action—and it's easier to eat

FOR YEARS doctors have recommended yeast for combating constipation without harsh drugs.

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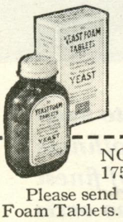

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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. MM. 10-35

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need to relax, I use hot water with soda in it. If I want my bath to pep me I run a lukewarm tub and dissolve a whole box of table salt in it. And then I just lie there and *dream* (while my facial's drying at the same time) for an hour or more. I dream about what I'm going to wear during the coming week. I plan parties and new coiffures—I even mentally design dresses for myself and change the living-room furniture around while I'm soaking! I couldn't do without my rest-bath. Frequently it's the one occasion during the whole week when I really have time to *think* beauty. And thinking beauty does things for me."

MONDAY. Odds 'n' Ends Day. (Approximate time: any minutes Carole can spare.)

"Monday's the day I take time out to attend to the *little things* about my appearance that I'm apt to overlook when I'm rushed—whether my elbows or heels have gotten slightly scrubby from exercise, whether my eyebrows need a bit of cleaning up, whether my ardent sun-tanning has freckled the tips of my shoulders, and so on. If I spend a few minutes looking for tiny flaws I can find them and fix them. The little things are important enough, in my estimation, to deserve a day's schedule of their own."

TUESDAY. Wardrobe. (Approximate time: 30 minutes.)

"First of all, it's time now for a new manicure. But in addition, every Tuesday, I quickly go through my entire wardrobe and see that everything that needs 'fixing' gets it. I sort my shoes for running-down heels, I send my soiled dresses to the cleaner (they'll be back in time for week-end wear), I brush my furs and put out the clothes and lingerie that need minor repairs—all those things. I can do it in a jiffy, and it keeps everything I own ready to put on at any time."

WEDNESDAY. Day Off.

THURSDAY. Hair.

"I always shampoo my hair myself," Carole told me, "because I like to give it a good stiff massage and a thorough sunning. Then I have it set by a hairdresser. I picked Thursday because I think hair looks its best two or three days after it's been done. It doesn't fly all over the place then and the wave's have time to shake out enough to look casual and not 'just-waved.' That makes my coiffure right for the week-end.

"Today, you see," she pulled the hood of her pajamas over her damp dandelion-colored curls, "is my regular shampoo day. And I couldn't even let an interview interfere with it because I'm going to Santa Anita Saturday!"

Sitting there looking at her, after that exposé of her pet beauty secret, I knew Carole *would* go to Santa Anita looking like the well-groomed, glamorous star she always is.

And I knew, too, that no girl with a scrap of will-power need ever display Scottie-pup eyebrows, a droopy dress hem or tweed checks. If her coiffure looks for all the world like a wilted skunk-cabbage it's probably because she spent yesterday afternoon seeing Clark Gable's latest, instead of her hairdresser. If her vanity lands right in the soup when *he* notices a cracked manicure holding her spoon, she hasn't got a legitimate kick coming.

For every girl can be as bafflingly sleek as Carole. We talked about it and she made some grand suggestions.

You see, you don't have to use Carole's actual routine—just use her idea and custom-build your own schedule to suit your particular needs. Make it as brief or lengthy a routine as you want to. Throw in an extra manicure if your nail polish gets hard wear. Omit the facial if your skin's already the bona-fide peaches-and-cream product. Include your daily reducing exercises if you have any. Plan your swimming dates for the last day before your fresh fingerwave. Take your "day off" whenever you like. But, whatever you plan, you've got to stick to it to get glamorous results.

"That," said Carole, "is the hitch!"

If it's a question of glamor, though, it's worth it. And if it's a question of glamor, Carole should know!

A LETTER FROM HELEN VINSON

(*Continued from page 36*)

is a room for writing, or a waiting room. You ask the way to the cloak room, over here. I learned, too, never to speak of a clothes closet. There ain't no such thing. Closet means lavatory in English. You hang your duds in a wardrobe, Pal.

I got all befuddled shopping for shoes the other day, too. First I wanted a pair of oxfords. Oxford is an institution of higher learning, to an Englishman. The word has nothing to do with footwear. You ask for "lace shoes." Also, only the men wear pumps. The female pump is known as a "court shoe." You can imagine the polite snicker when your little friend asked for a pair of oxfords and something in a snakeskin pump.

The only other time I got laughed-out-loud at was when I requested cheese and crackers. At this time of year a "cracker" means a fire cracker. At Christmas time it can mean a kind of bonbon. When you want something to munch with your English cheddar ask for a biscuit.

Well, so much for your English lesson. Whoaaaaa—wait a minute. If you meet that fellow that told me Italian lessons would rid me of my Southern accent, tell him I said, "Philberts!" Remember how I sat up nights over that Italian handbook? And it didn't help a bit. The people over here think I speak "funny American." Then I have to explain all about how I come from Texas. My theme song is "Pahdon my South'n Accent"—even if it is old. The theme song, I mean.

Now I'll give you the low-down on the dizzy social whirl.

I HAD four days off from picture making last week, and went down to the Duke of Sutherland's country estate, "Sutton Place," near Guildford, Surrey.

Annie, if ever a place filled me with envy and longing, Sutton Place did! It stands in about two thousand acres of beautiful country, with picture book gardens, greenhouses, a pheasantry, and all the trimmings. The house was built in 1525 by Sir Thomas Weston, cousin—or something—of Anne Boleyn's. Henry the Eighth visited there often. (Not Charles Laughton, my sweet Dope, but the Old Boy himself.) In fact, there's a picture of Henry, painted by Holbein. And the most gorgeous paintings by Romney, Lawrence, Titian, and dozens of others you don't expect to see outside of museums.

But no, I didn't spend my four days among the art treasures. Not this trip! For the estate has marvelous tennis courts, squash courts, speed boats to race on the River Wey, a swimming pool, and a beautiful golf course. Lady, I was glad I specialized in athletics, and not dramatics, at the University. Throwing your voice would get you nowhere at the Duke of Sutherland's. But knowing how to swing a tennis racquet was a help.

I forgot to tell you that on the King's Birthday I saw the Trooping of the Colours. I was given two tickets for the special enclosure with the understanding that I was to be escorted by a man in correct morning formals—top hat, morning coat. I wished to go with one of my fellow countrymen, being as patriotic as I am charitable. So, it became a race among my American friends, as to which one could beg or borrow the proper attire.

Austin Parker, the clever one, was winner. He rented an outfit. Arrived in all his glory, and hysterics. With my two tickets clutched in hand, and Austin, looking terribly funny, by my side, we started out. Our laughter was suddenly chilled by the somber thought that Austin, provincial American that he is, had forgotten to carry an umbrella. Positively indecent! We finally managed to borrow one from a waiter at the Claridge. That, we agreed, was the crowning touch.

Big thrill of the month, however, was flying to Brussels to see the tennis matches. Fred Perry played a beautiful game. And, of course, his winning made it a perfect trip.

So far this letter must convince you that life in London is all play and no work. But you're wrong. True, they don't work as hard or as frantically fast here as they do in Hollywood. But "King of the Damned" went right along, on schedule. It was fun, being the only woman in the cast, even if the males were mostly convicts dripping with grease (movie sweat). And Conrad Veidt is marvelous to work with.

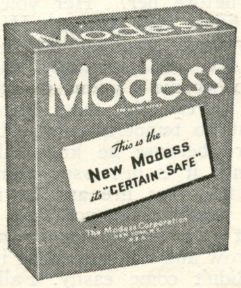
Of course you know how I've felt about being typed in Hollywood, always playing the selfish wife or the snippy society girl. I've never blamed Hollywood. It was my own fault when I insisted back in '32, on being cast as the spoilt heiress in Connie Bennett's "Two Against the World." Just as the lead in "Death Takes a Holiday," more or less established me as a dramatic ingenue on the stage, so the snippy part in the Bennett film typed me in pictures. But anyhow, it's nice to play a role again and know that the audience will want you to get your man.

We're working hard now on the second film, "Transatlantic Tunnel." Madge Evans and Richard Dix came over to play in it, you know, and they are a pair of darlings to work with. The three of us manage to sandwich a lot of fun in between the work on the set. Let me add too, that Gaumont-British has been marvelous to us Yankees.

All in all, it's very exciting. I get a little homesick now and then. Felt it coming on the other night, so I phoned New York to have a chat with Dad. He said the Scottie was yipping around the place, and I insisted on saying "hello" to Jock. The line was so clear, Jock actually recognized my voice. The precious pup went practically insane with joy. I'll bet there haven't been that many barks wafted over the Atlantic since phones were invented! I can just hear you make some crack about the line going to the bow-wows. Don't do it. Puns are *so* vulgar.

It's time for me to get to the studios. So, Cheerio, my dear, for this time. Be a good girl, and I'll bring you a crumpet.

Love,
Helen.



Why do minds misbehave?

THE PSYCHIATRIST OFFERS TWO ANSWERS...

Case No. 296

Miss O.H.F. Age 29. Teacher of English in high school. Successful in her work — but tortured by belief that her superiors discriminated against her maliciously. Accused her favorite student of telling lies about her to the school principal.

DIAGNOSIS: Paranoid suspicions.

CURE: Complete — when cause of fear was revealed in the course of psychiatric consultations. Her mental illness had its beginning in childhood, when quarrelling parents made her feel insecure, unsure of affection.

Case No. 432

Mrs. T.O.V. Age 31. Frequently embarrassed husband by telephoning guests and withdrawing invitations. Offended her husband's employer by her inattention and preoccupation with secret worries during a dinner given in her honor.

DIAGNOSIS: "Accident panic" — the fear that the sanitary napkin she wore did not afford complete safety and protection.

CURE: Complete — when the cause of her fear was discovered and the fear ended by introducing to her a sanitary napkin ("Certain-Safe" Modess) that was designed in a way to make "accidents" impossible.

Even if "accident panic" has never haunted *you*... protect yourself against the possibility of an accident ever happening. Get a box of the new Modess today. Its name—"Certain-Safe"—tells the story... and you can look at the napkin and *see* why it's accident-proof:

1. *Extra-long tabs provide firmer pinning bases... Modess* can't pull loose from the pins.
2. *Specially-treated material covers back and sides of pad... Modess* can't strike through.

The day you buy Modess is the day you end "accident panic" forever!

N-O-V-O... the new douche powder. Cleansing—deodorizing... for the fastidious woman.

MODESS STAYS SOFT... STAYS SAFE

CHERAMY
April
Showers
TALC

April Showers
Talc
CHERAMY
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New York

28¢

THERE'S glorious fragrance — *the perfume of youth* — **in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.**

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Exquisite... but not Expensive

LET'S GET GRACE MOORE'S TEMPERAMENT STRAIGHT

(*Continued from page 43*)

to leave Hollywood when she had completed two pretty bad pictures. When a world-renowned artist is hailed as a failure in motion pictures, it means public humiliation in capital letters. Every corner of the world knows about it. Remember the dozens upon dozens of stories you read about the failure of Grace Moore in pictures?

Grace did not need to leave. She had a contract. She could make more pictures; undoubtedly some good ones. Musical comedies—light singing affairs which would make of her an above-average, singing motion-picture actress. She could stop being a prima donna.

SHE stormed off to Europe! She made her choice in a high-headed manner. She chose not to lose what she had fought to learn—not even for thousands of dollars weekly and fame, unlimited.

She had struggled to get temperament, as she would never have to struggle to lose it! Until a woman can love madly, suffer tragically, lose her temper, run the gamut of emotions—she is a singer but not a great singer. Ask Mary Garden, Mary Lewis or any other prima donna!

As a rule, America does not build temperament, it kills it. A little girl from Tennessee (Jellicoe was Grace's hometown) is trained from the cradle to *control herself*. She must not speak unless her elders have spoken first, she must turn her other cheek when anger would beget anger, she must not fall in love unless she is certain she is loved first. Such a young woman is raised to live as American tradition has dictated for a "lady."

Grace Moore had a marvellous voice. It was well-trained. She sang for the Metropolitan Opera Company judges. They turned her down. She went to Europe to *learn why*.

Did I hear someone say, "But that was the plot of 'One Night of Love'?" Of course it was! That plot was based largely on Grace's life story. "Love Me Forever" is based on another part of it. Real stories about a real opera singer!

In Europe, the little American girl went to a maestro who promptly fell in love with her. Madly, insanely in love with her! She was frightened, baffled, amused—but mostly frightened. We are always afraid of what we cannot comprehend. She ran away. She hid in the palatial home of Mary Garden and commenced to train with an older and, she thought, wiser teacher.

SIX months later, this maestro laid the curious truth before her. Her voice was lovely. Her figure was perfect. Her beauty was captivating. But she had no temperament, no fire. She mentally was too well-trained to become a prima donna. She must fall in love. She must learn to live. She must go temperamental. He knew she had fire because he knew all women have it until it is processed from them. She must find that fire and let it burn. Then she would sing, not like a trained parrot, but as a woman capable of enjoying even sorrow and understanding it.

Temperament didn't come easily. Falling in love was not something she could pitch to a proper key, at once, like her voice. A fire that has been well drenched does not find a spark to flare again, on the minute. She was a bit bewildered. And just as she was beginning to flare a little, inspired by an Italian prince who had been thrown dramatically before her door in an accident, Otto Kahn arrived in Europe and she sang for him. He had her sing again for a Metropolitan conductor, who was also in Europe.

The conductor did not want to sign her. He felt something was still missing. She talked him into it! The very success of her salesmanship seemed to spring that lock which had been imprisoning her. That very night, she threw a celebration party. An impetuous, riotous, absolutely mad party. She led her guests in wild dashes through the narrow winding streets of an ancient European city. She rang door bells. She stopped to sing before one house and then another. She dropped into cafes, beer gardens, shops which were closed but opened before these mad Americanos. Grace Moore was actually living!

From that mad night on, Grace Moore was a prima donna. When the time came for her debut in New York, she let all the wildness of her emotions surge like a hurricane through her. A special train of celebrities came from her home town in Tennessee to be at her first opera performance. The Governor, U. S. Senator Lawrence Tyson, U. S. Representatives Francis Garrett and Cordell Hull and other neighbors of her childhood.

They held a reception in her honor on the day before her performance. But Grace Moore was too excited, too uncontrollably excited to talk politely or quietly to neighbors. She sent a note:

"It is with deep regret that I cannot be present today to greet personally each one of my faithful friends from Tennessee. I am conserving all of my energies to give you my best tomorrow and I hope that as you all gather at the Metropolitan you will receive the most sincere message I can give you—in song."

TEMPERAMENT—the ability to act differently from others—always causes excitement. There were those from her home town, who could not understand how a little girl, raised among them, would refuse to attend a tea given in her honor. The Metropolitan issued a denial that it had prevented Grace from attending. It did not interfere with the personal lives of its artists!

Still, Grace Moore did not go! What American convention demanded was comparatively unimportant. She stayed in her rooms and nursed the throbs of excitement, fear and ambition which were coursing through her tingling body. She remained true to being a temperamental prima donna!

And she's still remaining true! Perhaps you have read stories of how she's lost that temperament, had to lose it to win eventual success in Hollywood. I can assure you they are not true. I can prove this, and anyone who worked on the set of "Love Me Forever" could prove it, too—each with a different story!

I went down to see her off when she sailed on the *Ile de France* this last time to sing a command performance before the King and Queen of England. The night before, she had appeared before the Society of Arts and Sciences in New York, to receive a gold medal for "raising the standards of motion pictures"—

the first woman to be so honored; the first motion picture representative. She had promised to sing at the banquet. The song had been advertised for broadcasting. She did not sing. Her voice was ragged from the strain of working on her last picture. Her nerves were frayed. It was hot. A motion picture actress would have sung because the song had been advertised. A prima donna didn't.

As she hurried down the ladder from the top deck of the ship to meet the newspaper photographers, she looked tired. She *was* tired. She was nervous. But she smiled and joked and waved her hand and posed this way and that. After half a dozen shots, she held out her hand to Valentin Parera, her husband, and drew him before the camera.

A photographer pushed forward, "I want you, alone, Miss Moore." Grace already was posed with the handsome Spaniard, she smiled but shook her head in a decided refusal. The photographer persisted. His gruff voice became dictatorial.

The smile on Grace's face vanished swiftly, "But you have plenty of me!"

"I haven't!"

There were a few more snap remarks. Now, a motion picture actress would have smiled sweetly at her husband and whispered something about, "You understand, darling." A prima donna didn't. She whirled and walked away. Tears came to her lashes.

DOZENS of autograph seekers held in check, before, by the photographers, swirled around her. "Sign here, Miss Moore."—"I've come all the way from

Margaret Lindsay and Phil Reed at "Anna Karenina" preview. They are often twosoming it about to Hollywood events. Nice couple.

Two men told me . .

My dentist said:

"It's a fine health habit"

"Everyone should chew Dentyne," my dentist said. He explained that it gives the mouth exercise which it fails to get from our modern soft-food diets. It strengthens the muscles and helps improve the mouth structure. It helps the normal self-cleansing action of the mouth . . . and improves the condition of the teeth. You'll notice Dentyne's firm consistency that is so important in giving you these benefits.

Jack called it

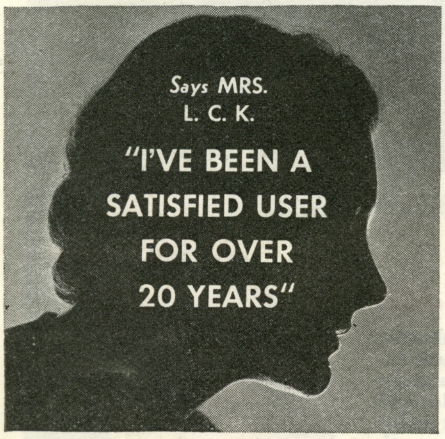
"Wonderful gum"

Men who are particular always like Dentyne I find. It has that "different" taste — spicy, lively, and refreshing. After trying Dentyne, I certainly complimented him on his good taste. Notice the handy, flat shape of Dentyne — an exclusive feature, making it convenient for your purse or vest pocket.

DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

Why Gamble
WITH DANGEROUS
METHODS OF
Marriage Hygiene



Says MRS. L. C. K.
"I'VE BEEN A SATISFIED USER FOR OVER 20 YEARS"

Free Sample

Demonstrates Amazing Doubly Effective Method!

MUST every woman live constantly in fear of suffering? "Not at all!" say many thousands who have found new happiness and confidence by using Boro-Pheno-Form in marriage hygiene. Originated by a well-known physician for his own practice, its remarkable effectiveness alone soon won coast to coast popularity. Hundreds have written of continued satisfaction 5 to 20 years or more! That record should banish doubt and fear from any mind!

So why imperil health with harsh drugs, some of which are actually poisonous? Their effect at best is perilously brief. Boro-Pheno-Form Suppositories give DOUBLE effectiveness—IMMEDIATE effectiveness on application and CONTINUED effectiveness afterward. Amazingly powerful, yet gently soothing, even beneficial, to inflamed or irritated tissues.

So convenient too! Ready to use, no clumsy apparatus—no mixing—no danger of overdose or burns, and no telltale antiseptic odor. Instead, they are actually deodorizing and are used by many fastidious women for that purpose alone. One trial will convince you that here at last is the ideal marriage hygiene method—and trial will cost you nothing. Mail the coupon below for a liberal FREE SAMPLE and informative booklet.

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. P-30
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Dr. Pierre's BORO-PHENO-FORM
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162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois
Please send me FREE SAMPLE of Boro-Pheno-Form and Free Booklet.

Name..
Address..
City..............................State...............

Brooklyn, Miss Moore."—"Here's a pencil, Miss Moore."—

The cameramen joined the crowd. "Just stand on those steps, Miss Moore, with your husband."—"Without your husband, Miss Moore!" The cameramen and autograph seekers were outyelling each other.

She looked around a little wildly. The tears spilled from her lashes. Then she turned and ran toward her stateroom and seclusion. She was halfway there when I caught up. She grabbed my hands in her two little ones and they twitched nervously.

"I, what could I do? I want to please them. But I'm so tired. I worked so hard on the picture. That banquet last night. If I don't get some sleep, I'll crack! This is awful, I wouldn't think of hurting anybody. They just don't understand. I don't understand. Don't let them think I didn't want to sign—"

She was almost hysterical. She had acted as she felt. She was being herself and that self is seasoned with pepper and ginger, cinnamon and sugar. She was angry about the photographer; ready to cry about the autograph seekers and a little frightened of the reporters. She was one big jumble of natural, effervescing emotions.

Now, any Hollywood actress would have learned with her first picture not to let photographers or reporters or autograph-seekers see her emoting. Katharine Hepburn once kicked and screamed and plumped herself on the nearest curbstone, when she felt like it. No more. Marlene Dietrich used to wear pants to formal openings when the mood seized her. Not today. Garbo did try a run-away jaunt to the Grand Canyon but she'll probably not try another.

Temperament is not in style in Hollywood any more. But Grace Moore is not a Hollywood actress. She is a prima donna. She ran away from Hollywood so she can remain what she is. *Thank goodness!*

PAPA CHAPLIN

(*Continued from page 39*)

permitted to see them. It was on the twenty-second day of August, in 1932, that for the first time, he appeared publicly with them.

HE had called Lita and secured permission to see them. At two o'clock, in an automobile, he rode proudly through the streets of Hollywood with the two youngsters beside him. He went first to the United Artists Studio. Meanwhile there was wind that "Charlie was up to something again." That happens often at the studio of this strange fellow; they never know what queer stunt Charlie's going to embark on next. His employees tiptoed around, wondered what was coming.

And then Charlie arrived with the boys. Remember, they were only six and seven, then. Well, never have Chaplin's employees been so astounded—and they've had the darndest things happen there!—as when he loudly and imperiously demanded that everybody in the studio come and see his sons. Why, the mother of Gracchi, in mythology, when she said, so that it has rung down through the centuries, "These are my jewels!"—couldn't have been one half as proud as Charlie when he told his studio staff: "These are my kids!"

"Look at them! Aren't they swell?" he demanded.

Back into the great open blue Rolls-Royce roadster they went again, after the studio had sufficiently oh-ed and ah-ed and sighed over them, and out to his Beverly Hills house. That was the beginning.

Today, they are virtually steady weekend residents there. The rest of the time, they go to a Hollywood military school—the finest, of course. That was Charlie's idea. Blisteringly denouncing what he called bringing them up as sissies, he insisted that they be reared as American kids. He demanded that they learn democratic ideals, the kind that's hammered into a guy at a military school, you know. And he insisted (this is funny!) that they learn obedience.

Well, as a matter of fact, they may be well disciplined at school but they walk over Charlie with the utmost impunity. Get them up to that Beverly Hills castle of Chaplin's, and neither Chaplin, nor Paulette Goddard, nor the servants have any more control over them than a Hottentot might have over an airplane. It's only natural, perhaps. You see, Charlie, being one of the world's most confirmed theorists, has a theory about bringing up his youngsters.

"Don't," he says, "punish them when they do something wrong. Or when they lie. It's natural in kids; it's like the animal instinct of self-preservation. You have to explain to them first what they've done was wrong, and why. Then they won't do it again. Of course, if they do, then it'd be all right to punish them."

But he never seems to get around to the punishment. Why, let me tell you some of the stunts they've pulled on papa!

ONE day, loud and urgent cries came from the Chaplin swimming pool. Coat tails flying, Papa Charlie raced to the edge, and there had to fish out his sons. Investigation showed that they had discovered papa's exercise wheel. You know—those big things you get in and turn around, and it rolls along while you go spinning upside-down-and-back. Well, they'd merely spun right into the pool.

Charlie gave them a talking to. But, "you mustn't punish them," you know, so all he did was talk.

And so came another uproar from the front of the house. There Papa Charlie beheld his youngest hanging precariously from the high limb of a tree. They got him down, somehow, and found a flock of bruises, scratches and things like that. Then papa asked how he got there.

Well, it was another of Charlie's playthings that the youngsters had adapted to their own uses. Charlie had a sort of over-grown roller-coaster, equipped with a sail—something like a land sail boat. But the boys got tired of anything as simple as that, and took off the sails to make wings with. Sydney was the first to try to fly off the roof with it.

Again Charlie talked to his sons. "You should only," he pointed out to them, "use things for what they were intended."

So he took them to a sporting goods store soon after that. It cost him $50, afterwards, to pay for the damage when they used a football for what it was intended. One of them kicked it in a little punt; the other ran it back. The showcase lost the game.

Even papa's play is mercilessly ruined by the two young Chaplins. Fishing off his yacht one day, he got a bite. That is, he thought it was a bite. He pulled in furiously. "This," he told all on board, "is a big one." It was—it was one of his own big prop shoes. The kids had tied it on his line from underneath.

CHAPLIN loves tennis. He's such an enthusiast that it drives him into spasms if he's disturbed in a game. It's more than a game with him, it's a serious occupation. And so Sydney and Charlie, Junior, take their bows and arrows, and usually at the tensest moment of the game—whizz!—there comes an arrow into the middle of the proceedings. They've lost more games for papa, that way, than you could count. Charlie talks to them about it. He tells them they shouldn't do it. "You children," he says, with that frigidly polite air grown-ups put on for recalcitrant youngsters, "must not play here. Take your bows and go up on the lawn." They do—but it's a fifty-fifty bet that something they do on the lawn will wreck papa's game just as effectively as a bow and arrow.

When they're at the Chaplin house, of course, they haven't their mother. Anyway, as this is written, Lita is East. But there's Paulette. The children adore her. They don't call her "mama," not yet anyway, but they call her, simply and charmingly, "Paulette." She has more control over them than anyone there, even including Papa Charlie himself. I'll bet anything that neither of the two kids would ever be anything but delighted if they learned, for sure, that Papa and Paulette were Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin.

But with all this, it must be honestly said concerning Charlie that he's making a go of bringing up his children. For what he neglected them before, he's more than making up. And of love, he doesn't seem to have enough for them. I've seen him in cafés, for instance, both alone and with the youngsters. Alone, he's a silent, hermit-like crab of a fellow. When the youngsters are along, he bubbles with a glee that's heart-warming, he wants everybody to come and see his youngsters, he can't find enough goodies on the menu for them. He's a different man.

The one thing Papa Charlie will not permit them is any ostentation—and consciousness that they're different from other kids. Richer, that is, or important because their dad is famous. In that, he has succeeded remarkably. So remarkably that they don't even seem to realize that Papa really *is* famous.

"Why," he explained once, "they love Mickey Mouse—but they don't even think I'm funny."

It *was* a bit wistful, though . . .

CONFESSIONS OF AN EXTRA GIRL

(*Continued from page 46*)

I've never seen anything so lovely as she was in the costume of "Romance." She took your breath away as, followed by her maid, she swept across the stage and sat down.

As she made this gesture I looked across the set and saw a handsome man in make-up and costume. Garbo's arrival seemed to electrify him. He looked at

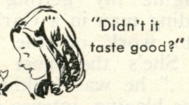
". . . and you can start blessing mother again"

HERE'S one little medicine-hater who is going to bed happy. She's just had her first taste of Fletcher's Castoria—and she loved it! Now mother is back in favor once more.

"Hurry up, Mom. We're waiting!"

Do you know that even the *taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children?

It's one laxative they take willingly. And it's very important that a child *should* take a laxative without a struggle. For the fear and resentment a child feels when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative often seriously upsets her nerves and her digestion.


"Didn't it taste good?"

But there's more to the laxative question than taste. Children's systems are sensitive, delicate. So Fletcher's Castoria is made just for children, of ingredients that are safe and suitable for a child.

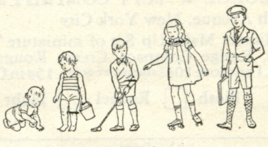
It contains no narcotics. No harsh, purging drugs such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain . . . It will never, never cause griping pain. It will not form a habit. It is gentle, yet *thorough*.

Buy a bottle today. Depend on it always until your youngest child is 11 years old. Be thrifty—buy the family-size bottle. And look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher*.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

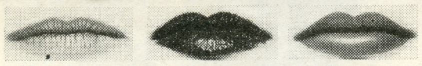
The Children's Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years

RICHARD ARLEN
PICKS
NATURAL LIPS
AS LOVELIEST!

HERE'S WHAT RICHARD ARLEN SAW



Film star chooses girl with Tangee lips in Hollywood test

Richard Arlen makes lipstick test between scenes of "Let 'em Have It," a Reliance Pictures production.

● And most men agree with Richard Arlen! They prefer lips that are rosy and soft . . . not coated with paint! If you want your lips to be lovelier, use Tangee Lipstick. It can't give you "that painted look", because *it isn't paint.* Instead, it brings out your own natural color . . . makes your lips kissable . . . more appealing. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical.

Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy, ask for Tangee and be sure you see the name Tangee on the package. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation . . . there's only one Tangee.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle

TANGEE
TANGEE ROUGE
TANGEE
TANGEE CREME ROUGE

★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY **MM105**
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name________________ Please Print
Address________________
City________________State________

her with his heart in his eyes as if he loved her more than any man had ever loved any woman. You felt as if you shouldn't be looking at him, as if you were peeping through a keyhole.

Garbo, too, seemed to feel that gaze. She looked up, smiled, and said, "Good morning," in that deep, throaty voice of hers. And as she looked at him, his face lit with a smile so glorious and wonderful that it made a lump rise in my throat.

I NOW turned to Peg and said, "Who is that man?"

She actually sniffed. "Well, Miss Ritz," she said. "You're not so smart as you thought you were." She nudged the girl next to her, "That's John Gilbert."

I looked at the man again. Why, it couldn't be Gilbert. I'd seen him many times on the screen and no make-up could so change a face. I looked back at Peg and the other girl. They were laughing at me. And I realized that war had been declared.

Peg spoke in a loud tone to her companion, "Why doesn't Miss Ritz talk to her pal, Garbo?" She turned back to me. "You and Garbo are chums, aren't you, dear? Or maybe someone in the front office got you on this set. I can't think of any other way you'd be here except by pull."

I could feel myself blushing under the make-up. "I'm here," I said as calmly as I could, "because I had a test made and it was good."

"Oh, she's had a test made. Well, isn't that just too, too divine. And tell us, angel, how you got the test?"

"I . . ." in my excitement the word had been spoken in a very loud tone and I saw the assistant director turn in our direction. "Come, come, girls, a little less noise," he called. I blushed again.

With elaborate condescension the girl next to Peg whispered, "You're supposed to be quiet on a movie set. Oh—sorry, how stupid of me to think you didn't know. The next great star, the friend of the executives must surely know *that!*"

I could feel tears coming into my eyes. But those girls must not see them. I looked back at Garbo and somehow from that lovely calm face I received comfort. I can't explain it but she had a quality that made me feel peaceful and secure. It was as if she were telling me not to mind, to have courage.

FROM looking at Garbo my eyes turned to the face of the man with his heart in his eyes—the man they had told me was John Gilbert, but wasn't. He seemed so lonely. And I was so terribly lonely. Something impelled me to walk over to him. He looked at me and smiled.

"You're new, aren't you?" he asked.

Great heavens! Was my newness sticking out all over me?

"Yes," I said.

"So am I," he said. "Terribly new. I don't know what I'd do if everyone weren't so kind."

"They've not been kind to me," I said. "I think those girls hate me. They've kidded me terribly. They told me, for instance, that you were John Gilbert."

He smiled. "I'm Gavin Gordon. Can you imagine my getting a break like this—leading man in a Garbo picture! The chance to work on the set with Miss Garbo. She's the most wonderful, the finest . . ." he was looking at her again, with those blazing, intense eyes. He didn't even notice that I had gone, that the assistant called me on the set.

The "cats" next to me were at it again. "Well, Miss Ritz, you must talk to the featured players. Us common extras aren't good enough for you, eh?"

And now the tears were really in my eyes and it was just at that moment that Mr. Brown snapped into action and a scene was in progress. Garbo was called on the set, which was supposed to be a stage entrance she was leaving. In a low tone Brown discussed the scene, the assistant standing nearby. Suddenly both Brown and the assistant looked in our direction. The assistant motioned to me—I thought. I started forward.

Peg hissed in my ear. "No, you fool, he wants me." She took a few steps.

The assistant shook his head, "No, not you," he said, "that girl in green."

I could hardly believe my ears. I was wearing a green dress!

MR. BROWN explained the action. As Miss Garbo came out of the stage entrance I was to step up to her and hand her a little bouquet of flowers. My God! I was actually doing a "bit." My first day on a set. It was all too wonderful.

The prop boy gave me the bouquet. The other girls were called over. We rehearsed the scene with me—with *me*—stepping out from the rest and handing her the bouquet. As I did so I looked up and smiled at her adoringly thinking that's what the character would do. Brown nodded his approval of the action. And Garbo, the great Garbo, smiled down at me when it was over and said, "That was fine, dear."

In a glow of pride and elation I walked back to the others and I'm sure I could not help giving Peg and her friend a glance of triumph. Would I have been human had I refrained? Peg tossed her head.

"We'll take it now," Brown said.

The cameras purred. The sound men said all was okay. The lights flashed on. And I was doing a bit.

But just as my turn came and I was about to step forward Peg whispered, "The front of your dress is open."

Instinctively my hand flew to my bosom. I hesitated and looked down at my dress. The bodice was *not* open. I took another step.

"Cut!" Brown called. And the assistant said, "What's the matter with you?"

And then, in a sudden rush of anguish, I realized that Peg had said that not in kindness but to break me up. Such a remark, I later learned, was an old and despicable trick.

I was so chagrined I could not speak. And then I heard my tormentor saying, "I can do the scene, Mr. Brown."

"All right, let's get going," the assistant said. And I had to stand there with the others and watch Peg do the little bit which had meant so much to me and out of which I had been cheated.

AH, what little dramas go on while the great dramas are being filmed! The men making the picture did not know my heart was breaking. They had their problems. They were in a hurry to do the scene and one girl was the same as another.

The scene was over. "Okay?" Brown asked.

"Okay," said the assistant, "except that girl in green wasn't smiling."

Smiling! How could I smile when my heart was a lump of lead in my chest! God! What a business.

The rest of the day is a nightmare to me. I did find, when I got the courage to talk to some of the others, that Peg and her friend were noted for their petty meannesses and that nobody liked them. They certainly were not typical extra girls and it was just my bad luck being placed next to them. But—and I'll tell

Parties look up when Mae West appears. Here she is at Grand Hotel opening with big Jim Timony, her perennial escort about town.

about this later—I did have a chance to even scores with Peg, during the coming months. And, here's some irony, when I saw the picture the "bit" had been cut out!

Drama! There was Gavin Gordon on that set hopelessly in love with Garbo—or at least his eyes told me so. (And where is Gavin Gordon now?) And there was I my hopes of stardom shattered once more. (And where am I now?) Hopeless Hollywood. Poor, hopeless Hollywood!

WHEN the day finally ended, I turned my costume back to the wardrobe department and wearily climbed the stairs to the extras' room to take off my make-up.

I sat alone in one corner of the room, listening to the girls talking. Some of them had been called back for the next day. I had not been called. I would never be called again. I could not do the most simple "bit."

I walked out on the little balcony and looked across the green lawn. I had failed, miserably and completely. I didn't care now. No one could heckle me, no one could see. So I let the tears run down my cheeks.

And suddenly I heard a voice. "What's the matter, dear?" the voice asked. I turned wearily and there standing beside me was Joan Crawford.

Something about her made me know that I could talk to her.

And it all came out in a rush. I told her everything that had happened—why I had failed and how I felt.

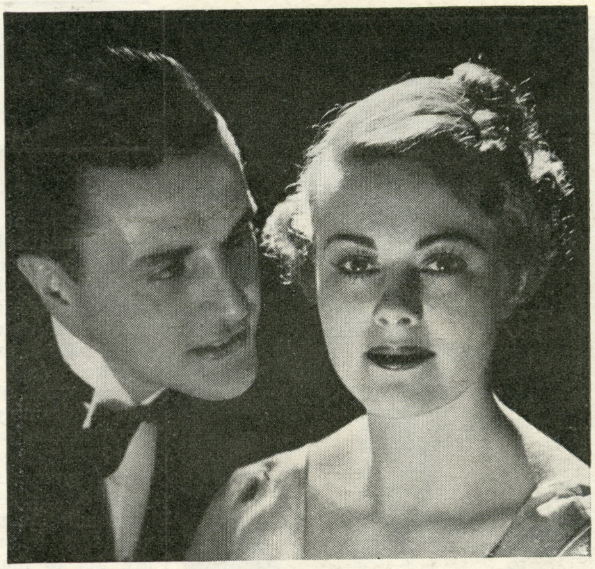
She took my hand in hers. "Look at me," she said. With the back of her other hand she gave me a little slap under the chin. "Keep that chin up," she said. "Smile!"

I obeyed her command. I felt better already. "Now listen," she went on. "At ten o'clock tomorrow morning you meet me at the gate. We're going to show those girls. I'm going to get you a job—yes, a job in pictures. Why, that's a *real* smile. Now go home and forget today. Tomorrow is coming."

Yes, tomorrow was coming and with it an amazing experience for me. I knew it. I felt it. Next month I'll tell you all about it.

She Knew Every Beauty Secret.. Except the Most Important One

Yes, she used powder, rouge and lipstick, wore a seductive perfume, but neglected her eyes—her lashes were so skimpy that her eyes looked dull, lifeless.



Then Came this Magic Change

Her lashes now look long and silky, giving her eyes life and glamour—Winx Mascara transformed her into a perfect beauty.

YOU'LL never know the amazing, beautifying change that will come over your face until you darken your lashes with Winx Mascara.

You may not think your lashes are skimpy, but just see how a touch of Winx gives them an entrancing, long, silky look. Lovely eyes in 40 seconds! . . . the fascinating allure that men can't resist.

I present Winx Mascara in two convenient forms, Winx Emollient (cake) and Winx Creamy Liquid (bottle). You can apply Winx perfectly, instantly, easily with the dainty brush that comes with each package. Each form is the climax of years of pioneering in eye beautification—each is smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—each is scientifically approved.

Buy whichever form of Winx Mascara you prefer *today.* See how quickly Winx glorifies your lashes. Note it's superiority. And think of it—long, lovely lashes are yours so inexpensively, so easily.

Louise Ross

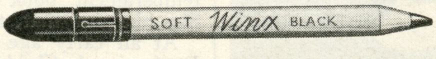
WINX

Eye Beautifiers

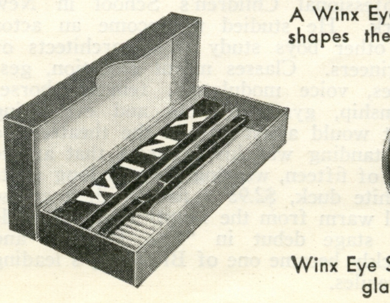
10¢

Winx Cake Mascara—for years the most popular form of all. So easy to apply. Its soothing emollient oils keep lashes soft, silky.

Winx Creamy Liquid Mascara. Absolutely waterproof. Ready to apply. No water needed. The largest selling liquid mascara.



A Winx Eyebrow Pencil molds and shapes the brows with charming curves.



Winx Eye Shadow gives depth and glamour to the eyes.

WINX
Waterproof
WINX
Liquid

appealing·beguiling

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAYON)

FAOEN No. 44—Warm, vibrant, floral and alluring.

FAOEN No. 3—Oriental, exotic, clinging.

FAOEN No. 12—Delicate, refreshing, fragrant.

FAOEN No. 19—Fresh, elusive, intriguing.

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

10c IN TEN CENT TUCKAWAY SIZES AS ILLUSTRATED AT ALL 5 & 10c STORES

HE'S LOOKING FOR A SWEETHEART

(*Continued from page 37*)

of the life of practically any of Hollywood's unattached actresses inevitably includes a Raymond episode. He scores top-high with his fans, too. On a recent personal appearance trip, feminine furors in nine major cities brought out the police to handle crowds around his hotel and theatre. And in New York, where he spends most of his off-screen interludes, he's undeniably the debs' delight. Blue Book mamas practically turn Emily Postian handsprings for the honor of young Mr. Raymond's presence at a coming-out party or a weekend at Newport.

In addition to his popularity and handsomeness, he has all the other items that are apt to make the ladies go after his sentimental scalp—fame and a fortune and one of the brightest futures in the film colony.

AND yet Gene Raymond told me, "I've never been in love because no girl has ever given me a chance to be"—and told me the truth. But if it takes as much truth to convince you as I made him relate to convince me, then you're an old skeptic too. So maybe we'd better go back to the beginning, to the very beginning of Gene Raymond.

It's the darndest thing, his being in pictures anyway. It's story-book, almost, for a mother to say, "My first-born shall be an actor," and have it really happen. But Mrs. Guion, a native of Alsace, is one of the most remarkable women I have ever met. From her, her son inherited much of his determination and quiet poise and characteristically French *joie-de-vivre.* With those three qualities and his mother's ambitions as well as his own, it isn't so story-book after all, that he's Hollywood's Prince Charming today.

I knew what she meant when she told me Gene was a 'pretty little fellow' as a child. Not that he couldn't skin a fence or a cat as professionally as any other Long Island kid, but there was a certain soft fairness about his skin and features that's unusual in boys. You notice it now, first thing, off-screen—a sort of scrubbed-clean-behind-the-ears look, a firm, fresh blondness that strikes you as being more wholesome, really, than handsome. You'd take him for a Dartmouth senior or a young Wall Streeter before you'd ever suspect him of being an actor. He's much too down-to-earth to even look or behave like a celebrity, and you like him for it.

I don't think Gene is a 'born actor' anyway. He's a very skilled craftsman who has learned his tools and his workmanship, who makes a pure business of his art. There's none of the divine urge or temperament bunk about him, and you like him for that, too.

At an early age he was placed in the Professional Children's School in New York. He studied to become an actor as other boys study to be architects or engineers. Classes meant elocution, gestures, voice modulation, fencing, horsemanship, gym—anything and everything that would assist him in the theatre. So outstanding was his progress that at the age of fifteen, wearing his first long pants (white duck, $2.95 a pair, with a crease still warm from the family iron) he made his stage debut in "The Potters" and quickly became one of Broadway's leading juveniles.

A FEW more seasons on the boards, a smash hit in the leading role of "Young Sinners" which ran for two years, and it was inevitable that Hollywood, bearing fat contracts, should knock long and loudly on his dressing-room door. Gene, twenty-one and fond of the footlights, wasn't so keen about putting his John Henry on a dotted line that could tie him down to talkies only. He finally came West under what was and has remained the only gentleman's agreement in the film colony—Mr. Jesse Lasky was to have first call on his services. Under that arrangement Gene enjoyed until recently a sort of glorified free-lance career, playing the roles he wanted, not the ones that might be dished out to him were he under contract. A month or so ago, however, RKO persuaded him to sign a long term contract, and have big things planned for him.

It's amusing to hear him tell about his first year in pictures. He was scared to death he wouldn't ditto his stage success before the camera. So he rented a seventeen-room house, wrote home for mother, and promptly interned himself in his seventeen rooms like a bearded old hermit. He spent his evenings studying German grammar instead of girls, reciting lines instead of sweet nothings. Frankly, he'd never done a great deal of dating anyway. Getting ahead in the theatre had consumed his time and interest before, then along came a tough new job in pictures that didn't leave him much time to consider the belles of California and how they blossom.

I think the romance angle of Gene's life might have been much different if he had gone about socially that first year. To the girls he courted he would have been just Gene Raymond, a nice young man. But by the time he had leisure for dinners and dances and evenings à deux he was Gene Raymond, idol. Young actor with a couple of hit pictures behind him and all the glamor that goes with screen success. A celebrity whom women insisted upon treating as such—and that's just the reason one celebrity's still single.

GENE RAYMOND doesn't go for high-powered, open adoration no matter whose brand it is—star, fan or society girl!

It takes a stuffed shirt to really believe applause, to really believe he's a national object of romantic interest, something extra special in the way of a young man. And Gene's no stuffed shirt. Contrary to many lime-lighted males he has no theatrical sense of himself. Instead, he's sane and sensible and down-to-earth enough to want and to demand to be treated like a plain, nice young man—not a hero.

I've watched Gene in lots of flattering situations. I've seen him surrounded by women at more than one cocktail party, I've heard six feminine "hellos" on his telephone inside of thirty minutes. I've even seen him stop traffic at Broadway and 50th Street. Outside his hotel in Chicago not long ago, more than a thousand women waited an entire morning to see him come out; at his theatre another vast crowd stood under his dressing-room window in the rain, shouting to him to throw his cigarette butts to them. Adoration like that, I thought, wouldn't exactly do to a young man what water does to a duck's back. I asked Gene to tell me the honest-to-goodness truth.

"How," I asked him one afternoon when we munched pretzels and downed punch at a sidewalk café, "how does it make you feel to be treated like a tin god? To have practically every girl you meet instantly sizzle with sentimental hope, cash your slightest congenial compliment at ten times its face value and promptly fall on your neck with words—if not arms?"

Gene shrugged his somewhat massive shoulders, lighted a cigarette and spoke very seriously. "Honestly—please don't misunderstand this—but I hate it. I *hate* it. It's forced me to cultivate a characteristic I loathe in myself—it's made me wary of women.

"Listen, I know I'm not anything wonderful. I know it isn't really I that they admire, it's the men I portray on the screen. It's the lines I say and the make-up and lighting and background and all the other artificialities. I could be the same person and drive a truck for a living and I'd go about unnoticed.

"So when women, as you say, 'make a fuss' over me I feel exactly as though I'm being lied to. I wonder what I have that they want—certainly not myself. I distrust them and I'm embarrassed and I want to get away as soon as I can.

IT does another thing to me, too. If a woman meets me and doesn't 'make a fuss' over me I'm forced to think she's being cagey, using reverse strategy. It's a natural reaction. I don't want to think those things, but if you had this to go through, you would, too.

"And that's why I mean it when I say no girl has ever given me a chance to fall in love. I'm just like any other fellow. I want to do my own pursuing. I want to go about under normal social circumstances and be able to tell when a girl likes me for myself and nothing else.

"That would be necessary and right, before I could fall in love."

You wouldn't like Gene if he really took all the flattery he gets to heart, if he accepted being fussed over as though he were divinely entitled to it. He's simply a young business man with no more glorified an opinion of himself than the boy next door or the date you had last night.

AND when Gene marries what will he want—beside a girl who will treat him like a regular human being? I asked him that too.

"Of course I want to marry. I want to love and be loved as every man wants those things. As for my ideal girl—well, I do have ideals and preferences. I could say I like independent girls, girls who have known what it is to make their way in the world and really meet life like a trouper. I could say I'm partial to brown eyes and good athletes and southern accents. I could build an ideal. . . ."

Gene lit another cigarette and grinned. "But you know—you know as well as I do that when I fall I'll just fall. And whether she incorporates all my ideals or not, won't matter."

So there you are with the exposé of Gene's bachelordom in a nutshell. It's an interesting piece of psychology to remember, too, if you're ever after the sentimental scalp of a widely popular young man—the campus hero or the best-looking lifeguard at the beach. Treat him exactly like any other not-so-hot male and he'll like you for it.

Gene told me I couldn't tell this.

He said, "The missing romance chapter in my life? Say listen, it's really *missing*. You can't tell that story—it *isn't!*"

Well, I don't know. I think it *is*, don't you?

(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs—perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

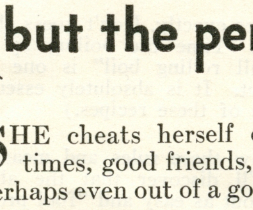
That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

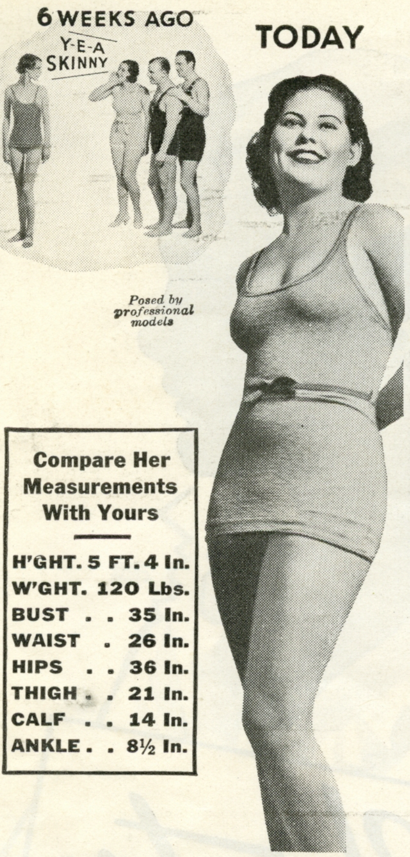
You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the *odor* of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!



Compare Her Measurements With Yours

H'GHT. 5 FT. 4 In.
W'GHT. 120 Lbs.
BUST . . 35 In.
WAIST . 26 In.
HIPS . . 36 In.
THIGH . . 21 In.
CALF . . 14 In.
ANKLE . . 8½ In.

NEW "7-POWER" YEAST ADDS 5 TO 15 LBS. QUICK

Richest imported ale yeast now concentrated 7 times with three special kinds of iron in pleasant tablets

AN AMAZING new "7-power" yeast discovery is putting pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh on thousands of "skinny," run-down people who never could gain an ounce before.

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful*. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many who need these vital health-building elements, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try this wonderful new "7-power" Ironized Yeast for just a few short weeks. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 310, Atlanta, Ga.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

(Continued from page 63)

in a 2 quart sieve, over a deep bowl. Place a double layer of cheese cloth in a smaller sieve. Run enough juice through this to make 4 cups of strained juice. Make this juice into jelly as follows:

GRAPE JELLY

4 cups juice
7½ cups sugar (3¼ pounds)
½ bottle fruit pectin

Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan. Stir until sugar has melted. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and add bottled fruit pectin at once, stirring constantly. Bring to a full rolling boil, then boil ½ minute. Remove from heat, skim and pour quickly into hot sterilized glasses. Makes about 11 (6 ounce) glasses.

GRAPE BUTTER

Rub grapes, from which juice has drained through sieve. There should be 4½ cups of pulp. (If there is not quite enough, use any excess grape juice or add water to fill up the last ½ cup.) To grape pulp add sugar and fruit pectin in the following proportions:

4½ cups pulp
7 cups (3 pounds) sugar
½ bottle fruit pectin

Measure grape pulp and sugar into large saucepan or preserving kettle. Mix well, bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire, stirring constantly, both before mixture reaches a boil and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from heat and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Pour quickly into hot sterilized jelly glasses. Makes approximately 11 (6 ounce) glasses.

(Follow recipes exactly. Don't guess about measurements. Time the boiling *by the clock*. A "full rolling boil" is one you cannot stir out. It is absolutely essential to the success of these recipes.)

IF you follow these rules and measurements you'll discover that the above recipes are about as easy and "fool proof" as anything you've ever tried. The addition of bottled fruit pectin cuts down both the chances of failure and the time of boiling. Pectin, you know, is what makes fruit jell. In this refined, concentrated form it contains definite jelly-making strength for specified quantities. Where the most experienced jelly makers in the old days sometimes had failure, nowadays, by using this bottled produce the veriest amateur can be assured in advance of success.

And now let me describe briefly the jelly-and-jam-dishes made according to the O'Brien recipes. I don't want to go into a detailed description here because I'll be only too delighted to send you the recipes themselves. All I want to do at this time is give you some idea of the delicious treats you will learn how to make just by sending for Mrs. O'Brien's recipes. Pat thinks they're great—and so will you!

As usual I've had these four recipes made up into leaflet form—four unusual recipes this month! Yet they call for only the simplest ingredients—the kind that may be found on the shelves of your kitchen closet or any grocery store. Oh yes! That reminds me. Even if you don't want to attempt to make your own jams and jellies, you still will want to have these recipes, for your grocer carries many first rate jams and jellies, too, which you can use most economically in making up these dishes. But be sure you buy a brand that you know by name and reputation so that you will be sure of uniformly good results when making Pat O'Brien's favorite dishes.

First in importance of these sweets is the Jelly Roll that I was privileged to sample. To Mrs. O'Brien's proportions I have added my own description of the easiest way I have discovered to *roll* a Jelly Roll. I'm sure you'll be as glad to learn this simple little "trick" as you will be to learn the correct proportions for making a light textured cake.

The second of the recipe cards will describe to you how to make a Jam Pie. If you're looking for a new pie filling, here's your golden opportunity!

The third recipe card brings you directions for making the little Jelly Meringue Tarts so temptingly pictured at the beginning of this article. Under their meringue and cocoanut topping there is a cocoanut custard filling that is just about the simplest thing I've ever made. Under the custard there is jam (of course there would be, since it's a Pat O'Brien favorite!). Incidentally, this same recipe can be used to make a novel filling for a cocoanut custard pie—one with an O'Brien touch!

On the fourth card I'm giving you a recipe for Spiced Grape Relish. You'll be surprised to discover what a festive touch such a relish supplies when served with an otherwise prosaic roast.

The coupon will bring all these recipes to you at no cost and with practically no effort. If you have a sweet tooth you'll love them all. And if you have a man in your family he'll love you for cooking for him the same dishes that Eloise serves to her typical he-man husband, Pat O'Brien.

You'll recall that it's often said that "men are just grown-up boys." Well there's certainly one thing they *never* outgrow and that's their liking for jellies and jams. This month's recipe leaflet will teach you so many practical and novel ways to cater to this liking that you should really send for your *free* set of these recipe cards NOW.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

Please send me Pat O'Brien's recipes for October, 1935, at no cost to me.

Name.............................

Address.............................
(Street and Number)

....
(City) (State)

NO GREATER THAN THEIR DIRECTORS

(*Continued from page 31*)

Although this is an unusual case—if it were not, we would have few good pictures—it is used here because it so strikingly illustrates one of the simplest truths about making pictures. No matter how capable the actor or actress, no matter how clever the story (and this was one of the best), no matter how well-adapted the script, how excellent the photography, the musical score, etc., in the end no picture is greater than the man who directs it.

The great directors of Hollywood are its unsung heroes; the poor ones its unpunished civilians.

Although we give the glory to the actor, if we are honest in our research, we discover those actors and actresses whom we love most dearly and admire most intelligently are the ones who have been fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a great director for at least one *name-making* picture.

Today, when you say Myrna Loy or William Powell, what picture do you think of at the same instant?—"Thin Man," of course!

Both Myrna Loy and William Powell were fine actors before W. S. Van Dyke handled them in this record-breaking production. They had been in Hollywood many years. But had their names become household words as had Clara Bow's, Greta Garbo's, Lon Chaney's, Jean Harlow's, etc.? Myrna had had modest fame, won from playing exotic roles, largely Oriental. Bill had been sure-fire for consistent laughs. And then someone handed W. S. Van Dyke the script for "Thin Man" with the names of Myrna Loy and William Powell pencilled on it. "Van," as Hollywood calls this two-fisted, hard-crusted man, knew that one director after another had refused to do that story. But he was used to being sent to the South Seas ("White Shadows"); to Africa ("Trader Horn") or the Arctic Ocean ("Eskimo") without uttering a grumble even though he detests travel and "location" pictures. He is one director who has never said "no" to a picture.

The fact that Van never says "no" was the luckiest thing that ever happened to Myrna Loy or William Powell. Myrna became a star—Bill a great star. The world sang their praises. Justly so. They proved themselves capable of living up to the genius of the man who directed them. His praises went unsung because it is the custom to sing only to the spectacular. Since the director never appears on the screen he is never spectacular.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Clark Gable. How quickly the words "It Happened One Night" follow the mental flash of their names. Again, both were well-known. However, it had been a long time since Clark Gable had had a truly great picture. The very fact he was loaned to Columbia for this production showed Clark's prestige was not at the top. Studios seldom loan top-notchers. He told me, "I was slipping. I knew I was slipping. To tell the truth, I didn't want to make that picture. I didn't like the idea of being loaned. I told Frank Capra so. I had to apologize afterwards. I couldn't and wouldn't have done anything else. I know what Frank did for

MIRIAM HOPKINS

Starring in Pioneer's

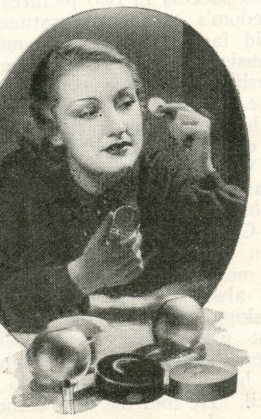
"BECKY SHARP"

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

Miriam Hopkins

Reveals Her Beauty Secret

...and Another Woman Becomes Beautiful



JANET ROSS

Tells Her Own Story About

Color Harmony Make-Up

"MAX FACTOR'S POWDER brought out unexpected beauty in my face through the magic of its color harmony shades. I find it clings for hours, and makes my skin appear satin-smooth even in a close-up.

"MAX FACTOR'S ROUGE is creamy-smooth, and blends so perfectly that the lovely tones appear to be my own coloring. It keeps its true color in any light because the color harmony shades are light-tested.

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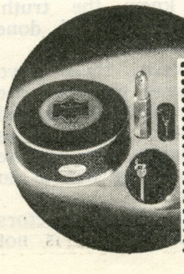

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me in that picture. I'll never forget."

Claudette Colbert told me, with her traditional, frank manner, "An actress must have a great picture to become known as a great actress. I had 'Cleopatra' and 'It Happened One Night' in the same year. That was more luck than in all the rest of the years added together."

Two people who realize what they owe to the quiet-mannered, unassuming little Italian who once worked in the technical department at Columbia. Frank Capra's one rule for a picture is—*make it simple.*

Capra wanted Clark Gable for "Broadway Bill" and Clark wanted to play it so badly he offered to do it for nothing. "It would be worth it to be with Capra again," he said. And I think the only time Clark Gable has been jealous in his life was when Warner Baxter played the role.

Victor Schertzinger knows music. Very few men or women in Hollywood have the musical training or knowledge of this director. He studied in Brussels, was a concert violinist with Sembrich, Sousa, Prior, Calve and appeared by himself for several years upon the musical stages of Europe. He was the first man to write a musical score for a motion picture—"Civilization."

When producer Harry Cohn had the shrewd foresight to place him behind the microphone on "One Night of Love," he made himself several million dollars, and turned Grace Moore from a woman, who had had no success in two pictures, to one of picturedom's greatest sensations. We can't avoid facts! Grace had made two other musical pictures and the world wasn't rushing to name perfumes, soaps, breads, etc., for her. But then a musical genius, who also knew pictures took her in hand, even to writing the script!

"Little Women," "Bill of Divorcement" and Katharine Hepburn! When you think of them you should think *first* of the name —George Cukor. Supposing Hepburn had first fallen into the hands of a director who did not understand her red-pencil type. (I always think of a red pencil when thinking of Katy because nothing stands out more than a red pencil on white paper.) Cukor not only knows how to direct but he knows how to handle a red-pencil. He told me of a scene which he calls typical.

THE day when she was to carry Jean Parker down the stairs in "Little Women," she had not been too well. Her father, a physician to whom she had just paid a visit in the East, had instructed her not to carry anything heavy. When director Cukor told her to carry Jean Parker, she answered, "My daddy told me not to carry anything heavy!"

"Then don't do it!" Cukor snapped.

"Let me try!" Hepburn retorted.

Cukor restrained his smile. He had what he wanted. By telling Hepburn to do as she pleased, she had done as he wanted.

And the day after this picture was finished, Katy told me, "'Little Women' is a great picture because George Cukor is great. I want him to direct my other pictures. I do not want anyone else to direct me. *A picture is no greater than its director!*"

Katharine Hepburn knew the truth. She appreciated what Cukor had done for her.

This situation between these two brings out another striking proof of the necessity of a director understanding and valuing correctly his star. Hepburn is greater when Cukor directs her because he has the knack of inspiring her to do her best dramatic work.

I will tell you a secret. Many directors are afraid of her. But Cukor is not afraid. The set on which they work is always barred even to within-the-studio-visitors. Cukor says, "That is because even studio people might misunderstand." Misunderstand the battles. Katy yelling and using explosive but illustrative language. Cukor telling her to, "keep still and do as you please." Here is a man who understands the woman who gives her best when she is exploding. Few men understand explosive women. A man who does not should never direct Katharine Hepburn, Constance Bennett, Jean Arthur, Nancy Carroll or Lupe Velez. The world miscalls these folk "temperamental." George Cukor denies this. "They are as God made them and will do their best work only as He intended."

HAVE you seen Freddie March equal his performance in "Les Miserables?" He has given us some splendid performances before but I think we are safe in saying this is his first "inspired" one. He was playing in competition with one of the greatest of actors, Charles Laughton. Fredric March had to be inspired. And what inspiration is better than competition? Director Richard Boleslawski is one of the shrewdest readers of character in Hollywood. Just how much he did to make these two great actors realize the greatness of each other is not written on any studio records!

Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell and director Frank Borzage! Here is another secret I believe to be untold. Frank Borzage believes romance filters through a screen and out into the bosoms of an audience more poignantly when his leading man and leading lady feel real emotion for one another. Only those who worked with Janet and Charlie Farrell know the intense encouragement Director Frank gave to these newcomers in "Seventh Heaven" when they began to look romantically at one another. He would invite the two of them to dine with him to "talk over the picture!" Incidentally, when he directed Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy in the picture in which they met (and I wish the world would remember what Hollywood knows but seldom says—Spencer Tracy and his wife had separated *before* Loretta and Spencer met) you would see Director Frank and his two stars dining frequently together to "talk over the story."

Of course, this story would not be complete without a mention of Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg. And this is the final proof. Marlene Dietrich is more beautiful, more charming, more alluring today than when she arrived in this country—a bashful, chubby, mystified German Frau. Her legs are more beautiful now than when they were first publicized. She refused to be directed by anyone else because she felt Von Sternberg to be the greatest director in pictures. Her loyalty was a great and deserved compliment.

I caught Von Sternberg in an off-stage moment when they had completed a production which the critics had not considered as great as some former ones made by these two. It happens that Von Sternberg has always proved his greatness by his honesty. There is no "humbug" about him. He is both a great director and a great man. He said, "There are just so many great stories in any one man. They come or they don't come. I need a vacation."

I suppose there are always exceptions—yet when we delve deeply enough we usually discover exceptions do prove the rule. I was chatting with Edward Arnold during a lull in the making of "Diamond Jim." He said, "George Arliss is a great director." Remember they worked together in "Cardinal Richlieu." Someone who had worked with Mae West might have said the same of her. These two *are* the powers behind their own thrones. . . . They do as much of the directing as the director. So even the exception proves—no star is greater than the man or woman who directs him!

Ginger and Fred Teach You "The Piccolino"

(*Continued from page 33*)

as described above, four times only this time doing a complete box.

(5-6) The Piccolino Whirl—repeat the step, dip, kick combination, described above, twice. The girl then stands still while the man takes three steps around her, starting with his right foot. The man then stands still, as the girl steps around him. Repeat three times, alternating man and girl. On the man's last turn he catches the girl in ballroom position and they both do a complete turn.

(7) Man takes girl's right hand in his. Partners do small steps, starting with the right foot, to counts of one-two, one-two-three.

(8-9-10) The Piccolino Spin—Partners come together in ballroom position, stepping with left foot and kicking high in back with right. Do this four times moving in small circle and putting plenty of zip into it. Partners stop facing each other for one count.

(11-12) The finale—do the Piccolino Step and finish with the Piccolino Whirl in which man and girl alternately step around each other and end, then do turn.

Jean Harlow and Marlene Dietrich pose for Scotty on the Trocadero steps.

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It Isn't in the Dictionary

(*Continued from page 45*)

down off it again. She let Jack Gilbert chase her through a forest—that was in "La Boheme"—but she never let him catch her. That was the secret. The men never caught the spiritual type. That's why the next type—Clara Bow, the flapper, the "it" girl, was such a welcome relief.

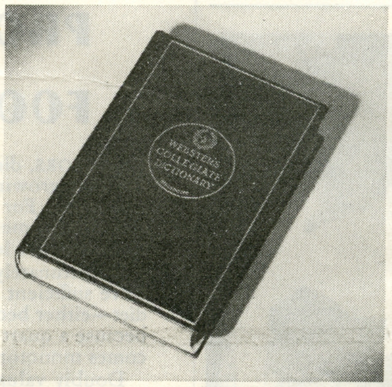
SUDDENLY, when men were all exhausted and panting from chasing the hundreds of Lillian Gishes they couldn't catch (and what's the use of catching a girl who appeals to your Better Nature anyhow?), Elinor Glyn appeared. She coined a new word. The word was "it"—and did she start something!

Clara Bow—and all her thousands of imitators—had "it." Great big scissors were brought out and the fluttering, ankle-length dimities were chopped off at the knees. Little bobbing curls were whacked off with the same scissors and you had a wind-blown bob. The reformers "tchted" "tchted" "tchted" at the flappers and "it" girls (there had been not a single "tcht" for Gish) but the men loved 'em. (The reformers loved 'em, too, if the truth were known, but were in the habit of "tchting.")

It was easy to be an "it" girl. You just ran wild all over the place, were just a little madcap, free as the wind.

You had to have a lot of pep and vigor to be an "it" girl. It was just go, go, go from morning until night. Anything for a laugh—jump in the pool with your clothes on, ride a bucking bronco bareback, stand on your head if you felt like it. I suppose it was sheer exhaustion that made us turn to glamor.

We all turned to glamor when the Chief dumped Garbo at the Santa Fe station in Los Angeles. Nobody knew we would—least of all the Swedish girl who was dumped.



GARBO was tired. The California climate didn't agree with her. She didn't slither. She didn't flutter. She didn't bounce. She just sat with her eyes half shut because the sun hurt her eyes. And that, gentle reader, was how glamor was born.

Imitating Clara Bow had worn us all out. Gosh, but it was nice to sit or recline and exude glamor. In the dictionary, incidentally, the word is defined like this, "Glamor—magic or enchantment; magic influence; spell; witchery; hence, alluring and often illusory charm."

Now you never saw a very busy or active witch, did you? The mystic ones who deal in spells invariably just sit and stir a pot. So the glamor girls just sat. They didn't talk much—that might break the spell (and sometimes did)—they didn't do much. They just looked pale and pretty and the men were entranced because they, too, were tired chasing the "it" girls. And for awhile they didn't catch on that this new behavior on the part of their women folk was glamor. They thought, "Now there's a nice dumb girl who won't give me any trouble."

It was when the attitude got tagged with a word that the men caught on. And that's why the style has now changed. They're on to our tricks, sisters. They've tumbled that it's just good old sex appeal after all.

And then along came Myrna Loy.

Of course, Mae West had arrived and done her bit in a good cause. But she didn't fool anybody. You knew right away that Mae had sex appeal. And if the younger boys didn't believe it—they just asked Dad. And *he* knew. Mae didn't create a vogue. Mae didn't induce women to go in for hips and tiny waists. The girls looked at her and said "How quaint" and went on being glamorous.

But little Myrna has a new slant. You can't classify her—and that's why she's so deadly. She certainly doesn't vamp anybody. Dear me no! Not by the farthest stretch of the imagination is she a Gish. And certainly you wouldn't call her anything so old-fashioned as an "it" girl. Glamor? No, no, she's much too down to earth for that.

Watch her screen technique. She's a good pal, quick on the uptake, cute (but never coy), attractive, regular.

AND if you get in on that style while it is still young, before men catch on that it's just another link in the sex appeal chain—baby, you'll go far.

Myrna and her technique—they're both as modern as Vitamin E. Smart, sophisticated, chic and palsy-walsy. Watch her, copy her before someone comes along with something else and you're too late. And maybe it's better that we haven't a word for Myrna's type yet. Words spoil the illusion. And words (and this is important, girl friends) tip men off that it's an act—the same old act that wowed Adam in the Garden of Eden. Because no matter how you say it it's the same old thing—just dressed up in a smart frock. "It" or glamor, allure or charm. Put 'em all together and they spell sex.

Oh, by the way, Myrna Loy isn't the only cinema gal with the new technique. No, siree, there's someone right on her own Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot who has the now formula down pat. And that girl is none other than charming Rosalind Russell.

Everyone is going for her in a big way because she belongs to this new school of smartness. She's snappy, alert, quick on the trigger and a real pal to the boy friend. Very much like Myrna—in fact there's a facial resemblance between these two that is positively astounding. You've noticed it, no doubt.

Men are falling hard for this 1935 version companion-sweetheart. So get busy and see if you can't acquire this new "it." These two cinema charmers are grand patterns to follow. It mightn't be a bad idea to take a few tips from them.

Maybe we should call what Myrna does —Loytering. Oh well, let it go. I can't be shot for trying!

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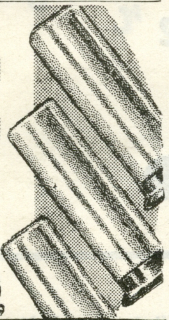

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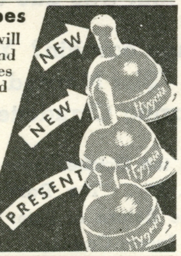

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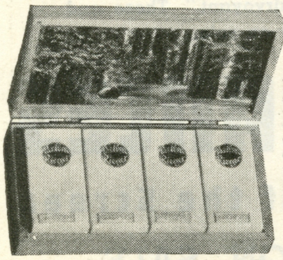

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Grammar school was the end of Nelson's formal education. There was to be no high school, no college for him. At the age of fourteen he left the classroom forever and began, then, the self-education which—but of that more later on.

"I was," the golden baritone told me, "a very dull child. I was good. I was obedient. I was a bit timid—I didn't run with gangs. If a big fellow wanted to take a poke at me, I'd let him take it rather than start a fight. My deportment in school was always and consistently 'D'—not because I was personally mischievous but because I always was minding other fellows' business, poking my nose in where it didn't belong. Meddling.

"I liked little girls. More especially little girls with *curls*. And I manifested my liking by pulling their curls, teasing them, sneering loudly, 'Aw, an old *girl!*'"

He first fell in love when he was seven and in the third grade. He said, reminiscently, "That was my first love affair. Doubtless the recipient of my rather murderous attentions didn't know then and doesn't realize to this day—if she remembers me at all—that it was love that was animating me. How should she? But it really was. I was seven, the young lady must have been all of six. Her name was Doris—you see, I *do* remember—and she had very pullable, golden curls, and sweet blue eyes. I teased her daily, hourly, all of the time. I threw spitballs at her. I dipped her curls in inkwells. I climaxed my attentions one day by chasing her home from school, throwing stones at her as she ran. Weird and wonderful are the ways of small boys, for all the time I was thinking how pretty she was, how much I loved her. At last, one particularly well-aimed stone cut her across the eye, a really bad gash. I followed her into her house and, above the din of her justifiable wails, unctuously asked her mother if I might be allowed to put butter on the bruise. My mother, I said angelically, had always told me that butter was very good. And her mother, touched by so much manly solicitude on my part, allowed me to minister to the hurt I had inflicted. She never knew, until later, that I was the culprit, the desperado of love. That must have been a shock to her illusions!

CURIOUS. Perhaps in some obscure way I fancied myself as Dan Cupid pursuing the victim of my affection with bow and arrow. I don't know, I only know that it was love I felt. Love was in my mind. I was moony regularly about her. When I graduated from school, some years later, she was in the auditorium. I saw her there and planned to speak to her after the commencement exercises. But when I went to look for her she had gone and I've never seen her again. Doris—where, I wonder, is she?

"At the age of thirteen I had my next emotional disturbance. I was spending part of that summer at Sakonnet Point, R. I. There was a little casino there where the summer folk danced two or three times a week. I got the job of ticket collector and had permission to dance when duty permitted. I always gravitated immediately to the acknowledged belle of the place, the daughter of the local constable. I had overcome considerably my third-grade shyness or I could never have asked her to dance with me, since I couldn't dance!

"She was very kind and patient with me, teaching me how to place my feet and go one-two, one-two so that I could, at least, circle ineptly about the ball-room. And the circle, that ancient and traditional mystic sign, caught us in the ring of love.

"We did all of the 'teenish things. We carved our initials on the trunks of trees, heart-enclosed. We rode bicycles together. We took long walks, saying nothing and feeling all of the inexplicable keen agony of love at thirteen. Love which has no tongue, no voice, only a heart!

"It all came to what seemed to me a tragic and frustrated end when, seated cozily behind a rock one day—getting up courage to kiss her cool cheek—her father, the constable, loomed up behind us and in the best movie-constable blood-and-thunder voice bade me begone and his young daughter to run home to Maw and he'd tend to her later!

"And so, we didn't kiss. We never kissed at all, my sweetheart of thirteen summers, and I.

"Later, much later, came a love which dyed my life with all the colors of the spectrum, from sombre purple which is for pain to the reds and ambers of joy. But that is another, a much later part of my story."

WE must diverge now to the day of young Nelson's graduation from grammar school—his last day in any classroom.

For at this time of his life his mother and father decided to divorce and Nelson, instinctively and naturally, went with his mother. He was fourteen when his parents dissolved their marriage. He says of them now. "Two perfectly swell people who just couldn't get along, temperamentally."

Two wise people, too, who believed that a child should not be torn between two parents. A mother whose great love claimed her son. A father who acknowledged that love and gave it way.

And a little fourteen-year-old lad who had, now, to make his own way in the world.

Mother and son departed from Philadelphia and the Mott Iron Works owned by Nelson's maternal uncle. There was the promise of a job as telephone operator for the boy. The promise was kept. Nelson plugged the switchboard and, a little later, was made shipping clerk which, he said, meant "underdog." "I was pretty young," said Nelson, "and I hadn't the ghost of an idea as yet what my role in life was to be. But one thing I did know—that it was *not* to be that of underdog."

And so, it is this same quality which, today, makes him take his scripts home, read the scene into the virgin record of a phonograph, then "act" with the records, thus learning his lines and perfecting all of the nuances at incredible speed—this

NELSON EDDY'S TRUE LIFE STORY

(*Continued from page 29*)

mother taught him the fundamentals of music. She read scores with him. And often, when she was practising a solo for her church, the little golden-haired boy would like it and beg her to teach it to him. She would and so, on a given hour of a Sunday morning, the mother and son would be singing the same solo, both golden-haired, both young.

BUT at no time did the boy dream or plan to become a professional singer. Nor did his mother, music-conscious as she was, seem to be aware that her son's slender throat lodged a miracle of sound.

He wanted, as a matter of fact, to become a civil engineer. "I didn't," he told me, "know what in blazes a civil engineer was but it sounded good. Sort of elegant and important. It's just as well for me that I never got around to it because I can't add six and four and make them come out ten, not without a struggle."

But small Nelson's boyhood was not all dedicated to music. He had a typical, wholesome devout New England childhood. His paternal great-grandmother owned a farm at Acushet, Massachusetts, and Nelson spent many an enchanted summer there.

God-fearing people, his father's people, and they saw to it that he revered the stern, uncompromising God of his father. Methodist by family inheritance, young Nelson, in the course of his travels from one New England town to another, attended the Baptist, Congregational, Universalist, Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches. Thus he learned early that sect is not important but that worship is.

There never was any one established home in Nelson's boyhood. His father, a machinist and an inventor of farm tools and naval devices, moved about from city to city, almost from season to season. So that the boy attended the Dartmouth Street Primary School in New Bedford, Mass., the Rhode Island Normal School in Providence, the Edgewood Grammar School in the same city and the Grove Street Grammar School in Pawtucket, R. I., from which he graduated.

A traveling salesman kind of life—but in every town his parents took a house, never an apartment nor a hotel suite. And his mother, the genius of home-making in her heart, made of each transient abode, a real home.

NELSON said to me, "I couldn't give a life story without talking about my grandparents, my father's mother and father. For they are more important in my life than I am! Mr. and Mrs. Isaac M. Eddy, their neighbors call them. But they were and they are, Gramma and Grampa to me. Their home in Pawtucket was my real home. I spent most of my week-ends there and it was there, with them, that I learned most of the lessons that have stood me in good stead all of my life. I learned the value of gentleness and kindliness—the beauty of simple living. The robust virtues of character and heart. My grandfather it was who taught me to play the drum and the fife. My grandmother taught me a reverence

She fell in love . .
with her boss!

Behind a screen of matter-of-fact efficiency, Julia Scott tried to conceal her love for the man who was her boss. But that didn't work. She had to leave. When she told him, he made her a proposal—a proposal which was very different from one that was due a beautiful girl.

What was the outcome of this strange bargain? You will be surprised to learn what happened to Julia in "She Married Her Boss," the story based on the Columbia Picture starring Claudette Colbert.

Other complete stories and features in the October issue include "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" starring Wally Beery . . . "The Dark Angel" with Merle Oberon and Fredric March . . . "The Return of Peter Grimm" with Lionel Barrymore . . . "The Irish in Us" with James Cagney . . . "Two for Tonight" with Bing Crosby . . . "Harmony Lane" with Douglass Montgomery . . . "The Last Outpost" with Cary Grant . . . "The Clairvoyant." These and many other special features in the October issue, now on sale.

SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen

OCTOBER ISSUE NOW ON SALE

same quality stood him in good stead at the iron works. For he made it his business to know the name, the history, the utilitarian value of every bolt and screw, every gadget and device manufactured in his uncle's plant. He says, "I'm always interested in anything I'm doing—I have a consuming desire to know all there is to know about it."

He realized, too, that he'd had an incomplete education and that he would, from this time forth, have to be his own teacher, pupil and examiner.

He said, "I started to study then and I've been studying ever since. Only when you begin to dig for yourself do you realize how limitless is knowledge and how small a chance you have of scraping so much as the surface."

He took all kinds of courses, this industrious youngster. He began with the Alexander Hamilton Business Course, by correspondence. Too poor to buy the text-books offered by the course he dug up a second-hand book store that carried them and bought them there. He also, at that time or a little later, bought "The Wealth of Nations," a famous set of books on economics by Adam Smith.

He read omniverously. He read as he walked to and from business. He read, a book propped up in front of him, during his lunch hour. He read at home, in the apartment he and his mother shared, half the nights through. He read books that would give him a background, familiarize him with the world he lived in, in all of its aspects. H. G. Wells' "Outline of History," Plutarch for ancient history, compendiums of science, art, biology, geology, psychology—sets of books that would, he said, "give me the whole picture."

AND strangely and inexplicably, even then he did not know of the golden voice he possessed.

At the Mott Iron Works he was promoted from shipping clerk to follow-up clerk, a clerical job. He was earning twelve dollars a week and knew that that wage was probably tops for him, at his age. His mother was working, too, at the University of Pennsylvania. They were just barely making ends meet but they played it as a game, joyously, hand in hand.

"And then," said Nelson, "one sweet day I suddenly decided that I hated it—all of it. And I up and said, 'I'm quitting!' I knew that I was taking a desperate step. But I knew, too, that mother would say 'All right, son, it's for you to decide.' And she did. She always did. Which is why I am here today.

"But that day showed no glimmer of the future. I just knew that I had jolly well got to get another job and that without delay. And so, a rather shabby lad of some fifteen summers, I began the trek down the whole length of Chestnut Street. I went into every shop, cellar, loft, store and building from 16th Street to 7th. I didn't miss one. And finally landed at the corner of 7th and Chestnut. It was the office of that famous daily, the *Philadelphia Press.* I got a job as night clerk, night cashier, night ad taker. I worked from five P.M. to midnight and eight dollars a week was my remuneration. And that four dollars deficit between the eight and the twelve irked my soul as nothing else has ever done. I've never been able to endure the feeling of going back, of losing ground. There were some advantages, of course, in that I had more time for reading and also I was taking, at the time, a correspondence course in art. I'll wager that I've been the greatest correspondence-school-taker in the country! And in my spare time (spare time!) I tried my hand at writing obits at half-space rates.

"SUB SOIL" GROWS GOOD BLACKHEADS

ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

By *Lady Esther*

Those pesky Blackheads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin. There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin.

A Face Cream that Penetrates

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a *penetrating* face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates the pores, loosens and breaks up the waxy dirt and makes it easily removable.

It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin

First, it cleanses the pores.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

See for Yourself!

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

At My Expense!

With the free tube of cream I'll also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Thus, you can see which is your most flattering shade and also how well the cream and powder go together to give you a lovely complexion.

Make This Test

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sure sign of "sub soil" or under-surface dirt.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (17) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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City ____________ *State* ______

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

The Magic of
Maybelline
Eye Beauty Aids
will instantly transform your eyes into glowing pools of loveliness
Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau
The Approved Mascara
BLACK BROWN BLUE
BLACK AND BROWN
BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN
COLORLESS

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids. Their magic touch will reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in *your* eyes, quickly and easily.

Just blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Finish your eye make-up with a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold—your eyes become twin jewels, expressing a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

"It was after a few such intensive months," said Nelson, "that I conceived the idea of becoming a reporter. My obits read pretty slick, I thought. And I'd picked up a lot of reportorial knowledge by keeping my eyes and ears open and my mouth shut. And so, one bright courageous morning I advanced upon the City Editor and reminded him that he had once said to me, in an affable mood, 'I'll make a reporter out of you one of these days, young feller.'

"But alas for my Puritan upbringing which had stressed truth-telling though the stake be the reward! When the C.E. asked me my age I said 'Sixteen, Sir.' And the answer was, 'You have to be eighteen in order to be a reporter.'"

It didn't take Nelson longer than the walking distance to get down to the offices of the *Evening Public Ledger* and to the desk of that sheet's City Editor. Whereupon the following pithy dialogue took place:

Nelson: "I want to be a reporter."

C.E.: "How old are you?"

Nelson: "Eighteen, sir."

C.E.: "What do you know about reporting?"

Nelson: (lapsing haplessly into truth again) "Not a damn thing, sir!"

C.E.: "You're hired."

AND a full-fledged reporter he became. And then, just as things were going full tilt, came one of the newspaper's periodic shake-ups and young Nelson was shaken off the *Ledger* and onto the *Evening Bulletin* where he did every type of reporting from murders, which he sometimes had to see, to major league baseball of which he had never seen a single game.

"There wasn't much of life I didn't get to know first hand," remembers Nelson, "the seamy side and the silken side. And all the while I was studying advertising. When I left the paper I went into advertising agency work. And got to be a pretty expert copy writer and make-up man.

"It was about this time that I began to amuse myself by singing with phonograph records. I'd buy the records, learn the songs and sing 'em. I also bought a guitar and accompanied myself. I learned opera arias by phonograph and always sang them when mother and I had company evenings, using the records for accompaniments and drowning out, I am afraid, the original singers thereon.

"It never dawned upon me, however, with one of those dramatic sudden sunbursts of revelation that I had a 'voice' which I should give to the world. It did occur to me that here, in my singing, in the pleasure I got from it, might be another avenue of work, another 'job.'"

Everyone in Philadelphia, in the whole world of music for that matter, knew of David Bispham, the great American baritone of his time. And it was while he was still copy-writing and making-up that Nelson walked himself into the atelier of David Bispham one fine morning and said, "You teach, sir? Will you teach me?"

David Bispham said, "Sing." And Nelson, very young, totally untrained, stood there and sang an Italian aria memorized from one of his records.

Did the fates stand still and listen? Did the goddess of Music murmur and stir?

The next day a message came for Nelson. It was from David Bispham. It said—

(To be concluded next month)

STAR WORRIER

(Continued from page 35)

doing in the picture. On occasion they have admitted as much.

It was during the filming of "Of Human Bondage," that Leslie Howard, at the end of the third day's work on the picture, walked off the set mopping his brow.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "The woman is walking away with the picture! She's tremendous!"

When the picture was finished, critics and audiences agreed with Mr. Howard that if Bette hadn't stolen the picture she had, at least, done all right for herself, and her work in it nearly won her this year's Academy award.

Although she failed to receive this award, Bette was recently honored by the American Institute of Cinematography, which is the organization of motion picture cameramen. Once a year they pay tribute to those in the motion picture business whose work is outstanding enough to warrant it and this year they honored Bette Davis and Helen Hayes. This was a sincere tribute from a non-political group of men whose opinion and knowledge of acting certainly is not to be taken lightly.

Bette appreciates these tributes sincerely. What girl wouldn't? But she refuses to let her head be turned, and goes serenely on her way, doing her best in every picture. And her best is a little too good for the mental comfort of the other people who work in her pictures. She has come to be known as Hollywood's star worrier.

Being aware of all this, it was the more amazing to me to hear her make that startling statement, as she did, not in the heat of argument or thoughtlessly, but calmly, almost disinterestedly. I was curious to know the reason for it.

"In the first place," she said, "I'm not a picture stealer because there is no such thing as stealing a picture. The person who has the part steals a picture. Sometimes a bit will stand out because it is showy and gives the actor an opportunity to do something with it. That is why a person playing a minor role will so often be pointed out as having stolen a picture."

AND then she said she thought being a star was horrible.

"But don't misunderstand me," she added hastily. "I wouldn't want not to be a star. What I mean is that the star is continually on a spot. Everyone is waiting for some other member of the cast to 'steal' the picture from the star. They take a fiendish delight in pointing out some minor player and declaring that he or she has stolen the picture 'right from under the star's nose.'

"The star, who carries the weight of the picture on her shoulders has, naturally, the longest part in it. She cannot hope to have a part that stands out every minute. She is on the screen so much that people get tired of looking at her and say, 'Well, for heaven's sake! Is she going to be on all night?'

"Consequently, when some other actor comes on for a brief flash with one smart line to speak, it is a refreshing diversion in the picture and someone is sure to say he stole the picture.

"A star has to make each picture better than the last one, and that is an impossibility. You can't expect even to make every picture a good one. If you have two pretty good pictures out of three you are doing well. That can't be helped when a star is under contract. The studio has to make a certain number of pictures and Warners isn't a woman's studio. The good pictures made there are all men's pictures. When I get a good part I regard it as a bit of luck."

Good philosophy for a girl Bette's age, isn't it? Bette takes life philosophically, but not too much so. After her success in "Of Human Bondage," a natural hopefulness led her admirers to believe that eventually she would be given other good roles. Bette, however, is not one to sit idly by on the chance that this hope, which she shared, might turn into a movement all by itself. On the contrary, she constantly is on the lookout for stories that would make good picture material for her. She reads books and manuscripts by the dozen in a search for roles she feels she could do well, and when mediocre roles are given her, she makes the best of them. And mediocre roles, in Bette's expert hands, invariably attain a respectability not even hoped for by their brain parents.

Bette refuses to take herself seriously. "How could I?" she laughs, and reminds you of her arrival in Hollywood. The press agent, who met her train, returned to the studio and reported that she had not arrived.

"He said he couldn't find me because I looked so unlike an actress," Bette laughed. "Of course I had no make-up on. In Boston, where I come from, people just don't wear make-up on the street.

"That was one of the first lessons I had to learn in Hollywood—to make people notice me," she continued. "I had one friend at the studio who told me over and over: 'Make them notice you, Bette. Don't be a little brown wren.'"

She had to unlearn everything she had been taught was right in social life. She had to learn to project herself and her personality. She had to appear physically flamboyant in order to make her employers suspect she would have glamor on the screen.

They told her she had pop eyes, that her mouth drooped, that her figure was bad. Obviously she could do nothing about these defects, *if* she had them and there is some difference of opinion on that point, so she did the next best thing. She learned to rise above them, to make her good points so important that any bad ones passed unnoticed.

BETTE'S first year in Hollywood was a series of disappointments but she held her head high and, possessed of an indomitable will and amazing courage, kept on. No one suspected the depth of her hurt when her own studio failed to notice her and time after time gave roles that would have been suitable for her to other actresses. She was no star worrier in those days. She was a worried starlet.

In those days she had lovely, long, very light hair that was her pride and joy, but she finally yielded to studio pressure and had it bobbed. And then, to quote her, she became "another Hollywood blonde."

Whether it was the bleached hair or the bob that did it will never be known, but something caused her to be noticed about that time. And once given an opportunity, the clear quality of her work won her the recognition she deserved.

"Experts insist that hair this gold color photographs better," she said with a wry face, "but I hate it. It embarrasses me when I go home to visit because in Bos-

The Serene Confidence of the 8th WOMAN

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Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to!) and whose spirits never seem to droop? She is apt to be that eighth woman who uses Midol.

NATURE being what it is, all women are not born "free and equal." A woman's days are not all alike. There are difficult days when some women suffer too severely to conceal it.

There didn't used to be anything to do about it. It is estimated that eight million had to suffer month after month. Today, a million less. Because that many women have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to regular pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you riding horseback. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of women, and the kind of women who have adopted Midol mean a lot? As a rule, it's a *knowing* woman who has that little aluminum case tucked in her purse. One who knows what to wear, where to go, how to take care of herself, and how to get the most out of life in general.

Of course, a smart woman doesn't try every pill or tablet somebody says is good for periodic pain. But Midol is a special medicine. Recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. And it can form no habit because it is *not* a narcotic. Taken in time, it often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

You'll find Midol in any drug store — usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.

"I COULDN'T TAKE A STEP IN PEACE!

Every Move, Every Position, Cost Me Pain"

ANY person with Piles knows what suffering is. Piles cause you physical suffering. They cause you mental distress. They make you look worn and haggard.

Piles can take various forms—internal or external, itching or painful, bleeding or non-bleeding—but whatever form they take, they are a cause of misery and a danger.

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Effective treatment today for Piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is a scientific treatment for this trouble of proven efficacy. Pazo gives quick relief. It stops pain and itching. It assures comfort, day and night.

Pazo is reliable because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding.

Now in 3 Forms

Pazo Ointment now comes in three forms: (1) in Tubes with Special Pile Pipe for insertion high up in the rectum; (2) in Tins for application in the ordinary way; (3) in Suppository form (new). Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory, as they are self-lubricating and otherwise highly efficient.

Try It Free!

All drug stores sell Pazo in the three forms described. But a liberal trial tube is free for the asking. Just put your name and address on a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the free tube. Write for it today and prove the needlessness of your suffering.

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ton—well, nice people don't wear hair this color."

AND she is planning an experiment in the near future, the first time she has a few weeks between pictures. She is going to let her hair grow back to its natural color and see if it can't be photographed effectively.

"That's one advantage of being a star," she laughed. "They light you and do all sorts of things to make you beautiful if you aren't. A star gets all the breaks, really, in money, roles, lighting, everything."

As Bette looks to the future she has no definite plan except that she wants to quit before she gets old.

"I couldn't say that I want to retire in five years or ten because I don't know, but I don't want ever to be old on the screen. I think everyone wants to be remembered as young and vital and for some outstanding performance. I suppose I'll be remembered for my role in 'Of Human Bondage,' which I think stood out because people were so amazed that I had the courage to play the girl as she was, without one redeeming feature. But I couldn't bear to have that remembrance dulled by ever being old on the screen."

So there is Bette Davis as I see her—young, beautiful, a finished artist, happy in her marriage, serious about her work but not taking herself seriously. She refuses the title of star worrier. She says being a star is horrible but admits in the next breath that it's horribly nice. She's a menace to the peace of mind of her rivals and whether she admits it or not, she really is Hollywood's star worrier.

COMMON SENSE + SENSIBLE EXERCISE = REAL BEAUTY

(Continued from page 41)

queens' opinions of themselves. And when you put on a lovely soft evening dress you look as if you could double for Carnera. Big muscles are swell in a young prizefighter. But they're hideous in a woman.

Believe me, I know about bicycle riding. I come from a country where bicycles are *the* thing. In Copenhagen everybody rides. And I've seen people's strained, haggard faces, their big thighs and legs and broad hips bulging all over the place. Swimming and bicycle riding will not reduce you in proportion. No violent sport will give you a perfect feminine body. You've got to relax when you exercise. And you've got to exercise *my* way.

Honestly, it seems to me that when people recommend things like swimming and bicycle riding and standing on your head all they're trying to do is to confuse you. They keep you in a constant state of bewilderment. The only apparent reason for their doing it is so that you'll keep on reading their stuff. Otherwise why would they give you such wrong dope?

BUT that isn't my way. I've never given anyone a wrong steer yet. I couldn't. I am only interested in having you solve your beauty problems. I want to teach you honestly and sincerely how to be lovely and happy. And I promise I'll never hold out on you.

And now will you promise me—and promise yourself, which is more important—that you won't let me down by falling for this bicycle riding and swimming nonsense, if you want to reduce properly?

But don't weep and wail if you've done these things through ignorance. In Hollywood one of my jobs is to take down over-developed muscles. And you can do for yourself what I do for the stars.

Study my pictures on pages 40 and 41 carefully. In them I show you how you can reduce fat and muscles in the thighs and legs. Put your right hand on a chair back. Take hold of your left ankle with your left hand. Relax. Keep relaxed the whole time you're doing this exercise. Lean forward and as you do so pull your leg up with your hand. Ouch! I thought that would get you. Feel that pull? Feel it in the left thigh and the right calf? Then you're doing the exercise right. Now repeat with the left hand on the chair back and the right hand holding the right ankle. Begin by doing it five times on each side and, day by day, increase to twenty times. You'll feel the muscles flattening out and the flesh melting away. And that's the right way to reduce.

Another thing that handed me a big laugh in the papers recently was the so-called brand new discovery of paraffin baths. Well, it isn't such a new discovery. Your mother used paraffin to seal up her jelly jars. And how would you like to be all sealed up like a jelly jar?

The idea is that the paraffin bath is supposed to open the pores, create circulation and cleanse the skin. What it really does is to make flabby muscles and make your heart pound like a steam pump. Believe me, baby, you don't need paraffin or any other paraphernalia to get circulation. You don't need paraphernalia to reduce. All you need is a lot of common sense and proper exercises and diets.

Reducing isn't easy. Nothing worth while is easy. And flesh doesn't roll away unless you make it roll away. There are no reducing short cuts. You'd think it pretty silly if I told you that the way to clean your house is to sit down and watch the dust roll away.

COME on now, don't be the type to swallow the nonsense some people hand you hook, line and sinker—particularly the sinker. Because if you do you're sunk!

Work for beauty. Follow my routine, because that is scientific and proven. Have youth, beauty and courage by climbing on the band wagon with Sylvia. And remember, I'm ready at all times to answer questions concerning all your problems. If you so desire, your letters will be kept in strictest confidence.

And you girls who look like Joan Crawford and you girls who look like Constance Bennett send in your photographs. Send them to Madame Sylvia, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. And be sure to watch for next month's MODERN SCREEN. I'm showing you the girl who looks most like Jean Harlow and telling that girl—and all you other girls—how she can completely remodel herself, the right way—without an ounce of bunk in the article.

And—look—if you want a personal reply to some personal problem, would it be asking too much of you to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope? Please. I'll answer any beauty, weight and general health problem you pop at me but send the stamped envelope.

THANKS TO DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS I WALK MILES EVERY DAY WITH PERFECT EASE!

CORNS

CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES

"What a relief!", you'll exclaim the instant you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for these foot troubles. Not only the pain, but the *cause* as well, is immediately ended by these thin, soothing, healing, cushioning pads.

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THISTLE GREETINGS
DEPT. 7-K, CINCINNATI, O.

BEAUTY ADVICE

(*Continued from page 15*)

Now maybe you're the type who has a small, well shaped head that can be as sleek and well cut as a boy's. Or perhaps you would look adorable with your hair built into a nimbus or halo of ringlets. Perhaps you're lucky enough to look well in half a dozen different types of hair-dos. Then you can be a different woman every shampoo.

About this business of types . . . lots of you write me, and maybe you enclose a snapshot of yourself and you say "What type am I?" Well, sometimes it is a little bit difficult to judge. You just can't pigeonhole people off into types nowadays because a woman who has to be efficient enough to hold a job and feminine enough to hold a man can be a dozen different types rolled into one. Look at Myrna Loy. If she hadn't been typed for so many years as the girl they called in whenever they wanted someone to play the part of a Chinese, East Indian, or half caste exotic, we would have had our own wholesome, grand, American Myrna delighting us with her modern roles a long time ago. They typed Claudette Colbert as a sweet, demure, goody-goody girl. And what did she turn out to be? The siren Cleopatra, the seductive Poppae, and "It Happened One Night" that she turned out to be a sparkling comedienne as well. What have you been typing yourself as? A drab little back number, a self-conscious twittery Jane, a girl with an inferiority complex? Well, then, be somebody different!

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YOU don't have to be freakish in your attempts to be individual. Nobody expects you to wear leg o' mutton sleeves when simple plain ones are the order of fashion, or to wear short skirts when long ones have been in since the war. But if everybody from the chambermaid to the Park Avenue debutante is wearing a tailored suit, why don't you choose a sports ensemble with a three-quarter length coat? Try to strike an individual balance between dowdiness and what everybody is wearing.

There's glamor in individuality, and glamor in freedom. Be free. Don't wear clothes that seem to bind you in physically. Joan Crawford, for example, says that she can't bear to wear any dress that is tight around the shoulders and arms, because then she seems to be bound in physically, and mentally. Incidentally, walking is the best corset in the world. If you exercise enough, you won't need tight foundation garments for lumpy hips and abdomen.

Good posture helps to strengthen your personality within yourself. It not only helps you to look well. It helps you to feel well. It will help you carry on the whole business of living more gracefully, and with more vitality and less of that tired, draggy feeling. Put into your subconscious mind the feeling that the body is a lovely thing, not a lump to be slumped into. Don't sit on yourself. That's what most of you do . . . settle down on the hips. Here is an easy way to obtain correct posture. Stand with your head and shoulders and buttocks against the wall, your heels out two or three inches. Now touch the wall with the small of your back. Walk away from the wall, and keep that position. When you pull in the lowest muscles of your buttocks, that makes the buttocks drop, and the abdomen draw back and up. Your chest should be comfortably high, your shoulders straight but loose, and your head back with your chin up. If you have any particular problems of posture . . . if you want exercises for that common failing lordosis (sway-back) . . . drop me a line and let me help you.

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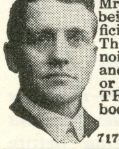

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(Continued from page 15)

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REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 16)

endorsement of the National Florists' Association—it is still a pleasantly ingratiating effort gone wrong for lack of plot. Charles Butterworth, slyly humorous, is a rich play boy proposing on the dot of 5:30 P. M. daily to crisp blonde Jean Muir, the fashionable lady florist. John Boles, agreeably handsome, is a rich corporation lawyer whose marital difficulties become entangled in a strange fashion with the florist shop. Other times, he sings for you and right nicely, too. Sidney Toler, Ruthelma Stevens, Harvey Stephens, and Spring Byington are others in the cast which was directed by William Seiter.

Preview Postscripts

Jean Muir moved her make-up box all the way from the Warner lot to Fox to appear in this one. The first time she's ever been loaned, either, and the Powers That Be over in Fox Hills were *that* pleased with their bargain; in fact, they liked the idea so well, they gave Jean fifteen gowns to wear in the film. The floral background is something to contemplate. Truck loads of fresh blooms appeared at the studio every day and there wasn't a prop boy whose best girl didn't have gardenias every evening. Fact is, everybody seems to have gotten something out of this picture . . . William Seiter, its director, landed a long term contract and Shirley Temple rated the model doll house used . . . John Boles may have missed out on gifts, but he's doing all right anyway. One good job after another for John and, at the moment he's over at Paramount playing opposite the operatic Gladys Swarthout in "Rose of the Rancho." He's living at Malibu these early fall days with the wife and kiddies—the same wife and kiddies he's always had. Nothing, you see, seems to turn Mr. B's profile. Which is cause for congratulations on his good judgment.

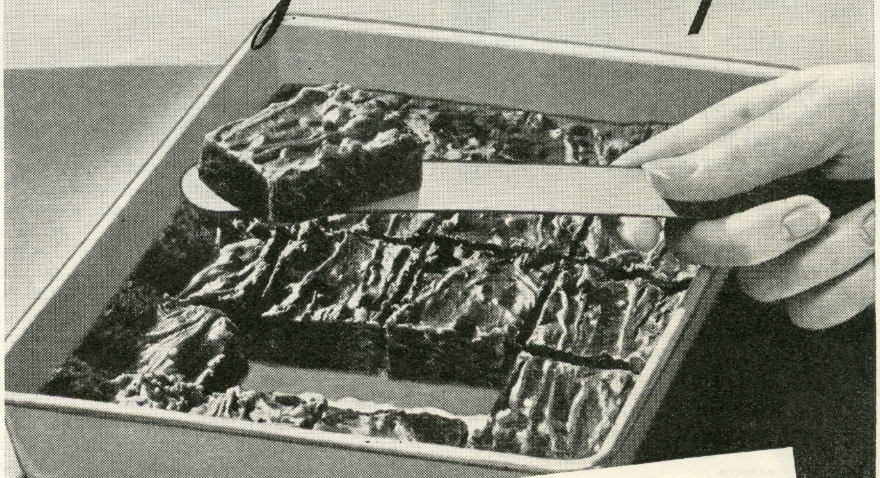
★★★★ China Seas (M-G-M)

It's a very red-blooded, he-man fare—this picture! Wally Beery doing his dirtiest and, cinematically speaking, W. B. can be pretty soiled; Jean Harlow, loving well AND wisely, Rosalind Russell, very charming and competent, and Mr. Robert Benchley, known as a wit, acting as a drunkard, and such a convincing one at that, that he should be embarrassed. There's mutiny aboard and cruelty, too, for when Mr. Beery decides that a man shall speak up and tell secrets, he has a way that would convince most of us that speaking up and telling secrets was the thing he wanted to do most. But not Gable! Nope, Gable won't let you down! He's still the hero, torture or no torture. broken foot or no broken foot. The settings are colorful, the fighting scenes handled expertly, the storm sequence thrilling and the various performances nicely done. Miss Harlow gets better in each picture, Miss Russell more restrained and charming, and the boys, Gable and Beery, each deserve a big, gold star for histrionics. We think you're going to like "China Seas," that is if you don't go for sissy movie material.

Preview Postscripts

Clark Gable's real leading woman in this picture wasn't Harlow a-tall, according to Clark's own statement. 'Twas Carol Ann Beery, the six-year-old daughter of Wally. Carol's simply mad about Clark, too, but she confided to her Dad that she really con-

One Grand Fudge!



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.-240° F.). Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

● Let others have their fudge failures. You needn't. This recipe is never granular—never anything but creamy-smooth perfection. Clip it. Try it.
● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

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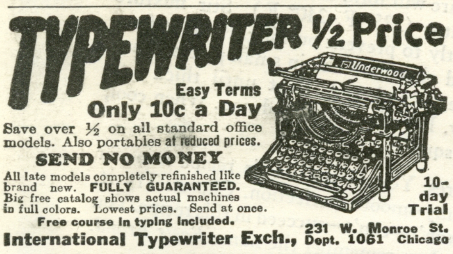
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sidered him far handsomer than Mr. Gable. . . . Rosalind Russell hails from Connecticut and is one of a large family of seven youngsters. Rosalind is the only Russell who turned to the stage, but it looks as if she's made a wise choice . . . Robert Benchley's never been drunk before—in pictures anyway. But he's won the coveted title already of giving the best performance of an inebriated gentleman as yet seen on the screen. Mr. Benchley faithfully amused the cast every afternoon, living up to his reputation in fine style. But in the mornings he was completely useless for work or play. Seems that civilized people, according to Mr. B, never come to life until past noon . . . Tay Garnett, director of the picture, should know about the sea, since he's spent every possible moment in it or on it since he was a kid. He even got Clark so enthused over his yacht that they've enrolled in a navigation course together. One of the most beautiful sets ever built was erected on the Metro lot for the Hong Kong water-front scene. Buildings patterned exactly after those seen around the Chinese water front were put up alongside a huge iron tank of water on a rear set. Real sampans and junk were imported to be used on the water and at least half of Chinatown was brought in for background in the scene. All over the lot signs were posted in Chinese so that the new extras would not get lost, strayed or stolen.

★★★ Welcome Home (Fox)

While this is the somewhat old saw of a group of guys living by their wits and some of the situations are easily anticipated, you're going to have plenty of fun watching the antics of Jimmy Dunn, William Frawley and Raymond Walburn, a few "take" artists who would just as leave sell you what doesn't exist as not. Jimmy rates himself an invitation to the old home town, which is Opportunity spelled with a capital O for Raymond, who is all prepared to do big business of the not too honest variety. A little bond unloading, to be specific. Of course, it's up to Jimmy to eventually get himself and his pals out of trouble, which is no mean task when you witness the nifities that are being pulled right and left. The story is replete with bright dialogue of the strictly slangy variety and the players each make the most of the evenly distributed good roles handed them. Messrs. Frawley and Walburn especially rate praise as does the ever-pert Arline Judge. You will see an old silent day picture friend, Charlie Ray, in this one, too. Charlie does a choice bit of pantomime extremely well.

Preview Postscripts

James Dunn has been one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors for some years now. But so far no real romance seems to have entered his life except a Grande Passion between him and Miss Shirley Temple. The stalwart Jimmy is simply reduced to pulp in that blonde's hands, while Shirley admitted to reporters that she's really serious this time about Mr. Dunn being her Big Moment, especially since he built her a two-story doll house. This is Jimmy's twenty-third picture, so you can see he's kept pretty busy, what with being a bachelor and an ardent aviator, too. He has his own plane and takes off to parts unknown without a moment's notice. . . This is Rosina Lawrence's first real chance in pictures, although she was practically brought up on the lot. Her father's a carpenter out there, so Rosina was able to crash the gates at an early age, and being pretty besides, she managed to get some "bit" parts off and on. Finally she landed her first big job. Sally Eilers was playing opposite James Dunn in "Dance Team" and the director decided that Rosina was close enough to Sally's size to become her stand-in. So she sweltered under the kleig lights and stood for hours on one leg and then on the other in order to arrange the best lighting for Miss Eilers. And now Rosina is Mr. Dunn's leading lady with a stand-in of her very own. Such is Hollywood . . . Arline Judge is the pertest, prettiest cutie in Hollywood. She looks like she belongs in the eighth grade, but will have you know that she's the very domesticated wife of director Wesley Ruggles and the very dutiful mother of a two-year-old son. Arline's been in pictures for several years, and each passing year finds her playing more youthful parts . . . Raymond Walburn is more familiar to Broadway play-goers than to movie ticket buyers, but his fan mail is beginning to show that this new audience is not without its appreciation of the finer points in histrionic ability.

★★★ Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)

When you see this picture, you'll be addressing fan mail to a Broadway stage recruit called Henry Fonda. This young man appeared in the theatrical version of this story, scored heavily there, and so-o-o—Fox are grooming him for stardom. The yarn deals with the struggles of men interested in the Erie Canal and their efforts to combat a prospective railroad. Need we say that it all happened in the nineteenth century? The fighting river boatmen are headed by Charles Bickford, as competent a heavy as ever crossed the screen. It is on his barge that Janet Gaynor works. Of course, for purposes of conflict, Mr. Fonda claims the dear old canal is a thing of the past. That, as you may gather, makes no hit with Mr. B. and Miss G. However, Love eventually makes the latter listen to reason, as does a big, rowdy row make the former. Fox has spared no production expenses and the background and scenes are A-1 insofar as realism is concerned. The various roles are handled expertly, with Slim Summerville, Andy Devine and Roger Imhof coming in for especial honors. Miss Gaynor is adequate and the director and cameraman splendid at their respective tasks.

Preview Postscripts

This was taken from the New York stage hit—but with a difference. When the studios do a play they do it up right or know the reason why. On the stage, f'rinstance, such things as the Erie Canal is left to your imagination, but not at the Fox studios. And wotta price *this* little project developed into. Engineers, architects, historical authorities and a corps of helpers got their high-priced heads together for several months, resulting in an exact replica of the Erie Canal of 1853. This included the water, bridges, locks, landscape and all the adjacent buildings, even to the old Hennessey Hotel. The set looked more like Rome, Italy, than Rome, New York. Janet Gaynor just loved this part. Sweet, simple roles are right up her alley, though she's redheaded, freckle-faced and with a temperament to match. The big romance of her life was Lydell Peck, San Francisco socialite, whom Janet divorced after a year of holy matrimony. Now she divides her time between a mysterious dentist and Gene Raymond. . . . Henry Fonda used to be fonda Margaret Sullavan, even going so far as to marry her. But she divorced him a few years ago. Originally planning to be a gentleman of the Fourth Estate, Mr. F. studied journalism diligently at the University of Minnesota and worked for a time on an Omaha paper. Covering a story on the Community Playhouse there, he decided acting really looked like more fun and took it up seriously. His first big break was in the stage production of this same play. . . . Slim Summerville's been gangling around the movie lots so many years that most people, including Mr. Summerville, have lost count. He was a natural in the pie-tossing days out at Sennett's with that basket ball reach, but his first real recognition came in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Slim isn't really lazy a-tall, even if his favorite sport *is* fishing. . . . Andy Devine is probably the most envied man in Hollywood, since his waistline is strictly his own business. While other screen heroes order a lettuce leaf with a dash of lemon for lunch, in fear of studio sleuths, Andy sits down to corned beef and cabbage on the dot of twelve every day. What's more he has the same kind of disposition which fat men are supposed to have and leads a peaceful existence with his wife and small daughter. Andy comes from Arizona and is still surprised at getting a move on himself long enough to reach California. . . . Jane Withers is a bad example for all little girls, for it was her temper tantrums that made her famous. She stole a picture from Shirley Temple by being too disagreeable for words, and is now a Fox Baby Star.

★★ Murder Man (M-G-M)

This is another newspaper yarn, slightly more fantastic than its predecessors. The convincing note is casting Spencer Tracy as the man who gets front-page murder stories ahead of rival sheets. Somehow you believe that Mr. Tracy could do just that. The tale is pretty sordid, unreeling the method one man uses to avenge himself against another, and rather immoral, in that the spectator actually feels nothing but sympathy for the murderer. Tracy's performance is excellent. His quality of naturalness is something to cheer about in these days of overacting. Next, comes Harvey Stephens, who has some splendid dramatic moments as a condemned man who is innocent of the particular crime for which he has been convicted. Mr. Stephens rises to the occasion beautifully. William Collier, Sr., too, comes in for his share of praise for the fine portrayal of a small part. Virginia Bruce is the love interest, and displays very little of interest. Somehow this should have been a thrilling story, but somehow, it misses. And, to see the hero turn out to be a villain is very much off the beaten track and a little hard for the audience to take.

★★★ Page Miss Glory (Warners)

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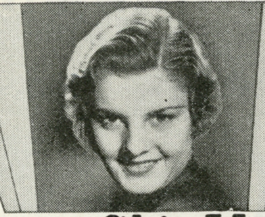

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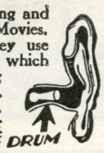

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she is the most beautiful girl in America and, in consequence, fast becoming a very rich one. In fact, Marion sort of liked it better when she and Patsy Kelly, a coupla happy chambermaids in a big hotel, had a silent crush on Dick Powell, handsome young aviator. And, if it hadn't been for two fast-talking gents like Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh, Miss Glory would never have had the permanent and facial that set her on the road to fame. The story, as you perceive, is highly imaginative and therefore, rather unconvincing. It isn't fast-moving enough, but perhaps a generous application of the shears will remedy this defect. Also, the comedy is a bit strained and the whole picture has a definite "trying to please" effect. Perhaps the director was a bit impressed with the magnitude of his assignment. Anyway, Miss Davies is very beautiful and charming and has an ingrating quality seldom seen in celluloid. The production is lavishly mounted and the photography excellent. Oh, yes, let's give a couple of loud, British cheers for Patsy Kelly, who does much with very little.

Preview Postscripts

Working in a Marion Davies picture is some fun for the cast and crew. The gal's disposition is as sunny as her hair and she sees to it that "an enjoyable time is had by all." Coffee and sandwiches every afternoon and, at the end of production, a gift for each who has coöperated to make the whole a success. Naturally everyone does his best. This time the cast presented Marion with a silver plaque autographed by the entire unit. That's a tribute for you! . . . Frank McHugh is a laugh-getter both on and off the screen. He's the lad who keeps the gang in "stitches" even between shots—a practical joker with real wit. . . . Then we have Pat O'Brien who, everyone on Hollywood Boulevard will tell you is a regular guy and Dick Powell, who rated a birthday during production. What a party Marion staged for the event—and what "prazants!!" Dick is sort of lonesome these days, what with Mary Brian making movies in Europe. He's still true to the brunettes, for Olivia de Haviland, pretty and talented newcomer, is his playtime companion. . . . Lyle Talbot always does well with the fair sex, too. Still, with all his partying, Lyle takes time to answer his fan mail personally. . . . Seems as if the champion cigar-smokers of the town were concentrated on this picture. Mervyn Le Roy, its director, puffed 22 stogies a day, Pat often got away with 16, while Frank, the big sissy came in a bad third by inhaling merely ten. O'Brien couldn't take a cigarette though. He was called upon to smoke one during a scene and it made him feel as if he was crossing the water to Catalina on a breezy day. The 200 extras voted that they'd never worked with such a congenial bunch of principals.

★★★ We're in the Money (Warners)

The gold-digging blonde babies, Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell, are at it again. This time they appear as a couple of process-servers, and do they get their men! In Turkish baths, on night club floors; well, no place is too public nor too private for these crashers. The gals are working for an absented-minded attorney, played by that inimitable comic, Hugh Herbert, and what the yarn loses in plausibility is more than made up for in its laugh-inducing qualities. Glenda and Joan do their usual stuff in quite the usual way, and if you like them—and who doesn't—you're in for a quota of fun. Ross Alexander is good as the masquerading chauffeur and love interest, and Phil Regan makes an ingratiating crooner. Then there is a newcomer, Anita Kerry, who rates a bow and, of course, Mr. Herbert, who sets a mad pace for the picture. The motorboat sequences are calculated to be side-splitting and the manner in which the daffy attorney is finally caught up with by the scheming little lady who is out to get heart balm—anybody's cash will do—is a riotously funny situation. Yes, as light fare, "We're in the Money" will more than suffice.

★★★ Steamboat 'Round the Bend (Fox)

Whether or not you are a Rogers' fan, this new Will, gone dramatic, is going to please you plenty. Stripped of his usual political tirade, Mr. Rogers steps forth as a purveyor of patent medicines—need we say containing 90 percent alcohol—in a simple and interesting story of river folks, saving his money to buy a dilapidated steamboat which he hopes to have his nephew pilot. The boy, John McGuire, in love with a swamp girl, commits a murder in her defense. Against her protests, Will turns him over to the sheriff in a most amusing manner. This bit of fun, however, is topped by a fancy jail wedding given the pair of lovers to the musical strains of "Listen to the Mocking Bird." Mr. Rogers plays Mr. Rogers in his usual charming manner, Francis Ford is simply slick in the role of a converted sinner and Anne Shirley, Eugene Pallette and Berton Churchill all contribute to the general merriment.

Preview Postscripts

There was as much fun on the set as in the picture in this one, for those two well-known wits, Will Rogers and Irvin S. Cobb, got together on some snappy repartee, much to the amusement of the rest of the cast. Evidently, Robert Benchley's successful cinema career was becoming a little too much for Mr. C., for upon seeing his friend's "rushes" on "China Seas," Irving signed himself a contract at Fox. He likes making movies, thank you, and will probably appear in another before returning East for the winter. . . . Mr. Rogers still hits the high places at the box office, for his homely comedy is appreciated by the deah public. Rogers has a sort of unwritten formula for successful pictures—lotsa laughter and go sparingly on the triangle situation. . . . John McGuire and Anne Shirley, taking care of the youthful love interest, aren't "that way" off the screen, despite the rumoring of the rumor hounds. There's an older man in Hollywood who is cuh-razy for pretty Anne but he declares that since he's not a cradle robber, nothing will ever come of it. While Anne doesn't exactly spend "quiet evenings with her books and pictures," she is not the type to be doing the rounds of a night. Nobody is more serious about her career than this little lady. . . . Eugene Pallette and Berton Churchill have forgotten more about acting than most middle-aged thespians will ever know. They enjoy talking things over between scenes and reminiscing about the "good old days" in the theatre.

★★ Dressed to Thrill (Fox)

This just doesn't live up to its title in any department, so not much can be said for it except that it serves to introduce a new face to American moviegoers. What promises to be a sparkling comedy begins to lose its fire early in the telling. However, Tutta Rolf, as the Russian darling of Continental night clubs does what she can to cover story deficiencies by giving a highly interesting characterization. Clive Brook, in a most unsympathetic and dull role, lacks conviction in his

The thriller "She," featuring Randy Scott and Helen Mack.

romantic efforts with Miss Rolf. You see, he has had the opportunity to fall in love with the lady on two separate occasions, the first of which he let slip by the boards in favor of a beeg bankroll. Robert Barrat comes in for some praise as Clive's war-time buddy and we must give credit to the designer who created Miss Rolf's beautiful wardrobe. Also, a nod to the scenic artist. Somehow, that is all that may be said for "Dressed to Thrill," for if suspense is lacking in a story and you don't much care how it turns out, you find yourself, like the Easy Aces, anxiously anticipating the newsreel.

★★ Shanghai

(Walter Wanger-Paramount)

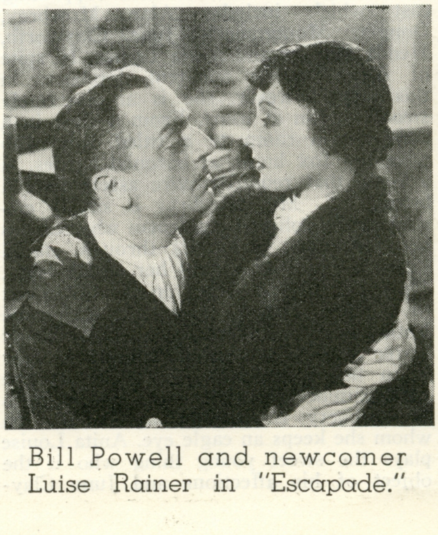
Check up another hit performance for Charles Boyer. With pretty slim story material, which is most of the time draggy, this picture is well worth seeing because of Mr. Boyer's excellent portrayal of an Eurasian, who is ostracized, because of his being a half caste, by the social whites. It is a necessarily sympathetic role and yet, never does the star become maudlin or sentimental. As its title indicates, the tale is unwound against a Chinese background, with Loretta Young playing an American girl over there on a visit to her wealthy and eccentric aunt (Alison Skipworth). Loretta looks more beautiful than ever and is seen in close-up after close-up, until one finally realizes that there can be too much of anything—even if it's as good as Miss Y.'s features. Warner Oland plays excellently the philosophic friend of the hero's and Libby Taylor, is fine as the faithful colored maid. Fred Keating is badly miscast and, therefore, unconvincing. The art director and cameramen come in for their share of honors, for never have we seen such delightful settings and beautiful photography.

★★★ She (RKO)

"She," based on the curious mystery tale by Rider Haggard, will make the chills run up and down your spine. As a spectacle, it is magnificent, for the sheer magnitude of the background and effects sweep you away from the work-a-day world, even at times tending to make the actors seem unimportant. The plot of course is fantastic and concerns the journey of Randolph Scott and Nigel Bruce to the Kingdom of Kor in search of the eternal flame (youth, to you). No advocate of the cold cream route, "She," played by Helen Gahagan, has retained her beauty for 500 years by entering the flame annually. However, when Randy appears, she decides to concentrate on him and becomes fiercely jealous of Helen Mack. Well, you sort of have the idea: even a queen can't take it. Of course, anything is liable to go haywire once in 500 years, and in the big sequence, it's the dialogue that gets pretty weak. You'll like the spectacle however, and Miss Gahagan and Helen Mack. Oh yes, the gentlemen who make the journey to Kor are all right, too, thank you.

Preview Postscripts

Persistence *does* have its points, since the movies have finally landed Helen Gahagan after five years of struggle. Miss Gahagan's been too busy with too many things, really, to come to Hollywood, what with acting on the stage, singing in opera, taking care of husband, Melvyn Douglas, and their eighteen-months-old son, to say nothing of several goldfish. Miss Gahagan began this hectic life at Barnard when she co-authored a play with another girl and appeared in it, too. John Cromwell, a Hollywood director now but a New Yorker in those days, spotted her and whisked the seventeen-year-old girl to Broadway. Helen was starred at twenty, played several hits in the Big City, then snapped her fingers at the whole business and set sail for Europe to become what she's always wanted to be—an opera singer. She had a grand time and sang in several famous operas. In Prague, Miss Gahagan got in a rather tight spot. It seems the opera for the evening was to be sung in Czecho-Slovakian and the nearest thing to that language that Helen knew was pig-latin. However, she blithely sang the score in Italian while the other leads and the chorus warbled back at her in their native tongue . . . Randolph Scott is the young man who graduated with such honors from Westerns. He's big, blonde and husky, with jaw and fists like iron and a kind, honest look in both eyes. Naturally, when he drifted into Hollywood he was immediately thrust into tales of the wide open spaces. So he busted bronchos pictorially for three years, until the studio suddenly put him in "Roberta" due to an emergency. Having proved that he can break hearts as well as horses, Randy's been in demand for romantic stories ever since. Randy used to be Georgia Tech's star football man, then he tried out for the team at the University of South Carolina, roamed around Europe a couple of summers and finally drifted to Pasadena where he joined up with the Community Players. One day he took the street car out to a Hollywood studio and he's been there ever since . . . Nigel Bruce is well known on the London and Broadway stages. He can make anything laugh. Friends swear that even dogs have been known to giggle when he looked at them sideways. He was born in California, but feels as English as mutton.



Bill Powell and newcomer Luise Rainer in "Escapade."

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★★★ Escapade (M-G-M)

First and best, this will give American fans an opportunity to meet the much-publicized Luise Rainer, Metro's German importation. To say that Luise rises to every claim the studio put forth for her is but to put it honestly. She has charm and acting ability which serve her in a cast of highly capable American players who know well the Hollywood ropes and who never have to think of their English before reading a line. The Rainer eyes, too, are sumpin'—sumpin' gorgeous. The story deals with a pre-war romance in gay Vienna. A famous artist is the philanderer (William Powell); a dutiful (?) wife, his current temptation, (Virginia Bruce) and a little secretary (Miss R.) the gal in whom he falls deeply in love. The picture abounds in color, dramatic moments, irate husbands and character studies of ladies who love unwisely. The performances are quite perfect, too; well, you'd guess as much when you hear that, added to the above-named fine cast are such sterling players as Reginald Owen, Frank Morgan and Mady Christians. Put this on your movie list.

Preview Postscripts

You'd think Luise Rainer was an old hand at stealing pictures, wouldn'cha? But the truth—and no publicity gag—is that Miss Rainer has never moved in front of a camera before in all her twenty-one years. She thinks the brightest feather in her cap, movie stardom notwithstanding, is that she's a Max Reinhardt protégée. She's been on the Viennese stage for several years. Without music around her, Luise is as comfortable as a fish out of water. Has an immense machine at home that can play thirty operatic records without pausing for breath, and this she turns on before the bath water of a morning . . . Bill Powell proved himself even "gallanter" while playing with Miss Rainer. He spent long hours giving his leading lady the low-down on camera technique and the English slanguage. Bill's one of the busiest men in Hollywood, what with one thing and another. For over a year his biggest worry, next to Jean Harlow, has been the building of a modest twenty-room house in the Hollywood Hills. Said he wanted to see where his money went for a change—but admits he's already seen too much, and with the house but half finished.

★★★ Lady Tubbs (Universal)

This picture is just "too, *too* deevine!" as Lady Tubbs was so fond of saying about everything from pancakes to palaces. Lady Tubbs is the "Brainless Brady" at her best and is practically the whole picture in spite of the excellent supporting cast which includes Alan Mowbray, Douglas Montgomery, June Clayworth, Hedda Hopper and Anita Louise. In spite of Alice Brady's apparent dumbness in this play, however, she is an extremely smart woman at heart. From a cook in a construction camp to a titled lady who wins the fox hunts at baronial castles, is a jump that requires more assets than a broad "a." Mr. Mowbray is simply elegant as the polished gentleman who teaches her the ropes, and goes through untold tortures when she makes her social debut. He it is, too, who rigs up the horse out of a piano stool, a floor lamp and some leather cushions, on which Miss Brady learns to ride to hounds. Hedda Hopper is in her chronically good role of the social climber and ultra-snob, and Douglass Montgomery is adequate as the son on whom she keeps an eagle eye. Anita Louise plays the sweet young thing who is the object of his affections and June Clayworth, the ruthless young lady who regards Doug as her own property. Miss Clayworth, incidentally, is an actress of decided ability, even if she doesn't show much talent in getting her man. The picture is one you won't want to miss, for it is one good laugh from beginning to end.

Preview Postscripts

In sassiety news style, "a good time was had by all" on this picture, what with a collection of wits like Alan Mowbray, Alice Brady, Hedda Hopper and the others in the cast who aren't exactly stuffy, either. Alan Mowbray's famed in this country and abroad as having the largest fund of top-notch tales ever accumulated by one man. He's an Englishman at that, but far from the stiff-necked, snooty type which too often invades Hollywood . . . Alice Brady's known for years as the lady who's never missed a comeback. Miss Brady is well known on the Broadway stage, too, and in the days of silents pulled down the largest salary of any screen actress —$6000 per week, which was big money in the good old days before state taxation. Claims she doesn't live in a home but a dog-kennel. Every purp is welcomed with open arms by her, whether it be a transient or permanent guest. Any time you see eight greyhounds on a leash coming down Hollywood Blvd., you can be sure Alice Brady will be on the other end. She has an insatiable appetite for detective stories, and every chair, table or corner in her home, not occupied by a dog, is piled with sleuth literature . . . Hedda Hopper is one of the De Wolfe Hopper wives, besides being a Hollywood fashion plate. Hedda starts talking the minute she hops out of bed in the morning and never runs down 'til she's back there again . . . Douglass Montgomery is a shining example of a young man unhampered by his parents' wealth. Brought up in Pasadena with every possibility to run with the "idle rich," Doug studied acting day and night. Though he had chances to become prominent through the Pasadena Community Playhouse, he chose small, insignificant parts in Broadway plays for several years in order to gain experience. Finally achieved his goal, then came home to the Playhouse and from there to Hollywood . . . Anita Louise is another who's worked hard all her young life. Though a leading lady at fourteen, Anita kept on studying languages, music, fencing—in fact, everything that might help her in acting. An accomplished horse-woman, she had no double in the difficult fox-hunt rides in this picture. But in one scene she was thrown by her fiery steed and rescued just in the nick of time by the gallant Mr. Montgomery. Alice Brady had better ideas, though. She rode a dummy horse. But it bucked so badly the first day that a prop man rushed out and bought her a whole armful of cotton batting.

★★★ Diamond Jim (Universal)

Here is a hearty tale of the Gay Nineties with, as its central figure, a famous diamond bedecked character who knew how to throw as mean a champagne supper as ever passed the lips of a chorus girl. You have doubtless heard of the legendary Diamond Jim Brady and here is your opportunity to see him—in the celluloid. Edward Arnold portrays the character role with a deal of realism. He has the opportunity to run the gamut of emotions and comes through like the splendid actor Mr. A. is. Jean Arthur is seen as the little lady Diamond Jim loved and lost. Cesar Romero is the mustachioed meanie who treats her the way women seem to like to be treated—indifferently—and Binnie Barnes plays Lillian Russell, famous American beauty. Eric Blore and George Sidney, comedy characters, come

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in for their share of praise; in fact, everyone does his bit to make the whole an entertaining programme, and everyone has succeeded. You'll get a kick out of the colorful background too and the rather expert way Director Eddie Sutherland has handled the entire production.

Preview Postscripts

Binnie Barnes works hard at making American movies while her husband carries on his business in England. Theirs is probably the world's champion long distance marriage. Fact is, Binnie's "worser" half plans to drop over to this land of equal rights and unequal fights to see his wife this fall . . . Edward Arnold has been tipping the scales puh-lenty lately and the Powers That Be who hold his contract are beginning to worry, 'tis said. However, Mr. A. is such a swell actor that he may be able to get away with the calories, too . . . We also have the temperamental Jean Arthur present in this opus. She's a clever gal, is Jean, but is known around Hollywood as being one that is hard to handle. A great little scene-stealer, too. The setting for this production set Uncle Carl Laemmle back much munyee; in fact, one set alone cost $103,000. Anything to entertain the public! That is Universal's motto. And goodness knows, they're right! This one abounds in color; in fact, that alone makes it worth the price of admission; that, and of course, the consistently clever cast.

★★★ Old Man Rhythm (RKO)

If you are one of Buddy Rogers' fans you may be disappointed to see so little of your favorite in this picture, which brings him to the screen after an absence of nearly three years, but gives him little opportunity to display his musical talent. The picture is unusual in that there are fat parts for almost everyone but the star.

The plot is laid at Fairview College, with a typical musical comedy background where there is more interest in sex than science. The fun begins when George Barbier, who carries the title role hilariously, enters college to watch over his son, played by Rogers. He becomes the life of the campus and succeeds in breaking up a romance between Rogers and Grace Bradley by pretending he has lost his fortune. Miss Bradley withdraws and all signs point to love in a cottage for Rogers and Barbara Kent.

A picture of scattered entertainment, it gives opportunities to several young newcomers. Joy Hodges, a pretty girl, who was discovered singing at the Cocoanut Grove and Sonny Lamont, a very fat boy who handles himself with dexterity,

Alice Brady and Alan Mowbray in the hilarious "Lady Tubbs."

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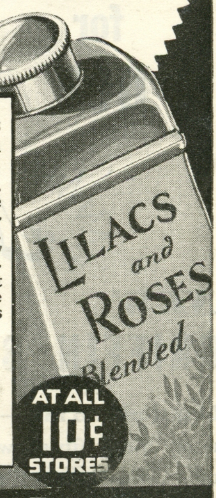

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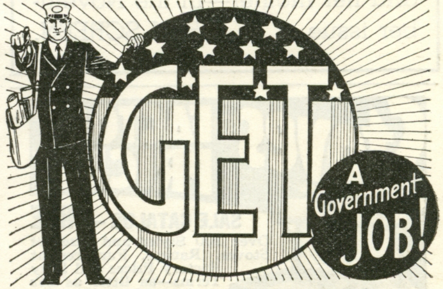

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show promise. Grace Bradley and Betty Grable sing and dance well and your other favorites—Eric Blore, Johnny Arledge and Donald Meek—are as amusing as usual. The music is tuneful and catchy, there are lots of laughs and it is censor-proof.

Preview Postscripts

There's a scene in this picture in which the girls are called upon to serenade the boys. Now, just what the well-dressed girl should wear to serenade her man was a little item that called for much kidding and debate. When you know that the cast consisted of twenty-year-olds (excepting Buddy), you'll realize that the players had their fun and the director his troubles. The story required that much ice cream, candy and cake were to be eaten and did the boys and girls have a gay, old time—for the first few days anyway. Now, however, none of them—except lit-tul 270-pound Sonny Lamont can look a sweet in the face. Despite his "excess", Sonny is some mean hoofer . . . Somewhere along the way, it was discovered that Buddy Rogers could take shorthand, and was he kept busy while the script girl was at lunch! Buddy learned that sometimes it's a bad thing to be too clever and willing . . . Barbara Kent used to be a great favorite with the fans. Then she up and got married and retired. Now she's back again, more petite and pretty than ever. Her marriage, by the way, is one of Hollywood's most successful . . . The pulchritudinous Grace Bradley is stepping right along toward stardom and little Joy Hodges, too, looks as if she's a comer. Yep, this picture serves to exploit a lot of youthful talent you're gonna hear much more about before very long.

★★★ Smart Girl (Paramount)

Bright and amusing and nothing to give you brain fag is this well-dressed comedy of errors. The comedy is carried effectively by Joseph Cawthorn and the errors made by Pinky Tomlin, who proves that he can act as well as write and plug songs, for nary a note does he warble in this one. Ida Lupino and Gail Patrick are left to shift for themselves when their father, caught in the depression, shoots himself. Gail takes the first offer and marries Kent Taylor, with whom Ida also is in love. Ida discover that her ability as an artist is worth money and gets a job designing for Joseph Cawthorn, hat manufacturer.

When Sidney Blackmer, an unscrupulous oil man, hires Kent to work for him and Ida learns that the company is about to be investigated by the Government, she evolves a plan to save her brother-in-law.

Preview Postscripts

Gail Patrick has just about everything—beauty *and* brains. Yep, the cast of this picture was surprised to learn that this charming Miss from Alabama has studied law and *still* is ambitious to become a senator from her home state. That, despite a growing movie career. If Paramount does right by Miss P. they'll discover she'll eventually become a money-maker for 'em . . . Ida Lupino, as you may have guessed, is about as difficult to suppress as a boil. She's everywhere at once, has more energy than a small dynamo and is strong on fast conversation. No, there's never a dull moment when Stanley Lupino's chee-ild is on the scene. Incidentally, she's just signed another contract with Paramount and has a nice role in "Peter Ibbetson" . . . Joe Cawthorn, you may or may not know, was a great stage comedian when your mother was a gal. He graced many a Broadway musical and if there was a laugh to be gleaned from the libretto, Mr. C. would get it . . . Sidney Blackmer, too, hails from the stage where he starred in several light comedies where a profile and physique were perquisite. Now he's gotten older and heavier and consequently finds himself the bad man of the picture piece . . . Pinky Tomlin used to warble at the Cocoanut Grove where the college girls fell, en masse, for his charms. 'Twas then that the studios investigated and now it looks as if Pinky is to become a permanent film fixture.

★★★ Bright Lights (Warners)

The Joe E. Brown fans are gonna have a field day in this one, for they'll see their favorite at his best in a made-to-order story, slim though it be as to plot. Joe plays a tramp comedian who graduates from the sticks to the bright lights of Broadway. Brown's a married man who falls for a capricious society gal (Patricia Ellis) who joins up with the troupe. However, he comes to his senses—or is brought to 'em—and returns to friend wife (Ann Dvorak) in the last reel. Joe proves that he can dance, Pat turns out a mean tune and Miss Dvorak gives a pretty, slick performance in this one. Yes, the entire cast does right by itself, including that old standby Joe Cawthorn, and that new one, William Gargan. The settings are colorful and often amusing and the chorines something to cheer about. Busby Berkeley takes care of the directorial end of the picture and does a most creditable job. Yes, Mr. Brown is fortunate to have landed this opus. It's a well-nigh perfect set-up for his particular talents.

Preview Postscripts

The oldest theatre in Los Angeles, The Grand, at First and Main Streets, is employed as the background for this picture. It is now a Mexican vaudeville house, by the way. As a boy of seventeen, fifty years ago, Joe Cawthorn played there and to this day it hasn't been remodelled. Yep, even the same old gas fixtures flicker away. Some of the scenes were made at the Follies, a burlesque show in these parts, and the entire troupe were used, even to the soubrette who sings a gay, little number entitled "Powder My Back." The Maxellos, German tumblers, were brought here especially for the picture because Joe Brown is cuh-razy for acrobatic acts. He had one swell time. The night the cast worked at the Follies—the public as well as extras were used in the mob scene. Wouldn't you have liked to have been around that night 'cause the Dear Public, too, were paid for the fun they were having? . . . Pat Ellis celebrated her seventeenth birthday during the proceedings and was given a grand party. Pat started her movie career at fourteen and at that time told a great big fib about her age so that she wouldn't have to go to school.

★★★ Jalna (RKO)

You've got to be more interested in character studies than in plot action to enjoy this picture of the doings of a wealthy, clannish Canadian family. But if you like sharply drawn characterizations, you're in for an evening's entertainment, for each in his role deserves a big gold star. The picture itself is rather dull and very talkie, yet Director John Cromwell has made a rambling story as compact as possible. If the picture is in the three-star class, it is strictly because if his expert handling and the deft performances of the well-chosen cast. We are treated to the spectacle of the Whiteoaks at home. Behold a gabby, old grandmother, a weakling poet son, a boy you'd like to strangle, the noble head of the house, a daughter suffering for twenty years from unrequited love. Into this melée comes a girl of uncertain parentage as bride to one son, and a very self-sufficient New York secretary as bride to another. The fact

Jean Parker, looking like an East Indian princess, appears with Margo at the "Anna Karenina" preview. Isn't Margo a cute trick?

that the brides fall in love with a coupla other guys (sons-of-course) makes for the only real interest in the yarn. Jessie Ralph, Ian Hunter, Kay Johnson, Nigel Bruce, David Manners and Molly Lamont all have almost equally important roles and, as we've said, they're all equally good in them.

Preview Postscripts

One of the most important members of the cast of this little opera is Oscar, the parrot. Oscar was heard as well as seen during the early days of production. In fact, he was so much in evidence, he was soon banished to his boudoir. Seems that in the big dinner table scene, Oscar, who picked up phrases quickly, shouted, "Lock 'em up," which means in studio parlance, "the scene is over; tear down the set." Before anyone could speak walls began to come down on all sides. Well, that was when Oscar was given his walking papers . . . Jessie Ralph, who plays the grandmother has made eight pictures so far, in seven of which she portrayed characters of different nationalities . . . Molly Lamont, the ingenue, is a little English actress RKO imported from South Africa. She was the ping pong champion there and thus far no one in Hollywood has been able to beat her at the game . . . C. Aubrey Smith's cocker spaniel, known as Sinner, applied for a job in the picture and b'gosh, got it. Speaking of dogs, a Great Dane adopted the cast. He would arrive each morning and stay with them all day . . . Kay Johnson, who has perhaps the most important role in the picture, was once again directed by her husband, John Cromwell. However, Mr. C. plays no favorites at the studio . . . David Manners, also in this large cast, is about to receive his citizenship papers, David hails from Nova Scotia.

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Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

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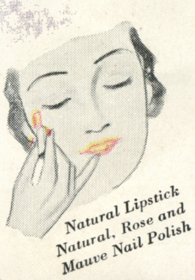
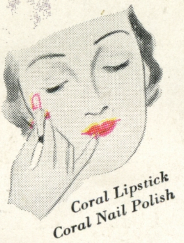
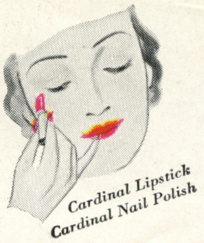
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	3★	1★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	2½★	1½★	2★	1★		2½★	2★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★			2★	2★
Murder on a Honeymoon (RKO)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
My Song for You (G-B)	3★	2½★	3★	3★		3★	3★	2½★		2½★			2½★	3★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★
Nell Gwyn (United Artists)	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★			2½★	3★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★		2★		2★	1½★	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2½★		3★	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (Warners)	5★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3★	4★
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Our Little Girl (Fox)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	2★	3★
Paris In Spring (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3½★	3★	3★			3★	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★			1★	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★		1½★	2★	2★	½★	1★	1½★	3★		1½★	2★
The Perfect Clue (Majestic)	2★		2★	2★		2★		2★	2★	2★			2★	2★
Princess Charming (G-B)	1★	1★	1½★	1★		1½★	1★	1½★	2★	1★		1★	1★	1★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★		2½★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	2★	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
The Raven (Universal)	3★	1★	2★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	1½★	2½★	1★			2½★	2★
Reckless (M-G-M)	3★	1½★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		2★		2½★	3★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★		5★	5★
Sanders of the River (United Artists)	2★	1½★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	1★			3★	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★		4★	4★
The Scoundrel (Hecht-Mac Arthur-Paramount)	5★	4½★	4★	5★	3½★	5★	5★	3★	4★	5★		5★	4★	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Sequoia (M-G-M)	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	2½★	1½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	1½★	2½★	2★	2½★			2★	2★
She (RKO)	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	1½★	2★	3★	1★			3★	2★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	1★	1½★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	2½★			2★	2★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		3★	3★
Stranded (Warners)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	1½★	3★			2★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	4★		4★	4★	3★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Traveling Saleslady (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		3★	3★	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (G-B)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	2½★	2½★			2★	2★
Under the Pampas Moon (Fox)	3★	1★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★		4★	1½★	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Unfinished Symphony (G-B)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Vagabond Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★				2★	2★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		3★	4★	3★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★		3★	3★	2★	2★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★		2½★		2½★	3★	2½★			2★	2★
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	2★	2★	3★	4★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		2★	2★		3★		3★	2★	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2★



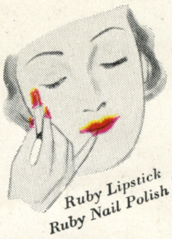
Natural Lipstick
Natural, Rose and
Mauve Nail Polish



Coral Lipstick
Coral Nail Polish



Cardinal Lipstick
Cardinal Nail Polish



Ruby Lipstick
Ruby Nail Polish

The New "Must"

MATCHING LIPS AND FINGER TIPS

Lips and finger tips *must match*—that's the latest rule for make-up! And you had better follow it because you'll look pretty scrambled if you don't.

It sounds like more work, but it isn't. You can be all matched up today without wrinkling a brow or lifting a finger. Because Cutex has brought out a complete range of harmonizing lipsticks and nail polishes.

6 smart harmonizing shades

Just pick the smart shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that will best accent your costume—you can choose from Natural, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby.

Cutex is a polish that flows on evenly, leaving no rim or streaking of color. It won't chip or peel off. Cutex finger tips—and toe tips, too, if you want to be *very* smart—will stay marvelously smooth and gleaming.

Now, you simply complete the color ensemble with the Cutex Lipstick that matches or tones in with your nail polish. Natural Lipstick goes with Natural, Rose and Mauve Polish. Coral, Cardinal and Ruby Lipsticks match Coral, Cardinal and Ruby Polish.

And remember—the new Cutex Lipstick shares the famous Cutex quality. It's creamy and smooth—never greasy. It goes on with the greatest ease and stays on. And it positively won't dry your pretty lips.

You'll find Cutex Liquid Polish at your favorite store. Crème or Clear, with patented metal-shaft brush that holds the bristles in tightly. Be sure to get the Cutex matching Lipstick, in its smart black enamel case!

Northam Warren • New York
Montreal London Paris

● **MRS. FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, JR.,** wearing Cutex Ruby Nail Polish and smart matching Cutex Ruby Lipstick. Mrs. Robbins is a beautiful and popular member of Long Island and New York society.

CUTEX
LIQUID POLISH
Coral
CUTEX
LIP STICK
PERMANENT

Smart Young Things say—

"Once you've seen yourself perfectly made up with Cutex lips and finger tips all in one smart color key, you'll wonder how you ever went around in ordinary clashing shades of make-up!"

CUTEX *Nail Polish and Lipstick*

NO THANKS!
I'D RATHER HAVE
A LUCKY
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS
There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies

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